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FOUR YEARS
IN THE PACIFIC.

VOL. I.





J. M. Cook, sc.

Valparaiso

John Speer, del.

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FOUR YEARS
IN THE PACIFIC,

IN

Her Majesty's Ship "Collingwood,"

FROM 1844 TO 1848.

BY

LIEUT. THE HON. FRED. WALPOLE, R.N.

"Señor a lo que digo
Que soy de parte de ello buen testigo."
ERCILLA, *Araucana*.

Second Edition.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
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1850.

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LONDON:
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DEDICATION.

DEAR FRIEND,

IN dedicating to you this slight memorial of the past, I offer to your kind indulgence some former scenes in a life now wholly yours. To you its better parts owe all their inspiration, a higher tone of feeling and of hope being raised within me. And should these sketches of loitering days in glowing climes, in sunshine, and in youth, now cast before the general Reader, gain a slight meed of praise, it will all be yours; but should they meet a harsher fate, then, in your gentle kindness, shall I trust for mercy and for charity.

P R E F A C E.

THE delay occasioned in arranging the notes that composed this Work, has, I fear, deprived it somewhat of its novelty of matter; let me, however, hope that it has some things in it not before described. As an officer, I have considered it my duty to forbear all mention of ship or officers, and of all public transactions. I trust, therefore, that the slight mention of the Profession, whose ardent admirer I am, will be imputed to this rather than any other cause.

Whatever its errors may be, I have really sought truth, and never wilfully made a false or unfair statement, or exaggerated a fact. For the great

assistance I have received from my former messmates and good friends, let me here tender my hearty thanks, and crave their kindness, and the Reader's gentle consideration.

LONDON, July 26, 1849.

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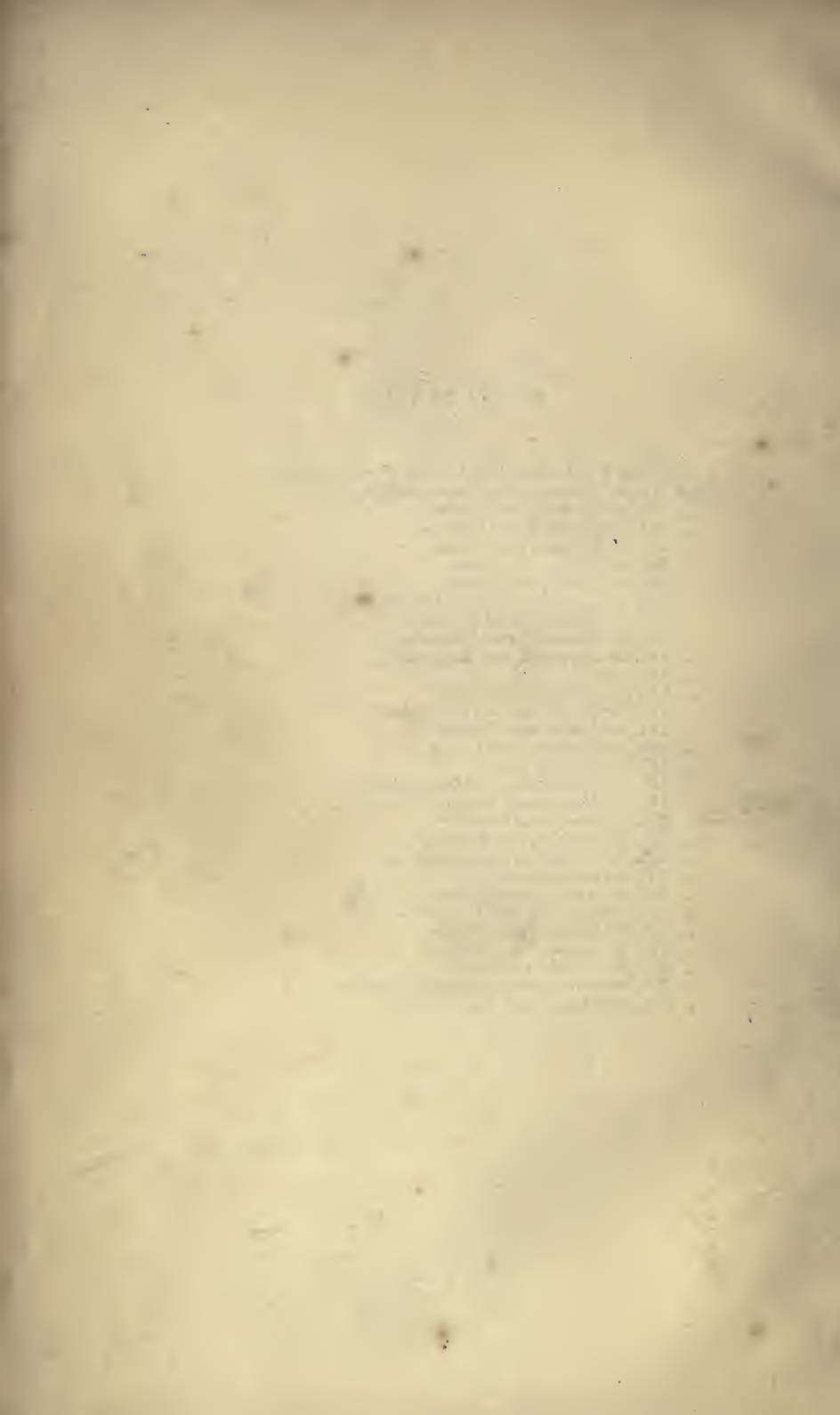
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ERRATA TO VOL. I.

Funchal from Funcho, fennel, with which the place abounded.

- Page* 78, *for* Tapungato, *read* Tupungato.
 „ 80, *for* Quadrada, *read* Quebrada.
 „ 89, *for* Chilenoes, *read* Chilenos.
 „ 94, *for* Gringoes, *read* Gringos.
 „ 105, *for* Chilka, *read* Checha.
 „ 107, *for* Loudin, *read* Longdu.
 „ 120, *note, for* Guachelons, *read* Guachelomo.
 „ 121, *for* Quadrado, *read* Quebrada.
 „ 129, *for* Haciendos, *read* Haciendas.
 „ 152, *for* Mayporcho, *read* Maypocho.
 „ 153, *same*.
 „ 153, *for* riveted, *read* rivetted.
 „ 154, *for* Mayporcho, *read* Maypocho.
 „ 154, *for* Lañada, *read* Cañada.
 „ 162, *for* Chovosor, *read* Chopos.
 „ 177, Verses sadly wrong.
 „ 199, *for* Chacabrucco, *read* Chaccabucco.
 „ 199, *for* Magpu, *read* Maypo.
 „ 225, *for* raised, *read* rained.
 „ 231, *for* ponchoes, *read* ponchos.
 „ 232, *for* Contarienas *read* Cantarinas.
 „ 233, *see* verses wrong.
 „ 247, *for* Andrea, *read* Andres.
 „ 248, Spanish, Pero would be better.
 „ 248, *for* Gringoes, *read* Gringos.
 „ 279, Verses, *for* aleqo, *read* alejo.
 „ 295, *for* Concalu, *read* Londu.
 „ 328, remind is, perhaps, better than reminded.
 „ 328, *for* Maneo, *read* Manco.



FOUR YEARS IN THE PACIFIC.

CHAPTER I.

THE VOYAGE.

JOIN THE "COLLINGWOOD."—NAVAL ORDEAL.—AMUSEMENTS.—AMATEUR NAUTICALS.—LIFE ON BOARD.—MAN OVERBOARD.—THE LIFE-BUOY.—SAILOR'S GRAVE.—SEAMEN; THEIR CHARACTER AND INGENUITY.—CATCHING A SHARK.—THE ALBATROSS.—THE ALBATROSS TAKEN WITH A HOOK.—NEPTUNE'S VISIT.—THE HORN.—ST. PAUL'S ROCKS.

"Not with a heart unmoved I left thy shores,
Dear native isle! Oh, not without a pang,
As thy fair uplands lessen'd on the view,
Cast back the long involuntary look.
The morning cheer'd our outset, gentle airs
Curl'd the blue deep, and bright the summer's sun
Play'd o'er the summer ocean, when our bark
Began her way."—SOUTHEY.

SEVERAL months of light study and heavy indiscretions having reduced my purse, paled my cheek, and weakened my constitution, like Horace's merchant I resolved *reficere rates quassas*, and rejoin her Majesty's service. Luckily an appointment was pro-

cured in the *Collingwood*, eighty guns, then fitting at Portsmouth for the flag in the Pacific. She was indeed a vessel to be proud of: though built some years, she had never been in commission; perfect in her form, formidable from her size, yet handy as a cutter, her commander, officers, and crew, were all worthy of the ship. She was in the dry dock when I joined, and our people were on board a hulk in the harbour; battered, old, shattered, paintless, that same hulk had, in her day, boldly flaunted her canvas in the breeze, and added a gallant page to British naval annals. The old *Victorious* single-handed, had captured the *Tivoli*, French ship of the line, in the late war.

It was a little after noon, when, having performed the ceremony of reporting myself on deck, I descended to see my mess, and make acquaintance with my new messmates. The gun-room door was open, and even a landsman might have known from the noise that there dwelt the "mids." Two deal tables, very old, very shaky, though originally built by men who knew midshipmen well, and cut with devices that would puzzle an antiquary, were placed on either side. The space left clear was occupied by two pugilists, who, under the instruction of a famous fancy man, were milling like mad. Beer abounded

in large jugs; admiring gazers on the fight sat round, drinking the same; in the ports men of milder mood were solacing themselves with pipes and cigars. One or two, fresh from quieter scenes, were perseveringly trying to read or write. Desks, books, the gifts of tender mothers, perhaps, or of fathers who hoped for clever sons, were piled in the corners, together with boat-gear, sword-sticks, and heaps of other things past mentioning. From such a beginning you may judge what our life was to be. None liked it then more than your humble servant, and I actually underwent a course of lessons in boxing, which seems to consist in standing up, and paying a man to lick you most completely,—rather a work of supererogation, as in our nightly rambles at Portsmouth we found people who did it as well for nothing. Philosophy is on my side, however, as Rochefoucauld says, “*Qui vit sans folie, n'est pas si sage qu'il le croit.*” Our duties done, the rest of the time was spent in every sort of folly. Such is the ordeal naval people go through, and happy is he, who, wiser grown, returns to sense and steadiness with health and talents yet left to enjoy and use.

We anchored at Spithead in an incredibly short space of time; and there, of course, began the regularity and discipline of a man-of-war.

Cowes was full, and visitors of every class thronged daily on board. Extraordinary were the places shown them, and the stories told them; but fiction is always pleasanter and more exciting than reality. Dukes and princes honoured us with their presence and compliments; and as already, owing to the great pains taken, we were in good order, they could not have seen a better specimen of Old England's bulwarks than our gallant ship presented. On many occasions the newspapers were profuse in their praise, and there was, for several reasons, a great *prestige* about her.

We filled up our leisure pleasantly enough, with boating and visiting, dancing, and entering into all the gaieties going. One evening, starting from the Wight, with some friends, for a ball at Portsmouth, we found our little yacht ashore; so, spite of our ball costume, we took the anchor into the skiff to lay it out, giving the little thing great impetus from the yacht's bows. Our voyage was prosperous enough, till the hawser, tightening with a jerk, precipitated my friend —— into the briny. On emerging, he was certainly not very fit, in the then state of his costume, for the ball-room.

Meanwhile time passed on, and at last a day was fixed for sailing. Our crew was complete; sea-stock

on board; the admiral's cow had come, so we were off, no doubt. No more leave; boats up; and the anchor short stay. All hands up anchor! Come, tumble up, there,—tumble up! My station was the foretop, and then

“Her canvas caught the breeze,
And she left her native seas
To demolish, if God please,
Britain's foes.”

Released from her iron halter, she slowly started, with all the grace of a swan, as she proudly swells up her feathers. We were accompanied by about forty yachts. All England's amateur nauticals seemed there. Some, whose greatest claim to sailordom was a pea-jacket and cap, belonging to the class which the old waterman described when he saw a yacht under an awful press of sail, “Ah, there they goes! they fears nothing, because they knows nothing,”—some, however, yes many, as good sailors as any who are bred among sea-weed. On we went; handkerchiefs waved, tears were shed; but our friends seemed to think running down to leeward with us was imprudent, when dinner was on the weather-bow; so they hauled their wind, and we called the watch, swept the decks, and were at sea. It is curious how sailors take partings: many who have been tossed about all

their lives care not at all; many have no homes, their families are dispersed, the whole world is their home, so they are always at home. Some were glad; as to them, England was a country barren of money, exhausted of tick, and inhabited by a fierce people called duns; these rejoiced at having done their duns, and looked with pleasure at "the foretop-sail." * Many, like myself, feeling they must go somewhere, thought all climes and places much the same, and this as good as any.

"All places that the eye of Heaven visits,
Are, to a wise man, ports and happy havens.
Teach thy necessity to reason thus,—
There is no virtue like necessity."

We had read, too, till our fancies were fired, of endless plains, everlasting gallops; wild Guachos, cities of kings, gentle islanders, soft Limaneans. Youngsters amazed, like birds just brought into the light, did not know whether to laugh or cry, but, being gregarious, did as the others did—laughed. Liquor and jests flew round, and the noble ship braced herself determinedly to the work. Life on board is very monotonous: breakfast at eight. The lieutenants, lucky fellows! have their own cabins

* "Paying with the fore-topsail," a cant phrase among sailors for not paying at all.

(cupboards seven feet long by eight or nine wide), with a hole three inches round, to admit light and air. This lets in a gleam big enough to shave by, if properly used. The mids sleep in two large low places called the fore and after cockpits, in large bags, hung up at either end. Sounder, however, is their sleep there than that of many a prince beneath his silken quilt. These hammocks are lashed up, and taken on deck every morning at half-past six; so there is no compulsion to turn out, only you must. Here, in action, is the surgeon's paradise; legs and arms are taken off; men sewed together, and men cut to pieces. In such a place as this Lord Nelson, and thousands of others, have breathed their last. All the mids wash and dress in public, and a noisy, skylarking scene it is, till time has cooled the love of practical jokes; then it tires. After breakfast some read, some sleep; the mids go to school. Of course a regular portion of them are on watch on deck. At noon the seamen and the midshipmen dine; the ward-room and the captain some hours later. Dinner with us is much the same as breakfast; sometimes plenty — sometimes nothing. The main difference seems to be, that there are wine-glasses and tumblers instead of cups and saucers. A muster of all hands at quarters takes place at sunset; after which follows

exercise. Then the seamen dance and smoke; the officers fence, or play at some rattling game. As we had ladies on board, however, dancing was the great amusement; and thus, with music wherever we went, we rushed onward, the ship, like a steady servant, working on, careless of the noise and laughter. Music, indeed, is no slight solace to us wanderers of the wide ocean, for sailors, though they seem more gay, thoughtless, and light-hearted than others, have yet their moments of sadness, and cares which make the eye dim and the heart sorrowful. In such times as these music is really a charm.

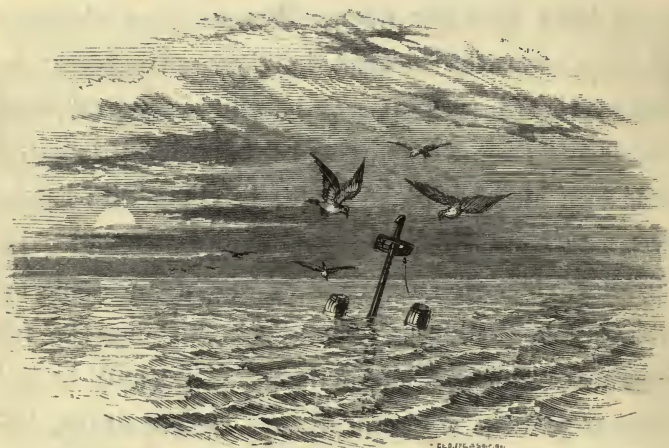
“For surely melody from heaven was sent
To soothe the soul when tired with human strife,—
To cheer the wayward heart, by sorrow bent,
And soften down the rugged path of life.”

Not many days after our departure, the evening's dance had hardly finished when all were startled by the cry of “A man overboard!” Promptly and well every one did his duty, reckless of self, where the life of another was at stake. The main-yard was backed, and boats down with all speed; but alas! a fruitless hunt—they returned as they went. The Lord had called one from amongst us. He was the son of one of the older seamen, a boy of eleven. Skylarking with the others, his daring outstripped

his strength: he fell from the rigging into the sea: one small cry, and so went home. It is wonderful how lightly seamen take such accidents—one minute for grief, when, “Well, poor fellow, he is gone; poor beggar!” and all is forgotten.

We were unfortunate, on the whole, and lost several men by drowning. One, a fine young fellow, was lost, none knew how nor when. A monkey, a shipmate of mine, was the luckiest in these adventures: he fell overboard when it was blowing very fresh, and the boat’s crew were directed to him by his long tail held over his back as he swam: he clung with hands, feet, and teeth, to the man who pulled him out. He dreaded water after this, and by way of appeasing his thirst, took to strong drinks. In his cups he fell overboard and was lost at last, but not until he had been picked up a second time. He got drunk, latterly, on all occasions, and then a more quarrelsome, peevish fellow I never met. A worse death than mere drowning, it is to be feared, befalls many who fall overboard at sea. The life-buoy is often missed, for in that vast tumbling waste direction is soon lost: then who can paint the horror, the agony! After great exertions, quite exhausted, the drowning wretch with joy reaches, and with more than lover’s eagerness embraces, what to him is a very ark of

salvation. But, as he recovers breath, he perceives that the boats approach him not, as he is hove up on the crest of a wave, he discovers that they cannot see him: he shouts, but his voice is driven back by the wind; so, drowned in the spray, he sees the ship fill and bear away. It cannot, cannot be



SAILOR'S GRAVE.

true! Alas! with safety near, he is left to die—and such a death! It would have been welcomed, perhaps, in the battle, or calmly borne with friends around but thus, clinging to his tombstone ere he drops in his grave, his very dregs of life, the few short moments left to make his peace with a life-long outraged God, disturbed by the sea-birds, already impatient for

their feast,—what would he not give now for those moments he once wished passed! what to have back those hours of sin once revelled in so wastefully!

Many, many such a scene has that moonlit ocean witnessed; many the stark corpse washing about, unnoticed, on its silvery bosom; many the death-shriek stifled in its wide expanse; many the agonized yell, thou, uncharitable! wouldst not bear to listening anxious ears; all soft and lambent as thou glistenest now, treacherous unpitying ocean!

Seamen are fine fellows, open-hearted, generous. The march of intellect has begun to spoil them a little, but much good is still left. They are the very personifications of simplicity, and require the most unremitting attention to induce them to take care of themselves. They are very ingenious and neat-handed, and make every article of their own dress,—the young and dandified, often spending no little time in embroidering their collars and trowsers-flaps, working knots that would puzzle an Alexander to untie without his sword; making hats, mats to sit upon, and many other neat little things of every sort. Learning, as yet, spite of every facility afforded, makes no great progress; nor is it at all uncommon for them to say with pride, “I don’t understand them things; I’m no scholar!” better, perhaps, as they are,

and since their constitutions seem able to stand any quantity of sleep, why seek for other occupations? Of an evening the fiddler plays, and the men dance. Their serious faces, and the real matter of fact way they go to work about it, is capital fun; nor is it slurred over as by fashionable people: on the contrary, each step is a study, and duly marked. Jigs seem the go, though among our men polkas and waltzes, brought second-hand from higher circles, were often performed, and just as well as by many who figure very much to their own satisfaction in well-lighted scenes. In a long voyage all becomes of interest, and every trifling event is eagerly retailed as news. A goat increasing her family is a great catch, an egg found in the hen-coop an invaluable discovery to the lovers of news (for on board we have our scandal-mongers), just the same as in the little worlds on shore. Catching a shark is, of course, a grand event; it is a fact even the most uninterested must become acquainted with, for, seemingly in revenge for being thus ill-treated, he leaves a smell, when fried, by no means pleasant. The meat, if one did not know it to be shark, would be thought as good as that of any other large sea-water fish: it is dry and strong. The size of sharks one is told of seems gone with those good old days grumblers

lament over, and my experience would name eight or nine feet as a large size. Many of the idle ones among us passed nearly all their spare time in piscatory employments; or off the Horn, when the ship was not going very fast, waged a constant war against the numerous birds hovering round. Of these the Cape pigeon, called by the Portuguese "pintado," or painted, affords the easiest prey. It is very prettily marked brown and white, and, on being caught, vomits a nasty oily substance. This, as the most valuable article they possess, they seem willing to bestow on their captors, by way of ransom. They use it, I believe, for pluming and keeping in order their feathers,—a very necessary thing in these parts, where certainly nothing but wings, and very good ones too, could carry them back to *terra firma*. Except a few killed for stuffing, but seldom stuffed, they are let go; so perhaps they have visited many ships, and yet are as greedy as ever. They, as well as the albatross, are seldom seen farther north than thirty-five or forty south latitude.

The albatross is more wary, and affords better sport. Its bill is very peculiar, large and flat, and terminating in a formidable hooked point. It is a curious fact, that his bones are quite hollow and empty,—a beautiful provision of nature. His enor-

mous wings mark his vocation to be a wanderer of the trackless ocean, no part of which is too distant for his inspection; be where you will, there, like a guardian, he is with you. In the heaviest gales he seems perfectly at home, swooping about, now up to windward, now going down on the very whirlwind; now high above, without motion, save a turn of his head, as he surveys you with his fixed imperturbable eye: anon he walks up, in the very teeth of the blast, and disappears. It seems odd, but really I am half inclined to think they return to land every night: they always flew that way at sunset, and even on the clearest nights I never saw one. In the morning, also, they always rejoin the ship a short period after daylight. When you mark the incredibly short time they take to reach you from the verge of the horizon, this seems more probable than at the first mention of it. Well, but spite of his riding the tempest, and not caring for the blast, he has loved, not wisely but too well, a small bit of pork: so well, in fact, as not to notice a cod-hook and line attached to it. Repentance comes too late; but, with an attempt to better himself, as the line is gathered in, he puts his huge web-feet and enormous wings out, so the odds are even he breaks away. Slack the line, however; suddenly man's cunning overcomes brute strength,

and, falling head over heels, he is on board before he knows anything more about it. And now, freed from the hook, see what a poor figure he cuts in the lee scuppers! not being able to stand, the wind catches him under the tail, and throws him nearly over. There he sits, like a great booby, snapping his bill this way and that, in impotent rage. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*. Albatrosses may be fine fellows in the air, but they have not good sea-legs.

There are many other sorts of birds—Cape hens, &c.; one of these, however, is seldom caught, protected by superstition, and its non-addiction to bait; I mean the poor ill-omened “Mother Cary’s chicken,” or St. Peter’s bird. It is a handsome little fellow: the old superstition says its appearance bodes misfortune, or, at least, bad weather. This has been accounted for, as they say it sits upon the waves, and therefore, when the sea is covered with foam, it is forced to take to the wing. Many say it is only the Stormy Petrel; I do not know. It received its name of St. Peter’s bird from its peculiar habit of running, half flying, along the surface of the water. The saint perhaps, adopted the same sort of step, on his own aquatic excursion.

Neptune’s visit is too stale a thing to need relation; its chief fun seemed to me, who had paid

tribute to his dominions years before, to consist in the very vigorous resistance some people, overburthened with sense, made to his myrmidons. This, of course, induced them to let such visitors off much more easily. He hails the evening before his intended visit, when all hands rush forward, and get desperately soused from the tops, by buckets full of water. On the grand day of his visit, everybody is allowed to duck everybody. A poor marine, staunch to the last, was walking his post, cross-belted, and neat enough for parade, when he was caught and washed till his coat bid fair to rival his trowsers in whiteness. The weather is always warm, and really greater misfortunes may befall one than a good washing. To some the novelty of the operation alone must make it agreeable. Of course all the old midshipman jokes were practised,—blowing the grampus, lowering down, &c. Some are such inveterate sleepers as to afford a constant prey, and as ill humour is seldom shewn on these occasions, it really makes every one very much more alert; for, as every man takes advantage of his fellow, so each fears falling asleep on his watch, as his rest is sure to terminate in a cold bath. Geese, from the pens, were sometimes hung round the necks of sleepers. These amusements, with *soirées* on deck, songs, stories, &c., served to get

over the time pretty well. The Horn is seldom passed near: on the outward voyage our extreme of southing was $60^{\circ}10'$, very nearly perpetual day. It was November then, almost the height of summer; yet we were often visited by snow and sleet. After coming so far, and enduring all the cold and bother, it would have been pleasant to have seen an iceberg. However, there were none for us, so we turned north about, when *Æolus* allowed us, and went on.

The monotony of the voyage was relieved by the carrying away of our main-yard, a spar of one hundred and six feet in length. At about half-past ten in the evening, as the main-tack was started to haul up the main-sail, the ship being close-hauled, and the breeze very fresh at the time, the main-yard snapped, about ten feet from the slings, on the starboard or lee-side, the broken end going forward, being held to the other part by the heel-lashing of the studding-sail boom hitched round the jack-stay; thus the mainsail was saved. The lee-brace was triced up at the time, and the regular process of starting five or six fathoms of the lee-sheet had been gone through. The gears were rove, the main up and down tackle hooked to the cap and broken part, the whole sent down, got along the deck, and the sail unbent; the hoops knocked off, boom-irons, &c. also, the battens—with a large seven-

inch oak one, which had been placed over and above the usual ones—were removed, and the broken parts being as closely united as their edges would allow, they were placed over the break on the top of the yard, the middle of the batten to the break. The two iron fishes were next placed, one before and one behind the batten; then the spare foretop-sail-yard was placed on the after-side of the yard, with its slings to the break, and the maintop-mast studding-sail booms one above, one below. The two maintop-mast studding-sail yards were next fitted in between, and the whole rounded with capstan-bar: seven wooldings, made of the gear of the main-sail held it compact and snug. So the following evening it was swayed up, no light labour, as the ship was knocking about a good deal. The close-reefed maintop-sail was set, and it answered perfectly well till shifted for a new one on our arrival in port.

Previous to rounding the Horn, we saw St. Paul's Rocks, low wave-washed reefs, peopled by boobies, and other creatures: fish are said to abound there. But enough of sea-voyaging; jump back, and beginning from Madeira, let us for the future, seated on Prince Camaralzaman's carpet, go from place to place, without asking how, or why.

CHAPTER II.

MADEIRA.*

STORY OF ANNA D'ARFET.—DESCRIPTION OF MADEIRA.—REVENUE.—PRODUCE.—
COSTUME.—DWELLINGS.—LANGUAGE.—CEMETERY.—EXCURSION.—STORY OF
MARIA DI AGUSTINHA.—THE CORRAL.—DEFECTIVE ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE.

“Hast thou e'er seen a garden clad
In all the robes that Eden had?
Or vale o'erspread with streams and trees,
A paradise of mysteries?
Plains, with green hills adorning them,
Like jewels in a diadem?”—BOWRING.

“A rocky precipice, a waving wood,
Deep, winding dell, a foaming mountain flood,
Each after each, with coy and sweet delay,
Broke on his sight, as at young dawn of day;
Bounded afar by peak aspiring bold,
Like giant capped with helm of burnished gold.”

F. PAULDING, *The Backwoodsman*.

WELL, hurrah for fruit and flowers—for rides—for walks! we approach the legend-haunted shore, scene of the loves and sorrows of Anna d'Arfet and Robert Machim. Let me relate the story even

* Madeira was so called from its thick woods—the name meaning thickly wooded in the Portuguese language.

at the risk of telling a twice-told tale. In the reign of Edward III. of England, one Robert Machim dared, being of humble birth, to make love to Anna d'Arfet; and she, with more heart than noble dame ought to show, returned it. Her friends, guiltless of such a weakness, married her to an old nobleman, and procured Robert's imprisonment. He found a friend, however, who set him free, and fitted him out a vessel. Anna managed to escape from her rightful lord, and, joining her lover, they sailed for France. *Homme propose, mais Dieu dispose.* Storms arose, and they were blown out of all reckoning,—not a difficult matter in those days. At last, they sighted an island far exceeding in beauty and fertility even their lover-like expectations. Here they landed, wandered about, and thought themselves in Paradise. Anna, however, seems to have had an eye to a still “better land,” for when, some few days after, their vessel, driving from her moorings, was blown to sea, she pined and died. Robert, faithful,—as when is not man?—soon followed his beloved, begging to be laid in the same grave, in a small chapel they had built to commemorate their escape from shipwreck. This story was related to Alcoforado by one of the survivors of the crew, who, after many wanderings, had returned

home; it led to the discovery, or re-discovery of the island.

From a distance the view of Madeira does not do justice to its beauty, and it appears but a huge barren rock; a nearer approach, however, reveals its tropical verdure, from peak to base swathed in green: every spot where foot can rest or hand reach, is cultivated; terrace rises above terrace—fertility all over. The outline of the mountains is very imposing—towers heaped on towers—pyramid and cone—deep gorges that cut it to its very base. The shores are bold, steep perpendicular cliffs; here and there a small bay opens, and reveals the green treasures within. Each contains its stream, and, generally, its village: of these the *Camera de los Lobos* is the most remarkable, as the site of the first European settlement. *Funchal*, with its white houses on the green background, is a pretty object, situated in an amphitheatre of hills, with its fort in the foreground. The eye roams upward midst verdure and quintas, till it rests on the convent of *Nuestra Señora di Monte*: the view must give the nuns, I think, too bright an idea of the world to reconcile them to their lot. The ridge on the western side, called *Paul di Sierra*, forms an extensive plain, where most of the horses, asses, and

mules are born and bred. The whole is under the control of the civil governor, who is assisted by, but superior to, the military one. Madeira and Porto Santo were, in 1830, included in the district called *Districto administrado da Funchal*; it contains ten councils, in which are forty-five parishes. By the census of the same period* it contained one hundred and fifteen thousand four hundred and forty-nine souls, with an average increase of one thousand three hundred and fifty-one yearly. At the same period there were one hundred and eight families of English, numbering three hundred and twenty-four souls. The annual revenue is about two hundred and ten thousand dollars, of which, after paying all expenses, about fifty or sixty thousand dollars are remitted to Lisbon. Wine is the staple produce, and the average is from fourteen to sixteen thousand pipes. The larger part of this goes to America. Under the new constitution industry has much increased, and the islanders now raise abundance of every sort of provision, not only for their own use, but for the numerous ships that touch at the island. Coffee and sugar of a superior quality are now much cultivated. The people are industrious, sober, and civil; ignorant, but apparently happy. The men are

* *Vide* Wilkes's "Exploring Expedition."

muscular, strongly built, and active; the women plain. The men wear loose trousers, descending to the knee, a shirt, a gaudy jacket, and a cap of blue cloth, like a small inverted funnel on the top of their heads, called Carapuca. I should say it had originally been of tin, intended to be always ready for bottling off, or pouring wine down its owner's throat, when he could get down no more in the legitimate way. But now, "Othello's occupation's gone;" they sell their wine, and keep themselves sober. The women wear bodices, with short petticoats of many colours; shoes and stockings on feast-days: the children a coat—of dirt—to keep the cold out. It is curious to see the men carrying wine from the villages in pig-skins, with the extremities sewn up. It looks as if the animal had but lent his skin for the trip, and intended to resume it when he wanted it.

The houses of the poorer classes in the country are mere heaps of stones, mud, and dirt. In the interior caves are the fashion, as they require no original outlay for building, and the tenants can suit themselves from Nature's stores according to their wants. The prevailing modes of conveyance are palanquins and sedans for journeys: ponies are plentiful, hardy, and surefooted. Unfortunately our visit to the island

was not in the wine-making season; but report says that seeing the process does not add to the relish, so let us be content that it is made, and is very good. The language is a bad provincial Portuguese, and the ugly female mouths that utter it do not add to its beauty. Dollars, pistareens, and bits, are the current money here: they know no other, prefer dollars, but like any better than none. Pretty villas are numerous in Madeira, each with its own sad story of hopeless sickness and early death. I saw one young dying girl, attended by a pale sister, and these were all that remained of five beautiful daughters, successive victims to the same fatal malady. They spoke with softness of their English home, which they never were fated, I fear, to see again. The burial-ground is a lovely spot:—

“A place where all things mournful meet,
And yet the sweetest of the sweet,
The stillest of the still.”

I leave to abler pens than mine to tell its melancholy tales—its thousand reckonings of hope deceived, of beauty early blighted, of health sought in vain—and only trust I did not quit its “monitory sanctities” without profit and thankfulness that no kin of mine have swelled its dust.

On the morning after our arrival all hands rushed

on shore, but we paid for our haste by a severe ducking in the surf. It would have taken worse stuff than salt water, however, to damp our spirits; and none seemed to think of it, but as adding zest to our enjoyment. The houses of Funchal are generally of one story, and whitewashed, the streets paved with round pebbles, and very clean. The Plaza is nothing remarkable: it contains the market, which is abundantly and cheaply supplied. The inn is, or was, when we were there, very bad; and if the wine we drank was Madeira, it is certainly kind of the people to dispose of it at home, where the climate may enable a person to recover its effects, for such stuff would kill in England. Beggars besieged us at every turn, and if the wholesale produce is wine, the retail seems to be white boots, small fiddles, and caps,—the latter, I suppose, meant to show what extravagances a man may run into in the article of clothing.

After a visit to the Convent del Incarnacion, where we did not see Maria Clementina di Agostinha, but bought some very dear feather-flowers, we mounted our ponies; and while the fellow is putting my stirrup to rights with a bit of string, I will tell you her history. There let us sit in the shade, for the sun is very hot, and nobody is out now, save Englishmen

and dogs. Maria di Agustinha was the youngest and the most beautiful daughter of a poor proprietor : somehow she was never a favourite with either parent ; so, to increase the portion of the others, she, the fairest and best, was destined to a convent, and actually took the veil. Just as she had completed her nineteenth year, the decree of the French convention came out, opening the convent-doors. The ugly nuns kept snug behind them : not so Maria ; she came forth beaming with health, youth, and beauty, and soon captivated an officer quartered in the neighbourhood, and worthy of her. Her hair grew rapidly, and the wedding-day was fixed, when, oh fate ! oh poor Maria ! she fell sick, and the ceremony was postponed till her recovery. Already the bloom was returning to her cheek, and by her lover's side she felt nearer heaven than she had ever done within these old walls. They waited but the arrival of the mail, which was to bring some costly presents for the bride from the bridegroom's family. They came, but Don Pedro's decree that the convents should take back their own came too. Again were her tresses shorn, and, all despairing, she was wedded to her convent and her grief. He returned to Lisbon, and " foremost fighting fell." Years have rolled by since this sad catastrophe, and in the fat

apathetic old nun, no one now would recognise the once lovely, loving girl.

Well, my comrades are impatient, so let us set off. Hallo! what am I not to be trusted with my beast alone? No—up hill, down dale, gallop or walk, the active owner, with a stick in his hand, and a yell in his mouth, keeps up, occasionally helping himself along by laying hold of the pony's tail, and moderating his pace by slewing him into a semicircle. For midshipmen there is but one ride in Madeira—the Corral: anything for a quiet life, so away I go with the rest. In the ascent from Funchal you pass through the productions of every climate in the world. In the environs of the town are orange and lemon groves and vineyards: wet figs, pomegranates and bananas; then apples, peaches, currants, and pears, and high up the *ultima Thule* of cultivation, potatoes. Flowers are here weeds, for these weeds are elsewhere carefully tended flowers. The road leads through several villages—houses, barely distinguishable from the walls and terraces, occur at intervals, and a wine-shop always occupies a prominent position; so it is but fair to suppose that the general run of visitors are curious about the quality of the vintages at different heights on the island. After a considerable ascent, affording at each step a magnificent view of the ter-

races and gardens beneath, on mounting a small hill, the Corral bursts upon your sight—you are upon its edge, and the eye wanders down two thousand feet, amidst crag and gorge, glen and cleft, till, carried upwards on the opposite side, peak and mountain mingle with the clouds. The wildness is prettily softened by the verdure that clothes every spot, and in its deepest nook the pretty church of Nuestra Señora di Libre Monte seems the abode of peace and seclusion. The descent requires much faith in your animal to render it pleasant. Man seems to have sported with danger, such turns and twists are here! It is, however, very gradual, and the hour it occupies is filled up with a succession of views, each as wild, as majestic, and as grand as the first. Several streams unite here, and form the river of Socorridos, which flows into the sea at Camera di Lobos. It seems an anomaly here, but all crimes are remitted to Lisbon for trial; so that the accused pine in prison for years, as they are maintained at the expense of the prosecutor, who generally takes the law into his own hands in the end. The prisoners thrust out their caps to the passer-by, and if nothing is given they curse and abuse him.

CHAPTER III.

RIO DI JANEIRO.

WRECK OF THE "THETIS."—RIO.—ORGAN MOUNTAINS—PUBLIC BUILDINGS —
 COMMUNICATION WITH ENGLAND —COLUMBUS.—THE SOUTHERN CROSS.—DIS-
 COVERY OF THE BRAZILS.—COLONIZATION.—GOVERNMENT.—MILITARY FORCE.
 —SLAVES — LANDING-PLACE— INN.— ABUNDANT MARKETS— PETS.— SHOPS—
 DWELLING-HOUSES.—UNHEALTHY OFFSPRING OF NATIVES.—TREATMENT OF
 SLAVES.—THE SLAVE-MARKET.—RELIGION OF THE SLAVES.—REBELLION OF
 THE SLAVES.—DEGRADATION OF THE AFRICAN.—DRUNKENNESS—STREETS OF
 RIO.

"Thou hugest region of the quartered globe,
 Where all the climates dwell, and Nature moves
 In majesty !
 Approach and answer me, degraded one !
 Art *thou* the remnant of a free-born race,
 Majestic lords of Nature's majesty ?
 Of them, whose views were bold as heaven,—whose hands
 Oft tamed the woods,—whose feet outflung the winds,—
 Who faced the lightning with undazzled gaze,
 And dream'd the thunder, language of their God ?
 The earth and sky was Freedom's and their own :
 But *thou* the sun hath written on thee *Slave*.
 A branded limb and a degraded mind,
 The tyrants give thee for eternal toil
 And tears,—or lash thy labour out in blood !"

R. MONTGOMERY.

AT sea. Well, there are signs of a change. Cape
 Frio is in sight ; three small islands stand, like

attendants, before it; behind, frowns the bold steep Cape itself. Here the unfortunate Thetis was lost. She had left Rio di Janeiro not many days before, all on board full of health and joy at the prospect of speedily seeing their friends. Freighted with the rich produce of the New World, her captain already reckoned his gains. A fresh breeze, a dark night,



RIO.

and she ran bolt on to the Cape, and foundered ; those only, who coward-like deserted her to seek their own safety, met a well-merited death. The captain of the Lightning with great skill and perseverance, subsequently recovered nearly the whole of the valuable cargo. Cape Frio is sixty miles from

Rio ; nearer, but more to the south, is another island, or rather one of many islands, on which stands a lighthouse, Reza — it is a revolving and most brilliant light.

Rio is perhaps one of the loveliest spots in the world. Verily it is a new world, for its vegetation is strong, vigorous, and green, beyond all conception. The entrance to the bay is narrow; mountains and peaks of every form crown it on either side. On the left is a perfect sugar-loaf, called "Hood's nose;" very like a nose, and if like his, a huge massive one he must have had. The beautiful Corovardo, the basis of all, are clothed in green, indescribably green; their summits bold precipitous rock: on all sides peaks of every form arrest the eye. The town, though usually called Rio, is properly San Sebastiano di Rio Janeiro: it is built on the west of the bay, formed by the *débouche* of the river of Janeiro. Its entrance is defended by two forts, San José, and San Theodosio; directly in front, between the two, is the small Island of Lazen, also fortified. The tide rises ten feet. The bay itself is much like Corfu; its numerous islands covered with verdure, the water deep to their very shores, and, in the distance, the Organ mountains almost match in grandeur and beauty the Albanian Hills of Corfu.

The town has a very picturesque appearance from the sea: here, embowered deep in trees; there, lining the shores of quiet coves, or hanging on crags amidst huge boulders of rock, nature's own architecture.

On several of the small islands there are convents, and other buildings, erected on sites Taste itself must have chosen. The town is built on the mainland; but the principal public buildings, such as dockyard, arsenals, &c., are on the Islands of Gobernador and Calva. The town is divided into two parts, San Sebastiano, and Ciudad Nuevo; the one extends from the beautiful convent of Nuestra Señora di Gloria, to the Campo di Santa Anna; the other from thence to the Quinta, and usual residence of the King, San Cristoval. It is well lighted throughout with oil. The principal churches are, the Cathedral, San Candelaria, and San Francisco di Paula. Here is also a fine Jesuits' college; one of the noblest buildings in South America. There are two theatres, —the new one a large and handsome edifice. The custom-house, curiously enough, is situated in the two parishes, so is partially closed during the fiestas of each, which occasions no small confusion and delay in the transaction of business. There is a regular communication with England twice a month: English government-packets, with good accommo-

dations, run the passage from Falmouth to Rio, usually in about forty or forty-five days, and return in the same time. The principal sources of trade are sugar, tanneries, diamond-cleaning and cutting, and oil-extracting. There is a large public library, an academy of arts, a military and naval college, a museum, an observatory, and a botanical garden: the last, owing to the climate, is the finest in the world. Tea, which was cultivated there for some time, failed,—more perhaps from mismanagement than from any other cause.

The entire empire of the Brazils is about thirteen times as large as France: its interior frontier is hardly defined, but as it is so thinly peopled, that will not be a question of importance for many years to come. The whole of the coast of this province is bold, and iron-bound; the Serra di Mar, or range of mountains running away to the northward, are, in their highest peaks, about three thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea. As a proof of the immense fertility of the soil, coffee, introduced within the last forty years, is now becoming a principal article of export. In 1838, one hundred and twenty millions of pounds were exported. In fact, in its vast extent and varied climate, nearly every production of vegetable and animal nature is found.

As yet, however, not above one acre in one hundred and fifty is cultivated. Two crops of grapes, one in June, the other in December, are annually gathered at Bahia. The population, by the last census, which, however, was a very rough one, was six millions, of which one million and a half were slaves: this does not, of course, include Indians, of whose numbers they take no account. It will be as well, before I proceed in my description of Rio, to give a brief sketch of the discovery and colonization of the great country of which it is the capital. Of all great men, Columbus seems the one peculiarly the butt of ill fortune. From the beginning of his career slighted and despised, and at the end, dying of a broken heart, he could not even leave the land he had discovered to be called by his name, and one republic and province alone bear the memorial of him whose genius and perseverance led to the discovery of the whole. Americus Vesputius, a Florentine, who served under the Crown of Portugal, was employed by that Power in chart-making, and laying down the new discoveries: he thus had the opportunity, which he did not neglect, of affixing his own name to the New World. Among the most renowned of all the early adventurous voyagers, was Vincente Yanez Pinzon, one of three brave brothers,

who, by their talents and influence, much assisted Columbus in providing for his hazardous enterprise, and overcoming the prejudices against it, and who accompanied him in his first great voyage. Dissensions and jealousies, however, dissolved the friendship, and their subsequent voyages were prosecuted apart. In December, 1499, the elder brother, Alonzo, being dead, Vincente Yanez fitted out a small armament in the port of Palos, in Andalusia, and, accompanied by the two sons of his deceased brother, sailed shortly afterwards for the West: with them were several of the companions of Columbus in his late voyage to Panama. A short stay, for the purpose of refitting, was made at the Cape de Verd Islands, and from thence the expedition steered southwestwardly. After a long run, and when the fainthearted ones had begun to despair, and wished to return, quite content with the laurels they had already earned, a tremendous gale sprung up, before which they were compelled to run, still in a southerly direction. Before they could bring the vessels to, the Pole Star was no longer visible; and as the mariners had not yet discovered the use of the beautiful Southern Cross, they deemed themselves lost beyond all hope. Even those who had been with Columbus, and had become accustomed

to new worlds and wondrous changes, were struck with dread, now that the very load-star of their knowledge had disappeared. The continent, however, had been discovered, and Pinzon being fully aware of the vast field of enterprise and discovery that lay before him, resolutely pressed on, encouraging the bold with promises, and frightening the timid with threats. He persevered in his southwesterly course, and, in about eight degrees south latitude, on the 20th of January, 1500, made the land. It was a bold headland, and he christened it Santa Maria de la Consolacion: it has since been called Cape Saint Augustin, the name by which it is now generally known: it is one of the most prominent capes in the immense empire of the Brazils. On the following morning, Pinzon landed, and, with all proper pomp and ceremony, took possession of the territory for the Crown of Spain.* No natives were seen at first, but in a day or two watchfires blazed on all the neighbouring heights, and the owners of the soil appeared. They disdained the trinkets and other flimsy articles with which the Spaniards sought to conciliate them, and boldly resisted the invasion with

* It was at first proposed to give the newly-discovered empire the name of the sovereign, but ultimately it was called Brazil, from the wood famous for its dye, which it so abundantly produces.

sword and lance. The Spaniards declined the contest, more intent, probably, on gain than on glory; and, steering south, sought for men of gentler habits, or less courage. Coming to the mouth of a river too shallow to admit the ships, they sent the boats up it, and again their tokens of amity were rejected, and blows and battle proffered instead of gold.

They now returned northwards, and discovering the mighty Amazon, they deemed they had found a passage to India, and satisfied with this, returned to Europe, taking with them some Indians whom they had captured, some specimens of dyewood, and an opossum: this creature seems to have found more favour at Court than any of the gallant fellows who had brought him. Vespuceus was despatched the following year to explore the new countries and survey the coast. He affixed his name to the chart; his usurpation was permitted, and thus this vast continent bears the name of one who shared no part of the dangers of the discovery, yet certainly reaped its most glorious reward.

Like his brother Sovereign of Spain, the King of Portugal was unwilling to spend much on these foreign expeditions, though he seemed never to think the receipts too large. For many years, except a

small garrison at Bahia, no farther colonization was attempted. The land was subsequently assigned to various noblemen and others, in enormous portions, some of even a hundred square leagues in extent: the new proprietors generally had neither means nor spirit of enterprise enough to do anything, so that improvement was slow till different assignments were made, or sales in smaller portions, more available for working.

In 1728 the discovery of the diamond mines in the river Janeiro, and the enormous revenue they promised government, induced them to change the capital to its present site, no doubt the best that could be found, on account of its central position. Before this there was nothing here but an Indian village. It was first formed into an empire, and made an hereditary and limited monarchy in 1822. The executive is in the hands of the king: the legislative body consists of two assemblies, the senate, and the chamber of deputies; the first chosen by the emperor, the second elected by the people. The Roman Catholic is the religion of the country; other faiths are tolerated, but not allowed public worship. Great jealousies continued to exist from 1822 forward, between it and the mother-country, each fearing to become an appanage of the other. No doubt, too,

Brazil has been considerably bit by the democracies rising up all over the southern continent. These jealousies increased to such a degree in 1831, that the emperor was induced to abdicate in favour of his son, his daughter receiving Portugal as her future inheritance. This was, without a doubt, the only way to preserve the country, and had Spain done the same, all South America would now have been several monarchies, under scions of the families of the old rulers, and Spain been spared her waste of blood and treasure. Nor would she have created that deep hatred, now felt towards her, in all her former colonies. A regency was appointed in the Brazils, as the boy was a minor. Pedro II. married a daughter of the King of Naples; he has shewn evidence of talent, and is, they say, a well-read, studious man. Of course in a country so thinly peopled, and where intercourse is so limited, Rio is the Brazils, though each province has its own legislation. Trial by jury in criminal, and sometimes even in civil suits, has been introduced, and answers well. Twenty pounds a year of income from property, trade, or labour, is the qualification for a vote. Friars, priests, or members of any religious fraternity, are not allowed to vote; free blacks are. The attorney-general is the accuser in all criminal cases; the accused are allowed

the help of counsel. There are very few troops, and those principally watch the frontiers; a large staff of officers is, however, kept up, and they embody, when needed, a sort of national guard, in which all males from eighteen to forty-five are enrolled. These are forced to equip at their own cost, the State furnishing arms and ammunition only. How little powder and shot would be wasted in battle if the combatants found their own! The police force is very large; this is required on account of the slaves; their chief employment consists in hunting for runaways, and reclaiming them. The navy, once very large and efficient, has dwindled down to nothing: public schools are now in course of establishment, and many other improvements are projected. Previous to 1830, when the importation of slaves was prohibited, forty thousand were imported annually; the number now is about eleven thousand: two-thirds are reckoned to die before they reach the markets, so that thirty-three thousand must still be shipped; this is only an approximation, but it serves to show how small a portion of good England has effected by her blockade of the coast of Africa. Of the whole population of the Brazils, Rio itself contains two hundred and fifty thousand. The currency is paper; gold and silver are articles of commerce, so of course their value

fluctuates. The public debt is small in proportion to the revenue, which is now four millions and a quarter a year.

The inn at Rio is famous; a large staring building full of windows, not to be overlooked, as it is just opposite the landing-place; billiard- and coffee-rooms occupy the lower story; sitting-rooms, and bed-rooms the upper: the *cuisine*, and the produce of the cellar, are excellent; here we can drink drinks iced with ices from North America. The landing at Rio is abominable, and the ocean, calm all around, seems to have kept a private store of rollers on purpose for the use of the wharf, which is an old ladder, with broken steps. The Plaza, close to the water, is a large open space, two sides occupied by the palace and cathedral; the former looks like a vast penitentiary painted up a little with red and yellow; the latter is worthy of being by its side. Opposite, on the sea-side, heaps of rubbish and dirt are passed, which seem to afford fine fun to dogs of a mangy appearance, and to carrion-crows. In the midst of it rises a large dovecote-looking thing, with a hole at each side, from which water runs out, as if by accident,—but no, really it is meant for a fountain! On the other two sides are shops, stores, &c., while, away in a corner, rather back, as if it was ashamed of itself, and doubtful of

its reception if it came farther forward, is the market. A large brown wall with a streak of black paint round the top, is all it shows to the world; but inside, ah, what treasure! If the maiden ladies only knew! What love-birds, what spice-birds, what green parrots, grey parrots, particoloured parrots, big parrots, small parrots, noisy parrots, talking, silent, laughing, crying, singing parrots! what monkeys, some with white noses, some with blue noses, some small, some large, some tame, some savage, some like lions, some like children, all mischievous! What avadavats! what fowls! what ducks! what marmosets! Buffon himself would have given up the naming of them in despair, and said *genus omne*. But, as I said before, if spinsters did but know of this repository of pets, hither they would come from all parts of the world, and reside for ever, vainly endeavouring to collect one of every sort. The market is supplied with everything else in equal abundance. Birds beyond price elsewhere, are here killed to be eaten, and when they are too numerous for pets, are made into pies. The whole place literally swarms with produce.

The war of France and England against Rosas has much enhanced the price of all vegetables and edibles in Rio, as large quantities are exported for

the consumption of the blockading squadron and the besieged. The houses have a disagreeable appearance: they are so much and variously painted; and the fronts seem stuck full of windows. They are of four stories high, generally. It is an axiom in trade, that the supply suits the demand; if so, the Brazilians must be very fond of light useless French jewellery, and those thousand and one little inventions of the same people, of no use whatever. Dress also must occupy a prominent place in their thoughts; and pictures, particularly those of rather doubtful decency—but their chief delight must be in *cafés* and pastrycooks. The shops are good and pretty, kept mostly by Frenchmen; the merchants, generally, are English, who, not being able to carry on business on Sundays, have one day's profit less in the seven than the rest of the traders, who seem to think such observance of the sabbath unnecessary. In fact Rio shows no outward signs of religion at all, except the unending chime of the church-bells. When I attended the services, I observed the congregation to consist chiefly of old women, to whom the vanities of this wicked world could hold out few allurements.

The people are tall and slight, and of an excessively disagreeable complexion, like polished copper,

damped and dimmed by bad weather. The children, who are often pretty, have the small attenuated limbs, and languid unhealthy look, peculiar to Creoles: none of that appearance of freely-circulating blood, so pleasant to the eye as telling of youth, health, and strength. The upper classes boast of the purity of their blood, but a little taint might be an improvement: perhaps fresher air, or more of it, and plenty of exercise might do them more good than anything. Every shade of mixture is seen among the common people, from jet-black to whity-brown, and the various breeds might be worth reckoning, to show how many different tints may be made from the two. The jolly fat laughing faces of the slaves give the lie to our philanthropists' stories; if liberty can better their condition, they will be happy indeed. Not that for one minute any man of sense can advocate slavery; but it is only time that can reform the abuse; the majority of the present race of slaves are unworthy of freedom: they would hardly go back to their country if the offer were made to them. If any seek to know my opinion, believe me it is the right one, —the one founded on justice:—

“Eternal Nature, when thy giant hand
Had heaved the floods, and fixed the trembling land,

When life sprung startled at thy plastic call,
Endless her forms, and Man the lord of all,—
Say, was that lordly form inspired by Thee
To wear eternal chains, and bow the knee?
Was man ordained the slave of man, to toil,
Yoked with the beasts, or fettered with the soil.”

But still I say, let emancipation be the work of time. Most of the residents here agree in saying that the slaves are generally well-treated; in common sense it must be so.

A slave was flogged one evening for some offence, under our windows; the instrument used was one tail of rope with a single knot; the fellow seemed well used to it, and dodged so adroitly that the post came in for the greater part of the blows: nevertheless he made as much noise as if it was really dreadful punishment. Many persons send their slaves out in the morning to earn by labour of any kind a certain sum, and if they return in the evening without the full amount they suffer for it. The emancipated slaves exceed all other owners in cruelty and oppression. Englishmen who, of course, are not permitted to own slaves, though to their shame be it said, they often do, hire them of the natives: they are compelled to this, as no free man will perform the dirtier menial offices. It frequently happened, on your calling an ebony-

coloured fellow to do something, empty your water, pull off your boots, or what not, that he would say, "I will send a black fellow to do it, sir." Many are very useful servants, and adepts at the different trades; these frequently run away, and detection is very difficult: some escape in this way, earn enough to purchase their freedom, and dwell in peace for the rest of their lives. Newly imported slaves are not allowed to be sold in Rio; old ones are. This prohibition is easily and frequently eluded. The slave-market is a miserable hole, at least such it seemed from the glimpse I caught of it. A young and very handsome girl was put up for auction, and finally knocked down to a villainous profligate looking Creole; poor girl! I wished her a kind master, but she herself seemed careless of the event. Little fat round nigger babies are hawked about for sale, and offered to passers-by at a very small price, perhaps by their own mothers! I saw one bought, and the seller, a great fat negress, put the money into her purse and turned away, evidently thinking she had made a capital bargain. Many of the slaves, or free black women, who hawk about baskets with fruit, tapes, and other small wares, are very richly adorned: they wear turn upon turn of massive gold chains round their necks,

and on their arms, and rich heavy earrings. They are frequently most noble looking women, tall, and wondrously well made. Some of both sexes (free, I suppose) strut about, togged out in the last new fashions. Of course all heavy labour falls on the slaves; it is they who pull the huge boats, after each stroke rising up on the bench before them, entering their oar into the water, and then falling back in the stroke, thus giving the whole weight of their bodies. The speed attained by this method of rowing is very great. All the portorage, too, falls to their lot, nor is a cart to be seen in Rio. They run along with their loads in gangs, the foremost carrying a rattle, the rest shouting in time to his noise. The masters, with an eye to the everlasting welfare of their slaves, always have them baptized on their arrival in the Brazils; they then receive names, and are admitted within the pale of the Church; some are even compelled to attend mass, but as instruction in this their new idolatry — for to them, what else can it be? — is not thought necessary, probably the feast-days, which are holidays, are the brightest truths and chief articles of their faith.

The slaves coming from an immense extent of country, are necessarily of many tribes and nations.

The victor of to-day, who sells his captives to the dealers to-morrow, is perhaps himself conquered, captured, and sold shortly after. Of all the races the Mina is held in the greatest estimation for their superior intelligence: these the most frequently obtain their manumission. The men of this tribe have made great progress in civilization, and are often first-rate artisans at the time of their capture. Many read and write Arabic: the situation of major-domo, overseer, and head man, is mostly given to them, even in preference to free people, as being more under control and amenable to correction, and also more intelligent than the class of natives, who would accept the office. They come from the portion of Upper Guinea, where Bornou and Timbuctoo are situated, and receive the name of Mina from the sea-port where they are generally shipped. They profess the Mahometan religion. Such is their intelligence that government regards them with fear. They rose and made a desperate stand some years ago at Bahia; but their inability to unite with the other slaves, from the want of a common language, and from their deadly hostility towards the other races, which surpasses by many degrees their hatred to their masters, must always render these risings abortive, though the damage done in them to property is immense, and

the waste of life dreadful. Some account of Africa might perhaps be got from them, or at all events such details as would throw some light on a part of this great, and hitherto unknown country. The slave, if as badly treated as philanthropists say, has at least a happy childhood: in all parts the children of the house might be seen rolling, tumbling, and playing, in perfect equality with the little round, black slave babies. The Spaniards and Portuguese are famed for their kind and affectionate treatment of servants, why not of slaves? And really to look at their countenances, when the first bloom, or rather jet, of youth has faded, it is difficult to consider the present generation, at least, as worthy of overleaping the ages of gradual civilization we have undergone, and being suddenly, and so unpreparedly, launched forth as equals, fellow-partners in the responsibilities of freemen. It seems impossible that any decree of State or Senate can make that degraded, sensual, unintellectual thing, a man, in all his might and majesty. No doubt we are partly guilty of making him the animal he is; but being so, it is too late to alter him. Africa *will* produce slaves, *will* war within herself, and traffic in her children. If no market presents itself, the captives taken in these intestine broils, who now live a life of at least

tolerable animal enjoyment,—more, perhaps, than they ever did before,—will be butchered to save the expense of keeping them, or to lessen the enemies of the conquerors. Let Africa, then, be civilized, educate the rising generation, make the brute a man, and then, (not till then, I fear,) will slavery be abolished. When all but history shall have passed away, and future generations survey at one glance the records of past time, doubtless the fact that England, at one free gift, granted twenty millions of golden pounds, and set her own slaves free, will raise her far above the glories of all other nations.

“’Twas hers,
Great as her triumphs, to eclipse them all,
To do what none had done, none had conceived;
An act, how glorious! making joy in heaven.
When—such her prodigality—condemned
To toil, and toil, alas! how hopelessly,
Herself in bonds, for ages unredeemed,
As with a godlike energy she sprung,
All else forgot, and burdened as she was,
Ransomed the African.”

But, much as we may admire the deed, it is sadly to be feared she miscalculated the method and the time of doing it, and the wickedness of men has balked her good intentions. The Spartans, we are told, used to intoxicate their slaves in order to exhibit to their children drunkenness in its most

repulsive form. If the ancient Helots had the same tastes as modern slaves, they must have been fond of the service of a master whose children required frequent lessons. In Rio we may hope these exhibitions have equally good effect; and let us trust that they spring from a philanthropic feeling in the slaves themselves, without any compulsion. In this case great must be their desire for the weal of their master's family, as they seem to pass their holidays in the streets and public places in enacting terrible warnings, increasing the force and value of a lesson by fighting, squabbling, and yelling.

The streets of Rio are dirty, and sadly require a paving-company: at night an umbrella will be found useful, as more sometimes falls on the passenger than rain. There is a nice public garden in the town, with a large marble paved terrace looking on the sea and quiet bay. Here, of an evening, a great crowd of fashionables collect to inhale the cool sea-breeze after the dense, tropical, airless heat of the day. In the middle, under the trees, is a fountain, pretty with rocks and shrubs; a tin mug chained to the rock does not say much for the opinion entertained of public honesty. Here blacks, in silks and satins, do the fine, chattering and laughing as if the chains

of slavery sat lightly on them. When all the company have dispersed, the deep quiet of the place, the moonlit sea, the lights glimmering among the trees, and the air heavy with the scent of flowers, invite to dreamy musings.

CHAPTER IV.

EXCURSIONS.

ENVIRONS OF RIO.—COFFEE-PLANTATIONS.—SLAVE-GIRLS.—FALLS OF TETCHUKA.
—PEAK OF COCOVARDO.—FEAT OF AN ENGLISHMAN.—MODE OF RIDING.—
PORTUGUESE PLAY.—CROSSING THE LAGOON.—RICH LIVERIES.—PROVISIONS.
—PORTUGUESE CRUELTY TO THE INDIANS.—FALKLAND ISLANDS.—VARIOUS
NAMES FOR THESE ISLANDS.—FATE OF DAVIS, THE DISCOVERER.—DESCRIP-
TION.—TOWN.—POPULATION.—DEPART FOR VALPARAISO.—FATE OF THE
EARLY DISCOVERERS.—SPANISH PROVERB.—GIANTS.—MAGELLAN'S ARTIFICE.
—DRAKE'S PASSAGE ROUND CAPE HORN.—DISCOVERY OF CAPE HORN.

“Through citron groves and fields of yellow maize ;
Through plantain-walks, where not a sunbeam plays ;
Here blue savannahs fade into the sky,
There forests frown in midnight majesty ;
Ceiba, and Indian-fig, and plane sublime,
Nature's first-born, and revered by Time !
There sits the bird that speaks ! there quivering rise
Wings that reflect the glow of evening skies !
Half-bird, half-fly, the fairy king of flowers,
Reigns there, and revels through the fragrant hours ;
Gem full of life, and joy, and song divine,
Soon in the virgin's graceful ear to shine.”

Voyage of Columbus.

THE rides about Rio di Janeiro are beautiful ; there are carriages also, and carriage-roads, steamers, and delightful places to go to. The environs are charm-

ing: quintas line the roads in every direction, and though their glaring paint and showy appearance may not be in strict good taste, they at least look clean and cheerful. The Brazilians seem very much to have mistaken the style of building and decoration suited to their climate; they ought to have gone to India and taken a lesson. Everything that makes a glare should be avoided, and everything that attracts the sun; air should be allowed to enter at every pore. Here wide windows and white paint seem like sign-boards, offering good entertainment for sun and heat. Before the sun was half out of bed one morning we were mounted, and trotting along to the waterfall of Tetchuka. On each side of the road were large quintas, with nice gardens, and what is so necessary, plenty of water. As you proceed, the quintas are succeeded by jungle, wild and tangled, green and vigorous. Huge boulders of rock broke the surface. Here and there man had toiled a little, and already an abundant crop repays his labour. The curse pronounced on Adam clung to the Old World, where it was uttered; here, without the sweat of the brow, earth gives forth her hundredfold. The road was good, and we scampered gaily along: all nature smiled, so we were happy.

In passing one quinta a couple were seen lounging

out of a window; they did not look in keeping with the scenery. The lady was not fresh as Aurora, and the gentleman would have been all the better for a good washing. We rode through a narrow gorge which forms the ascent for the Falls, and a magnificent view lay before us. Unclouded, with the rising sun just shining behind them, rose the Organ Mountains beautifully blue. They receive their name from their resemblance to the tubes of an organ. As a foreground spread the rich savannah delta of the river, many a small spiral column of smoke rising straightly up. We passed several coffee-plantations. They do not seek, as in the East, to place them in the shade, but streams of water run among them, cooling the roots. Each plant was in full bearing, each shoot covered with the large red berry, ripe for plucking. The coffee is not good, though the fruit is large and fine; it has a strange earthy taste. Some thirty slave-girls were washing linen in the river, standing up to their waists in water, battering and slashing the poor clothes about, as if they knew there were plenty more where they came from, and that it would not be their task to sew the buttons on. The damsels had less clothing, certainly, than decency required: every now and then one left her suds and took a swim; this seemed to do her good, for she returned to her work

with renewed energy. All seemed merry, gay and happy. Numerous specimens of that magnificent butterfly, the great blue imperial, flew about; they seemed happier there, and looked far more brilliant than in a box, so we killed none.

The roads in many places were narrow and precipitous, but we cantered on till the sound of dashing waters breaking on our ears, we pulled up to find our way. After some bother, and riding through a man's garden, and over his cabbages and fences, we found ourselves in front of the Falls. The body of water is small, but it descends very prettily; the height in all may be one hundred and twenty feet, but it is broken. The sides of the stream are clothed with numberless shrubs and flowers; among others I noticed a very handsome nankeen-coloured convolvulus, with a black border. Further up is another Fall, inferior to this both in height and beauty. Here our taste for the picturesque was overpowered by a wish for breakfast, so we galloped back.

The road to the Cocovardo is beautiful, winding up valleys, skirting gorges, passing ravines; now among coffee-plantations, then in the twilight of dense forest creepers, as thick as the mainstay; epiphytes, parasites, and curious sights all round. Still up, up: the road is bad till the bare rock is gained,

and then you must scramble on foot till you reach the top, where the fatigue is amply repaid by the splendour of the view. I have seen it often, have leaned on the rocks, musing by the hour, and each time the following text of Scripture has occurred more and more forcibly to me. "*The devil taketh him up to an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them; and saith, All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.*" Verily this would have been a rich inheritance. Nestling down right under our feet is the town, some parts bolder than the rest, straggling more into view. The bay, with its thousand isles, lies beyond,—its margin marked by dark blue, which shows its depth to the very strand. On the left, far as the eye can reach, is the plain watered by the river: the Organ mountains rise clear and cloudless, with their sharp-pointed peaks, on the further side of the bay, hill above hill, peak above peak, till all is lost in the blue distance. The sea on the right, spotted with sails, bearing rich produce, perhaps, to our own dear land. Cape Frio is just visible: the Quintas in their white, amidst the trees in their green, look very pretty at a distance. The government has wisely surrounded the summit, which occupies an

area of some fifteen yards, with stout railings. One of our own clever, notoriety-hating countrymen backed a poor horse over the precipice, I suppose to see how he would look when he reached the bottom. He could have made but one amendment on this joke—backed himself down, and had the horse ready at the bottom to ride home on afterwards. The jungle does not reach above two-thirds of the way up, and the back of the hill being a long narrow ridge, struck me as resembling a person lying in bed, the clothes of which were much too short to cover him. From the various springs on this hill, an aqueduct is filled, which very cheaply supplies the town: it is a large and well-built fabric, the gift of Don Pedro to Rio di Janeiro. There are many roads to the peak, so we diversified our return, by losing our way. I find by a careful computation, that one-third of the black women wear red gowns, and three-fourths of the black men white hats, if any.

One evening myself and a companion hired a carriage to drive to the Botanical Gardens, a distance of about six or seven miles. The vehicle was a low cab-sort of affair, one mule in the shafts, and a black fellow mounted on another which was joined to the shafts by a trace, acted postilion.

He carried a ponderous whip; wore a blue coat, cut very square, with red facings and gold lace (too much like our old uniform for us to laugh at), and large French postilion's boots. His mode of riding was singular,—to my eye, at least; but a little attention showed me it was the regular Rio way. Gents, gentlemen, servants—all did it. They ride, balancing on the point of the angle of the “sit-down-upon:” the body is kept in this position by adhering stoutly to the rein; the daylight being liberally admitted between the thighs and the saddle. However in this very tipaty manner, he yelled, flogged, and made way at a fair rate. It was consoling to see a support on either side from the shafts, to allow the mule to fall, without altering our horizontal elevation. There are many excellent private carriages in Rio: ours, however, was such as I have described. The road was good, the scenery delightful. We swept round the bay, the lofty mountains on our right, and skirting along, close under the Cocovardo, amidst quintas and trees, were really sorry when we arrived at the gardens. They are well worth a visit, from their curious collection only, as little trouble, and less taste, are displayed in laying them out: in fact, for beauty the jungle beats them hollow. There is a fall of

water in steps which has a very pretty appearance: here the bread-fruit tree grows well, and, indeed, every plant, of every clime. My nationality, however, was best pleased with some heliotrope, which the gardener said had been brought from England. I thought it the sweetest thing after all. There were roses too, and exotics of every kind; but the sand-flies destroyed all comfort, and irrigation has pappified the paths. Our drive home by moonlight was through an atmosphere literally heavy with the scent of flowers, which even our vigorous smoking could not drive away, a cloudless sky above, almost solid with great lustrous stars, that seemed to stand midway between earth and heaven—the groves on either side lit up by

“swarms of fire-flies
Tangled in a golden braid.”

The quiet calm of such a scene we exchanged for the Portuguese play; and the flower-laden atmosphere for scents not odoriferous. The actors were not good, nor the company; as for the play, the language is enough to condemn it. Portuguese always sounded to me like Spanish spoken by a person without a palate, or with a heavy snuffle; the women's voices would, I am sure, cut a fog; they are so high and sharp. As to their character, the Spaniards say,

“Take from a Spaniard all his good qualities, and there remains a very respectable Portuguese.” They are not, however, a mendicant race; one comfort in Rio is, that no attacks are made on your pocket by beggars; while there I only saw one, and he was an English gentleman,—at least, he said so. Steamers ply between all parts of the harbour: sheltered from the sun beneath their awnings, all the different views may be seen, without trouble or exertion; or large row-boats may be hired with commodious cabins; these will take the traveller where he wishes, without fatigue.

Space will not permit a mention of many delightful rides the adventurous may find by crossing the lagoon; which must be done in a canoe, with your horse swimming by your side. A pleasant day may be spent among the valleys and gorges at the back of the Cocovardo. In fact, go where you will, the scenery is lovely, and the vegetation so thick that the noonday sun causes no inconvenience. Sporting may be obtained, but hardly good enough to repay the danger, and the chances of contracting fever and ague. A short distance up the river there is a large colony of Germans; they have, however, degenerated from the hard-working, steady habits of their progenitors. Perhaps the climate is too much for them;

but report says they profit little either the State or themselves. The situation of their location is lovely, and, though damp, would be easily convertible into profitable land. Many disappointed in the Dorado they expected, returned to their own country; others pine and grumble, and cease from efforts which would soon leave all cause for complaint behind. It was intended from this colony to raise a race of free labourers; but the scheme entirely failed. There are several masonic lodges here, the only ones in South America; in all the Spanish colonies they were vigorously suppressed, and the republics have continued the restriction; wisely, no doubt, as their meetings and fraternity might have been made the cloak for revolutions and intrigues of every sort. The servants of all classes are dressed in magnificent liveries—magnificent, at least, in gold lace, which is plastered on till the bearer seems stiff with it. Arms, coronets, and honours, adorn every panel of the carriage; and, to judge from the breasts of the people inside, they are indeed a nation of heroes. There is a good public ball-room, where strangers' balls are given once a month; but generally the natives live in a very quiet and retired manner, not offering much inducement to strangers to join their society. Of an evening they loll about their gardens, or lean out of their

windows, looking at the passers-by. This is a full-dress affair, and seems—and, from all I have heard, is—the great event and topic of conversation till the next evening.

The feather-flowers made at Rio are worth the attention of all lovers of the curious and beautiful in art. Birds of every colour and tint supply the feathers, which, under the hands of this skilful people, assume the exact form and resemblance of every flower. You have only to order a blossom, of any clime, or any season, and a perfect imitation is forthwith produced. An Irishwoman was one of the best *artistes* in this line, and is now at the head of the establishment. In this art, Bahia, further north, is perhaps more famous than Rio, as there, they say, that not content with rivalling nature, they are so wicked as to attempt to surpass her by paint.

The town is abundantly supplied with water, such a necessary in these tropical, parched-up lands. Fountains gush from all parts, each trough surrounded by jabbering blacks of both sexes, filling their buckets with the cool fluid. Fruits are abundant and good; but there are no species exclusively belonging to Rio, or the Brazils. Notwithstanding the heat of the country, the meat is good. Rio, except

during two or three rainy months, is not unhealthy; and even then, the diseases attack none but those who are much exposed or under-fed. Both fresh- and sea-water fish is plentiful. Cigars are made all over the Brazils, especially at Bahia; but the leaf is coarse, and the cigars not good; they are, in fact, regular weeds. All lovers of good smoking had better supply themselves from England, as it is next to impossible to get good ones after you have left it. The natives, and indeed most foreigners long resident in South America, smoke *pappelletos*; so that there is little demand for *puros* or cigars. Using the paper ones always seemed to me like playing at smoking, they are so mild and short-lived. The horses are smaller than any other breed in South America; but they are hardy and enduring. Mules and horses are bred in immense herds on the plains near the Amazon, and during the revolutions in the Spanish colonies they were exported, and sold all over the continent, as all that time the destruction of them elsewhere was enormous.

Of the Indians in the interior little is known. There are several Roman Catholic missions; but their labours are not very successful. There is an account of them in the transactions of the Geographical Society. Report ascribes every sort of cruelty to

the Portuguese settlers in the interior, even to leaving clothes and blankets infected with the small-pox in the woods frequented by the Indians; placing poisoned liquors there, and poisoning the springs. These, and other enormities, have provoked fearful retaliation; so that the Portuguese are loud in their abuse, and *delenda est Carthago* on the Indians seems the burden of their wish.

Except the Amazon, now an almost unknown route, there is no practicable way to the western side through the Brazilian empire. It is curious that the lasso, that all-useful, all-powerful weapon on the western coast, is almost unknown here, and stratagems of a long and very complex kind are used to catch the wild animals. The bridles all over the continent are the huge Mamluke bit; the saddles are pads, and the saddle-tree very flat, with a huge, hard-pressed leather cover, having ponderous flaps before and behind, and stirrups of iron; but there are none of the high, barbarian-looking decorations that mark the pride of the Spain-descended Gaucho. All classes wear the European dress, made light, and adapted to the climate. The men of the country wear the picturesque hat of the Italian peasantry, so well known. Bonnets are very generally worn by women of the upper classes; but the middle ranks still adhere to

the bare head and graceful mantilla, which becomes them so well, and is adapted to their hot and fervid climate. Such is Rio; and, being such, you may be sure we left it with no small regret, to face the stormy Horn; even though Chili, and all manner of fun, awaited us on the other side.



FALKLANDS.

The Falkland Islands are the Malovines of the French: after much research, it really seems to me but fair to yield to Davis, who had previously been the discoverer of the Straits that bear his name, the merit of discovering these islands also. He was one of the captains of the squadron under the brave, but ill-fated, Cavendish. In May, 1592, his vessel, the

Desire, with a pinnacle in company, was accidentally separated from Cavendish, who never ceased accusing Davis of having basely and cowardly deserted him. This Davis and his friends strenuously denied, and they drew up an account of his voyage, which goes far to exonerate him from blame. They remained, it says (after the galleon and *Roebuck*, with Cavendish, were blown to sea), two months in Port Desire, keeping a careful watch from the neighbouring hills for the re-appearance of their friends,—one party foraging for provisions, the other salting seals and penguins for sea-stock, and converting what stores remained to them to their best uses, according as their really pressing wants dictated. On the 7th of August, their consorts not appearing, they put to sea, endeavouring to pass through to the western side of the Straits of Magellan. Adverse winds blew them about, till, on the 14th, they were driven in among some islands, never before discovered, lying fifty leagues or better off the shore, easterly and northerly from the Straits. This is much anterior to any other discovery of them, the French first observing them in 1700, or 1707. The French ship was from St. Malo, and thence the islands were named Les Malovines. Sir Richard Hawkins came upon them soon after, and, ignorant that any body

had preceded him, he called them "Hawkins's Maiden Land," as he says, "for that it was discovered in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, my sovereign lady, and a maiden queen." They were afterwards rechristened by Barney, "Davis's Southern Islands;" but though for his sake this would have been a juster title, they eventually obtained the name they still bear of Falkland's Islands, whence derived I cannot discover. An old historian of Cavendish's remarks, "If Davis did deal treacherously, treachery found him out; for after enduring considerable hardships, and the loss of four-fifths of his men, he was compelled to return; and subsequently, after five more voyages to the East Indies, fell in a desperate affray with the Japanese."

The French were the first who formed a settlement on the islands, but they gave it up to Spain. In 1765, Commodore Byron took possession of them for England, with all proper forms; and in 1766, Captain M'Bride, of the *Jason*, planted a colony there. In the following year, Bougainville, on the part of France, gave up all right in them to Spain, and, in consequence, the Spaniards attacked the British settlement in 1770, and took it. England on this declared war, and obtained reparation and the acknowledgment of her claim; but in 1774, finding

the settlement useless, she quietly abandoned it, still, however, leaving her flag flying. In 1830, the Argentine Republic took possession, grounding their claims on the old Spanish ones: they farmed it out to a man, who was invested with the power and title of governor.

For defending his privileges against some citizens of the great and glorious model republic, Captain Silas Duncan, commanding the United States corvette, *Lexington*, attacked the settlement, killed several of the people, took others prisoners to Buenos Ayres, rooted up the gardens, and burned many of the houses. In 1836 or 1837, England again asserted her rights, and appointed a governor: there is now a governor, and a detachment of sappers and miners.

The islands are low, but abound in capital harbours: they are mostly covered with a stunted bush: peat for fuel is very abundant, but there are no trees. Vegetables and corn may be reared, but they require protection from the cold southern winds. The settlers as yet have made little progress in horticulture: they find full employment in building stores and other necessary edifices. There are about twelve good houses of stone on the islands; that of the governor is well built and very comfortable. A

town of large size is planned and marked out. At present there are about one hundred and fifty people on the islands, nearly all in government employ. Two Gauchos are all that remain of the former Argentine settlers, and they are now employed in catching bullocks and horses for the settlement. These are the remains of some originally introduced by the Argentine governor: they have multiplied exceedingly, but the horses, from the broken rugged nature of the ground, are very shaky affairs. The cattle were formerly killed by any comers, and sealing and whaling vessels replenished their stores, free of expense: now the animals are preserved and belong to government; vessels, however, are supplied at a small price. New blood has lately been introduced from the main coast of America, and, under the present system of management, the breed of domestic cattle promises to do well. Wild animals there are none, save a large and fierce sort of fox, which is often known to attack men. There are prodigious numbers of birds, snipes, and two sorts of geese. Penguins and various other water-birds sit on every stone. Tempted by this apparently easy prey, after we anchored, everybody who could beg, borrow, or anyhow get possession of a gun, sallied forth for sport. The creatures sat quietly

to be fired at, and often were bold or stupid enough to give us time to load again. Immense was the slaughter, and strange the collection of game produced by some of our party, speaking more for their shooting than their discrimination. After two days' stay, we left for Valparaiso.

The Horn is now no longer formidable, to such perfection have experience and art brought every department of nautical affairs. Fortunes are made without the destruction of health, and it seems as if the ill-luck which attended the first explorers had ended with them, or, perhaps, befel them as a just retribution for their cruelties and rapacity: such desperate adventurers could expect no happy end. The Spaniards for many years entertained a dread of entering these southern seas, which, it was said, proved fatal to all who prosecuted discoveries there. Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, the first European who saw them, was put to death by his own countrymen. Di Solis was cruelly murdered by the natives of Rio de la Plata. Most of the commanders fell victims to diseases produced by the hardships and anxieties attendant on their voyages. The mariner De Lope, who, from the topmast of a vessel in Magellan's squadron, first saw the open ocean of the South Sea, met a fate still more dreadful in the eyes of all good

Christians—he became a Mahometan! Magellan also fell. Blake, Cavendish, and many others even in later days,—Cook, La Perouse, and Bligh,—fell victims in the cause. But the fate of numbers cannot intimidate the bold and brave. Every age has its band of resolute and hardy spirits, on whom danger but acts as a spur, and defeat as a fresh incentive to attempt. One success obliterates the remembrance of a thousand failures. No sooner was one band destroyed, than others embarked and followed in the same track, in pursuit of fame or wealth, or impelled by that roving spirit which ever marks the man born to be a sailor.

“ Men the workers, men the thinkers,
Ever doing something new ;
That which they have done, but earnest
Of the things that they will do.”

When we consider the vast efforts of these early discoverers, their courage, resolution, and perseverance, how applicable to them seems the text of Holy Writ, “ *And now nothing will be restrained from them which they have imagined in their hearts to do.*”

The passage to the Pacific through the Straits of Magellan is impracticable for vessels of the size of the Collingwood, and dangerous for any, as there is a strong tide, and the prevailing winds are westerly.

Steamers, however, do it always, and thereby considerably shorten the voyage. The Spaniards were so convinced of this impracticability, that it became a proverb, "As shut as the Straits of Magellan." They were first discovered and passed by Fernando Magellaneo, a native of Portugal. He had served with much distinction under Albuquerque in India, and being refused a small increase of pay which he demanded (only about five shillings a month), he became disgusted with the Portuguese service, and offered himself to Charles V. of Spain. The Portuguese government, too late discovering his value, remonstrated with Spain through their ambassador, and endeavoured to regain him by bribes, but he preferred his new flag. Having convinced the Spanish government that he could discover a passage through the continent to the Moluccas, which would thus include them within the limits accorded to Spain by the Papal grants, he sailed on the 20th of September, 1519, with five vessels. Coasting about the Brazils, he encountered unnumbered hardships,—now attacked by countless hordes of savages, now harassed by mutiny which nothing but the most resolute severity could quell. The account he gives of the Patagonians will well repay the trouble of perusal. He describes giants of nine and ten feet high and

stout in proportion, who cured diseases by thrusting an arrow eighteen inches down the throat of the person affected,—whose food equalled in quantity that of twenty Spaniards.

Strong and powerful as they were, Magellan managed to carry off two of them by an artful device. He filled their hands with trinkets and toys, then pretending still further to adorn their persons, put two rings of iron upon their legs, and thus fettered them and carried them off prisoners. He likewise endeavoured to entrap two women, in order to breed giants in Spain; but his shameful artifice failed this time, and he lost a man in the attempt. Proceeding southward, he reached the entrance of the desired Strait, and here a council of war was held: Estevan Gomez, the pilot, voted for returning to Spain and refitting, before they pursued their discoveries further; others held similar opinions. Magelhaneó listened quietly to all, and then spoke thus: "Gentlemen, we have endured as yet but few hardships; but if in the prosecution of our voyage we are compelled to eat strips of hide or the ship's-yards, it is my determination to continue until I redeem my pledge to the emperor." He then commanded that none should complain of privations, or speak of returning home, under pain of death; and no one ventured to murmur, for they

knew his threat would be fulfilled. In thirty-seven days, from the discovery of the Cape de las Verginas, the South Sea spread before their eyes. Magellan burst into a passion of tears, and ordered public thanksgivings to be offered up in every vessel.

To our own great navigator Drake, however, is due the discovery which more immediately concerns us at present,—the passage round Cape Horn.

On a previous voyage Drake had crossed the Isthmus of Panama, and ascending a tree as he gazed on the Pacific had prayed God to grant that he might sail a ship on those waters. In prosecution of this plan he laid the scheme of an expedition before Queen Elizabeth, who partly countenanced his design. Some say that at parting she gave him a sword with these emphatic words, "We do account that he who striketh at thee, Drake, striketh at us." With this to strengthen our prejudice in his favour, we may be allowed to think his was not entirely a piratical expedition, or, if it was, the maiden queen must partly bear the blame. His officers and crew were soon collected, for such was his renown, that all would have followed Drake to the world's end. His voyage, like that of all the early navigators, was one tissue of hardships and difficulties; however, at last Fortune smiled, and he sailed his vessel into the

Southern Seas. Scarcely was he through the Straits of Magellan when a north-easterly gale arose, and scudding before it ere the storm abated he found himself in fifty degrees south latitude; and, seeing land, anchored within gun-shot of it, in a harbour of an island now so well known as Cape Horn. Here he landed, and casting himself down on the extreme point, he leaned over as far as safety permitted, exclaiming, "I am now on the southernmost point of land in the world, known, or likely to be known; farther than any man has yet ventured, nor can any venture farther." For us no unknown regions are left, and though as late as 1830 a large and populous island was discovered in the Pacific, still there is every reason to suppose it to be the last. Nothing then remains but to endeavour to describe what they toiled so painfully to find.

CHAPTER V.

VALPARAISO.

GAMES AND AMUSEMENTS AFLOAT.—FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE ANDES.—DESCRIPTION OF VALPARAISO.—ITS UNINVITING APPEARANCE.—ENGLISH SETTLERS.—UNPROTECTED STATE OF THE STREETS.—NATIONAL GUARD.—RELIGIOUS ESTABLISHMENTS.—DANGERS IN CROSSING THE ANDES.—FIRE-POLICE.—PUBLIC BUILDINGS.—CUSTOM-HOUSE.—MODE OF WATERING SHIPS.—DEFECTIVE POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS.—THE RACE-COURSE.—JOCKEYS.—GAMBLING.—DIETING SOLDIERS.

I stood upon the deck, and watched till dawn.
 But who can tell what feelings filled my heart,
 When, like a cloud, the distant land arose,
 Gray from the ocean—when we left the ship,
 And cleft, with rapid oars, the shallow waves,
 And stood triumphant on another world !

SOUTHEY.

SEA-VOYAGING, after some twenty-five days of it, becomes a little stale. We had danced, fenced, boxed, played sling-the-monkey, hykockalorum, and leap-frog ; all had been by turns resorted to to dispel ennui ; and all, even reading, had failed at last. Albatrosses, Cape pigeons, fish, had been caught, some even cooked and eaten by way of a change ; and now higher objects began to occupy our thoughts ; and the first

sight of Coramilla, or the Andes, was anxiously longed for. I had hardly got over my first sense of annoyance at exchanging my warm bed for the cold morning watch, and was floundering about among marines, seamen, buckets, holystones, and cold water, when the rising sun revealed high—high up in the horizon, two clearly-defined peaks; and, after the sleepy senses had been aroused, the conviction broke upon me with a thrill of pleasure, that here at last, in all their beauty, were the glorious Cordilleros de los Andes, and the peaks those of Aconcagua and Tapungato. As we glided onwards, and the sun rose up in a canopy of clouds, they were lost to sight; and, while the admiring eye looked eagerly to see them again, a dirty low headland announced the perfection of our land-fall, and marked the entrance to Valparaiso. We were now all anxiety to see what sort of place our head-quarters for the next three years was likely to be; perhaps there was a small longing for fresh grub, mixed up with the higher feelings proper to travellers. Few places strike a new comer with so strong an impression of ugliness as Valparaiso, and as we shot round Coramilla Point, and a gust of wind nearly whipped out our topmasts, the impression I can vouch was universal. Lamentations were uttered

on all sides on our fate for three years if this were a fair sample of the Western World. Even a long sea-voyage, which renders almost any land lovely in nautical eyes, failed of its effect in this instance. It was the height of summer, so the very little green Nature is ever imprudent enough to waste had long been blown away by the furious southern breezes, or parched up by the tropical sun. Heaven only knows how Æolus would have blustered had he been encouraged by worshippers and a shrine; for, loaded as he is with curses enough to drive him away altogether, he still never ceases blowing, spring, summer, autumn, or winter.

The cliffs form an amphitheatre, reaching to the height of eight hundred or a thousand feet; they display no beauty either of form or colour. The town, hove down at the foot of them, seems to have rallied—very much to their inconvenience—round two or three towers; and to have been saved from falling into the bay, by an ingenious contrivance of crossed piles. A heavy shower of small square whitewashed things seems to have fallen on the right, which, lodging wherever they chanced to alight, have formed a portion of the town called “The Fore and Maintops.” Galleries and ladders, speaking volumes for the ingenuity of the contrivers, give access to these curious

abodes. Every quadrada* seems to be a store of small spare-mansions, piled up ready to be removed and set up at leisure in more convenient situations: walk up these gorges, and when you see the crowds within them, you will not be astonished to hear that Valparaiso contains forty thousand inhabitants. The houses in this lowest quarter of the town are very curious. They seem much too small for the ordinary-sized race of mortals. Divided outwardly into two stories, you expect to see the heads of the people who stoopingly enter the doors appear at the windows of the upper story, while their feet touch the ground in the lower.

The "Guida General de Chili" says, "You who have seen the green shores of the Mediterranean, or the vigorous vegetation of the Brazils, arriving at Valparaiso in the dry season, will find nothing to excite your enthusiasm, or your ecstasy." If the patriotism of a native could permit him to write in these terms, you will allow that my description may not have exaggerated its defects. In fact, Valparaiso is the ugliest hole on the coast of the world, except one or two more near it. The bay, too, is very insecure during many months of the year; and yet, in spite of all this, its position makes it the first commercial

* Deep gorge.

place in South America. It seems uncertain when Valparaiso was first used as a port; its name is derived from many sources, according to different authorities. I cling to the "Va al Paraiso," referring of course to Quillota, a lovely valley some forty miles to the northward, as nobody, save in joke, could have called this the Valley of Paradise; and neither Valdivia nor his fellow-warriors were men much given to joking, methinks. Or, it is not improbable that Pedro, the discoveror of the anchorage, who was a native of Valparaiso, in Castile, may have named it after his birth-place in the old country. In the centre the cliffs approach so near the sea, as only to leave room for one street; and while the houses on one side rest on piles upon the beach, the backs of those on the other almost touch the steep scarped rock. Wherever the cliffs retire a little, the space is built upon, and speculators have even cut flat places and perched houses upon them; for the regular American mania of "Going-a-head" seems to have seized everybody, and old houses are replaced by new ones, waste spots covered with buildings, in a wonderfully rapid manner.

In the respectable quarters of the town the houses are large and handsome, often four stories high, notwithstanding the danger arising from the frequent

recurrence of earthquakes: they are built in frames, filled in with *adobes*—bricks baked in the sun. The whole town has arisen within five-and-twenty years, and it has doubled its size within the last ten. To the southward, a fine large parish or suburb, called the Almendral, is rapidly rising, and will soon be the principal quarter, its space affording flatter, wider, and more airy situations; business, however, still clings to the old quarter. Much of the property belongs to English and other strangers, whose clear-sightedness saw, years ago, to what importance it would rise directly the pernicious colonial policy of Spain was changed. It has, indeed, increased in value enormously: in 1707, all the township then waste was sold for fifteen hundred dollars (three hundred pounds), and now many separate houses fetch five thousand dollars of annual rent. The Spaniards vigorously excluded all foreign trade, so that, as late as 1819, Valparaiso was a mere village, with ten or twelve huts only. It seems curious, but articles are often dearer here than at many of the ports supplied from hence: this is imputable to the dearness of living, the high rent, and the high wages. As the country round for many miles is very unproductive, land-carriage renders the market dear to an extreme. The merchants are principally English; some few are

Germans and Americans; the shopkeepers are invariably French. I must not omit to mention a trait of honesty much to the credit of the latter. They are chiefly men who, having failed in Europe, come out here with a small start from their creditors, whom they seldom omit to pay most scrupulously, as soon as prosperity gives them the means. When the facility of eluding the claims of people thousands of miles off is considered, this must be allowed to reflect some honour upon them. The principal residents live in pleasant villas on the serras (hills) above the town, their counting-houses and stores being below. I do not envy them the journey between the two; the paths are precipitous, and would be impracticable to invalids, but they doubtless keep the healthy in good wind. From the vagabond nature of the population—drawn from the dregs of every nation—the streets, till within a very few years, were unsafe by night, and some even dangerous by day. Murders were frequent, and rarely punished; and it was a common practice for people living in the distant parts of the town to rendezvous at certain points fixed upon, and escort each other home. None ever went beyond the Cuerva del Chivato without arms and companions. In this spot—commonly called Cape Horn—the cliff approaches the sea so nearly that no houses can be

built; it has a cave on its face of very bad fame: it forms the division of the Puerto, and the Almendral. Don Diego Portales,—one of the men Nature seems always to supply just where they are wanted,—on being appointed governor, proceeded with all his energy to cleanse these Augean stables. He organized the national guard, by whose help the judge was at length enabled to perform his duty unawed by threats or personal fears. He next formed two brigades of most efficient watchmen—one for the night, the other for the day—severally called Vigilantes and Seranos. Each watchman has for his beat a quadra—about three hundred and fifty yards of street. They are on horseback or on foot, alternately, and are armed with swords and whistles, and what in their skilful hands is still more useful, the lasso. Their vigilance is unceasing, and all late street-walkers are whistled along the streets by these wakeful nightingales: the wonder is how so much ubiquity is obtained by so few in so large a place. The seranos consist of a commander, five lieutenants, five headmen, and sixty-four common men, of whom thirty-eight are on foot, and twenty-four mounted: the vigilantes, of a chief, two adjutants, three headmen, and twenty-eight mounted men. These maintain perfect order, and you are as safe from insult — save the mo-

mentary violence of some drunken gaucho—as in London. Their civility and good humour are beyond praise.

Valparaiso is divided into two parishes, St. Salvador and Los Santos Aposteles. It contains four monasteries, Las Mercedes, San Domingo, San Francisco, and San Augustino; the chapel of the Propaganda; an establishment of French monks, of the Hearts of Jesus and Maria, and a nunnery of the Holy Heart of Jesus, and Perpetual Worship. Among a people as yet but half civilized, much religious intolerance must still exist; but as improvement proceeds, a better feeling will no doubt arise: the upper classes are already willing to be more liberal, and it is only the Peon and the Roto, urged on by the priests, who continue to be so bigoted. Valparaiso has, of course, none of the appearance of a Spanish town, and, except that it is laid out in squares wherever the space will admit, might pass for a European watering place. The war on the Rio de la Plata, and its consequent blockade by the French and English, has driven its trade overland to Chili, and the interior towns are now almost entirely supplied through Valparaiso. At the fall of the year Buenos Ayres merchants flock in to the town with immense trains of mules; these are of a smaller breed than the mules of

Chili, but provided at Buenos Ayres at a much lower rate than they could be here. The merchants purchase their goods and return by the mountain-passes, some extending their trade even to Buenos Ayres itself, but generally spreading about among the vast regions between the Andes and the coast of the Atlantic. They pay a small export duty on leaving the Chilian frontier, and give a receipt on entering the Argentine Republic, on which a certain duty may be charged, when the exigencies of the government require it. Sometimes they wait, holding back for the market to fall, and are thus so late on their return that the storms of winter overtake them in the passes of the Andes. When this occurs they bury their merchandize in the snow, and leaving their beasts to escape how they can (for to wait the tardy operation of driving such numbers of animals, proverbial for obstinacy, would be death), they press on, and returning with the first break-up of the frost, find their goods undamaged, and bear them away to their destination. Some of the merchants whose acquaintance I made in April, not having quite completed their bargains, spoke confidently as expecting such a disaster; they said the gain was worth the risk, and that the expense of keeping the mules through the winter months would be greater than the total loss of

them. They travel across the Pampas in large numbers, or in small parties, the former to overawe, the latter to escape the notice of, the Pampa Indians, the most cruel and unsparing of savages.

Valparaiso has several excellent inns, where board and lodging, both very good, may be had for eight shillings a day. It does not seem a line of business to make money in, judging from the frequent change of owners; but that the visitor finds no inconvenience.

Locomotion is easy. Veloches (buggies) and carriages of all descriptions (save clean and new ones) run perpetually day and night, and the whole extent of the town from end to end may be traversed for one real (five pence English). They are under very strict regulations; all jostling and furious driving is prohibited; they are compelled to carry a light by night, and all that have more than two horses abreast must have a leader ridden by a boy: the drivers pay four dollars a month for a day, and eight for a night licence, besides heavy fines for the infringement of any of the rules. The fire-establishment is good, and by frequent exercise has become very efficient. Men ascend the serras to point out the position of the fire, and to direct the arrangements for its extinction. The men-of-war in the harbour always

send their fire-parties to render any assistance. Not long since, however, nearly a whole street was consumed, so quickly do these wood-and-mud buildings flame up.

The present Intendente has added greatly to the cleanliness of the town: he has caused each house-owner to pave before his door, or rather, has done it for him, and made him pay. The streets are, likewise, watered in summer: this, though a direct expense to the inhabitants, must cause a great eventual saving, as the dust penetrated and destroyed everything, and the long summer drought ruined the streets. The Intendente seems to possess unlimited power: during my stay he caused many people to pull down outhouses that were unsightly, and to rebuild them in a better style, under penalty of forfeiting the land they stood upon. Until the present man's time, many streets during the winter were ponds of mud, reaching up to a horse's girths.

The market, in the Plaza of the Cathedral, is well supplied; but as everything is brought from a distance, the prices are high compared to those of Chili in general. All articles of necessity and luxury are there in abundance, and, judging from the quantity of stale fruit and vegetables we had to consume, the supply much exceeds the demand. Here on Saturday

night is held a shoe and furniture sale for the lower orders, who make their purchases with their week's earnings. On the mode of making butter here I am half-afraid to dilate, lest the Spanish proverb, "*A luengas tierras, luengas mentiras*" should be applied to me. I need not translate it, even to those unacquainted with Spanish. The mode is, shortly, this. The milk is put into goat-skins, or pig-skins, placed on the mule's back, and the jog-trot to market transforms it into little balls of butter. Game is abundant, but wants the high flavour so peculiarly its own in England.

The public edifices present nothing remarkable. The post-office is miserable. The custom-house is a long, dirty, yellow building, facing the landing-place: the Chilenoes fondly call it of the Tuscan order—Americo-Tuscan perhaps. On its tower is a clock, the accuracy of whose time-keeping none are bold enough to dispute. I must plead guilty to having watched it with interest, hoping to see it topple down during the shock of the earthquakes while I was safely on board in the roads. The sensation experienced during these shocks in a ship at anchor is curious; there is a remarkable vibration of the cable attached to the anchor down.

But to return to the custom-house. It was built

by a subscription of the foreign residents, but is not nearly adequate to the increased trade: government, therefore, hire bonded stores elsewhere, pending the erection of new and larger ones now in progress on the Plaza Ancha. I must not omit to mention the court-houses; the prison (a wooden building); two cemeteries, called Pantheons here,—one on the hill for Protestants, the other for Catholics; and three barracks in the town, besides a large new one on the hills, in the rear of the batteries that command the entrance. These batteries, by the by, Chili owes to the fear of Flores's much-talked-of expedition. There are also two arsenals, the arms old, and not in remarkably good order; various buildings for public offices, a light-house on the cliff, whose revenue is very large; and two club-houses: one of these is for Germans only, I believe,—a well-conducted and good establishment. The members amuse themselves very intellectually with music and singing, but mingle little in general society. The other club, the Union, is for natives and foreigners, and to this capital lounge naval officers were kindly admitted. It was well supplied with the latest papers from Europe (two months old, dear reader), with periodicals, and the best standard works. There were good billiard-tables, and excellent eatables, not forgetting the

many seducing drinks of American invention. This club formed one of the greatest resources of the navy, and I here record my grateful thanks for having been permitted to enjoy it. There is also a *bolsa*, or exchange, built and maintained by the merchants,—a large commodious room, with plenty of newspapers, and where all information concerning the arrival and departure of merchant-ships may be found. Doubtless in the rapid march of improvement, Valparaíso will not long remain without a proper landing-place, with steps, cranes, and every requisite accommodation. A shaky wooden wharf, with bad ladders that are always losing their steps, does duty at present. The wonder is how it has stood so long. The piles below must be curious specimens of the submarine operations of the *teredo navalis*. During the summer months, when the breezes are pretty constant from the shore, vessels are careened with ease in the bay: private individuals have hulks and purchases. The want of tides prevents the construction of docks, but a patent slip has been erected, and though at present there seems a strong prejudice against it, no doubt its utility will soon become apparent, particularly after success has attended the first trials. Water is procured for the shipping in tanks, at the rate of three shillings a-ton; for this it is brought alongside: it is

clean, and keeps well. It is worth a walk to see it pumped into the tanks: this is done by a tread-mill of dogs — stray ones, caught and put in, from the numbers that stroll about the town. There is, luckily, a large stock to draw upon, for I am sure, by the looks of the wretched curs I saw at work, they were resolved not to be caught again in a hurry. These stray dogs are a great nuisance; they are wild, like those which infest Turkish towns, and their numbers are not thinned by the weekly battues allowed in other parts of South America. The bay is not without its interest. Here the British frigate *Phæbe*, encountered and beat the United States frigate, *Essex*: a triumph indeed; for the Anglo-Americans are no coward foe, and when we meet them again in battle, will contest the dominion of the sea with us more warmly than any other Power. The children's bravery is worthy of the sire's renown.

There is a post every evening to the capital, and, at longer intervals, to all the minor towns. It is conducted entirely on horseback, and is as yet a matter of contract. They sadly want a Rowland Hill, and better heads among them. The churches in Valparaiso are by no means fine. That in the Almendral is a large brick building, and there is

one in the Plaza de la Victoria remaining unfinished for want of funds, though a wax Lady, of indubitable sanctity, has stood in her glass-case soliciting alms for many a long day. There is also the cathedral, with a steeple of the salad-sauce-bottle order, and some minor churches. Priests, for prudential reasons, are forbidden to walk about in canonicals, as they do in the interior. The opera, built by private speculators, is a handsome, well-proportioned building,—too large by far for the place. The company is good, and has travelled here from the Havannah and Europe, performing by the way. There is also a concert and ball-room. The Philharmonic is a large room, but much too low: it belongs to subscribers, who give monthly balls, to which strangers and naval officers are kindly invited; they are always well attended. There is also an English chapel, where the services are performed by an English chaplain, partly paid by the colonial office, partly by the residents. It is, however, quite on sufferance; so much so, that the minister dares not permit the converted Chilenas — mostly native ladies married to Englishmen — to attend public worship there.

In enumerating the objects of interest and attraction at Valparaiso, I must not pass over the race-

course—or rather, I should say, the place where horses run, for it is innocent of turf or smoothness, and is all up and down hill: the spirit of the people deserves a better. Races are held here, in the English fashion, twice a year, and much turfy knowledge, speech, and dress assumed. No pains are taken with the horses, and the merchants generally train and run the hacks they happen to own. Steeplechases were begun, but a man being seriously injured, they only lived through two meetings. On the occasion of the first, an Englishman famed for riding in first-rate native style, was one of the candidates. He appeared on a regular native saddle, with spurs the size of a plate. “Ha! ha!” exclaimed the Chilians, “this is the man for us: let us see what the Gringos can do against him.” The first fence that came in his way, however, destroyed the illusion, and they lost their money. None but gentlemen are permitted to ride.

The natives are great horse-racers, and deuced 'cute hands too. The length of the course is from three to seven hundred yards: the horses are ridden by boys, of equal weights, often not more than eight years old. Many of these urchins enjoy high reputations as jockeys: they ride on a sheep-skin, with a sash round the horse's neck to hold on by;

they have moderate-sized spurs, and a *chicote*, or short-handled whip with a heavy thong, or sometimes three straps of leather. They are, of course, very anxious for the start, as a good one in such a short course secures the race: it is often hours before they get fairly off. I never could understand clearly what was fair and what not, as much jostling is allowed. The only fair start I ever saw was from a line standing, and at a word off they went. A mare that was some time in my possession had been so well trained, that she would place all her four feet together, and at the word go off with a bound, as if impelled from a catapult. She was useless, however, for a long race. The riders shout and yell to animate their steeds during the whole run. They sometimes start shoulder to shoulder, and then an adroit push throws the antagonist off his stride. On one occasion one of the little jockeys, an urchin of six or seven, gave his adversary's horse such a dig in the chest with his spur as to bring him to the ground, yet the legality of the race was allowed. More to the southward the races are longer: the wild Auracarian runs a league up hill.

There is no science here: loose rein, whip, and spur all the way. The horses undergo a curious

training for these races. Equal quantities of green and hard food are given them, and very little exercise. After drinking, he is pinned to a stake at lasso's length, made to trot round till "esta sudando" (he sweats), and then taken home. Feeding is allowed just before the start. Horses of known speed are much valued, but no attempt is made to secure or improve the breeds: those from the south are preferred for their superior bottom. Geldings generally run: stallions, they say, are too hot, mares too weak. The Chilians love gambling, and will bet, not only money, but horse, saddle, spurs, *poncho*, everything they possess. There are very knowing fellows among them: beware of their challenge. The animal you look on with contempt, in his strange saddle-gear, will perhaps outstrip a beauty.

One of my allies was a great hand: he used to tell with glee how he loved racing so that it broke his father's heart; how a cock-fight was better than domestic bliss, and horse-racing better than church-going. His stories beguiled many a long day's ride, and enlivened many a dull evening passed in the *ranchos*. He told me a secret about dieting soldiers, which had been found out by his own *partida* in the War of Independence: "Let them have *aguadiente*

and powder, señor, at every *rancho*; you should have seen my men when they had passed a dozen, *caramba!* they thought nothing of the Godos.* He had been much famed in the war, was a tall, wiry fellow, renowned as a *hinete*, or rider and lassoer.

* Cant name for Spaniards.

CHAPTER VI.

VALPARAISO.

RIDES ROUND VALPARAISO.—VIÑA DEL MAR.—CHILIAN HOSPITALITY.—HOSPITAL.—CUESTA.—PLAZA ANCHA.—CRICKET-GROUND.—POPULAR RECREATIONS.—DANCES.—THE PHILHARMONIC.—THE SHOPPY.—THE OPERA.—SAILORS ON SHORE.—SOCIETY.—ENGLISH HABITS.—CLIMATE.—FISHING.—STEAMERS.—BEGGARS.—TRAVELLING IN A BULLOCK-WAGGON.—BULLOCK-WAGGON.—THE JOURNEY.—THE HALT.—PICNICS.—SPORTING.—BULL-BAIT.—CHRISTIAN KINDNESS.—SISTERS OF CHARITY.

“The impatient morn,
 With gladness on his wings, calls forth, ‘Arise!’
 To trace the hills, the vales, where thousand dyes
 The ground adorn,
 While the dew sparkles yet within the violet’s eyes.”

HAVING dilated amply on the defects of Valparaiso, I would fain, dear reader, show you some of its beauties, or, if these are hard to find, introduce you at least to some of its gay scenes of amusement. Shall we go on shore and look about us. Impossible yet; it is too hot; riding is out of the question: the roads look like red-hot lazy tongs, laid against the hills. It is too early for visits: the ladies are in bed, or invisible; the men

all engaged at their business. The club and the billiard-tables are our only resource.

To active spirits like ours, however, difficulties act as a spur rather than a curb; a ride we must have, so here goes. There is a pretty good one to the eastward to Viña del Mar: it will show us the whole extent of Valparaiso—how, like water, it twists and turns when confined in a narrow space, and spreads broadly and regularly out where the ground allows. In the broad Almendral it subsides into quadras, that best of plans for a town,—affording, as it does, both ready communication and complete isolation: in case of fire, or hostile attack, each quadra forms a separate fortress. This comprehensive view presents itself on crossing the Estero, a small stream, where, on my first arrival, there was a horrible swamp, now in process of conversion into a fine broad walk. We next ascend the Barone, and passing by several miserable villages we cross (and curse!) the Siete Hermanos, seven bold buttresses of cliff that stand out into the sea.* Dry,

* On the second of these is the spot where the talented Don Diego Portales was barbarously shot. He had gone to Quillota to review the troops; the review was over, and he stood in their centre paying them compliments on their efficiency, and wishing them a large harvest of laurels in the approaching war in Peru, whither they were going, when suddenly he was seized and hand-

arid, burnt hills spread on the other side; here and there some desperate farmer has *attempted* to raise corn, and a crop, like a worn-out fur mat, *repays* him—I suppose—since he repeats the attempt year after year. At last, “*septem ingentia victor,*” you look down on a fair vale; corn-land and pasturage stretch away; it is the Valley or Viña del Mar. A gallop along the plain conducts you to the Quinta of ———, a fair specimen of what may be done all over this rich country, when quiet and peace shall have smiled on it a little longer. Turn we now into the Fonda, and refresh ourselves on the hospitable fare of the civil and obliging Mr. F——.

Another and infinitely prettier ride is to the Valle del Duque. A mule-track winds amidst hills

cuffed. A revolution had been planned, and the force marched direct on Valparaiso. When near this spot, a party was sent in advance to summon the town; but the garrison and national guards met their summons with a volley, which put them to flight, and, closely pursued, they ran back to their comrades. These caught the panic and fled, but the officers first called poor Portales to alight from the carriage, where he sat a prisoner, and ordered him to sign an order for the garrison of Valparaiso to surrender. This he indignantly refused to do. When his friends came up, they heard the shots and found but his corpse, mangled and cut by thirty-nine mortal wounds. The mutineers paid dearly: seventeen officers were shot, many of the leading men also; and the rest were drafted into other regiments, and marks placed against them as men not to be trusted or indulged.

and vales, clothed in the early spring with an endless variety of heaths and pretty wild flowers. After six miles of delightful riding through a country, wild as when Nature's hand first moulded it, you reach, in the wildest nook of all, a long one-storied house with a piazza. There, in my time, dwelt a very hospitable family, consisting of a mother and five daughters, capital specimens of the middle ranks in this country. Their house was a constant resort of our officers, who were always welcome to whatever the place afforded, strawberries and milk, and other Chilian country productions. One, who was nearly killed by a fall from his horse, was tended through his long and dangerous illness with unremitting attention, indulged of course with flirting and love-making *à discrétion*.

I have not much to say in favour of the next ride, but it will at least afford a change. Leaving the main street of Valparaiso, we reach, by turning and twisting, the Serro Alegri, neat little houses built by certain speculating Englishmen, and forming the residence of the principal foreign merchants. A little beyond is the English hospital, founded by a British naval surgeon, and used for the sick of men-of-war and merchant vessels, and occasionally by the consul. Poor Doctor Houston! he died a short time ago, and

it is now temporarily in the hands of an assistant-surgeon, belonging to the store-ship stationed in the bay. Attached to the hospital is a large garden, containing plants from all parts of the world, the gifts of the late owner's numerous friends. There is also a museum, containing many relics of South American antiquities, and several banners captured from Spanish regiments during the revolution, presented by San Martin. The establishment may contain about one hundred and fifty, or two hundred sick. It commands an extensive view over bay and land, and is airy and clean. But we have a further ascent before us: cling to the pommel of your hack, and go on. Vainly you turn, on reaching the top; save the back view of Serro, town, and bay, there is nothing to repay the toil of climbing: the road leads over sun-burnt hills, varied indeed with little peeps at verdant valleys, each watered by its sparkling rill; in these, vegetation springs luxuriantly. On the barren Serro's sides are a few palms, valuable for their leaves, which are used as a covering for the sides and tops of the waggons. One good canter, and lo! you are in the midst of a sea of hills, among whose cultivated bottoms lies hid many a snug villa, where merchants retire to ruralize. Now we have to descend the Cuesta—no

easy matter—fancy the unwieldy waggons coming up and down! At the bottom is a valley with a large salt lagoon: behold its sympathy with its mother, whose every break is imitated by this mimic ocean! A broad road runs up the valley and leads to Santiago, without any rise save its natural elevation above the sea. The deep funnel-shaped bay is open in the winter.

Another ride is to a waterfall, about nine miles from the town, situated among the low Serros at the back of the Cuesta de Valparaiso. A small stream falls nearly three hundred feet; but long before it reaches the bottom, the wind has caught it, and dispersed it in a thousand pearly wreaths. The green valley along which it runs is pretty, and amidst the dearth of beautiful scenery at Valparaiso, the waterfall is worth looking at.

The Plaza Ancha is the fashionable *paseo* (or promenade); to reach it we leave the town and steer west along the edge of the bay by a broad level road close to the water, avoiding the stones that fall every moment from above. Where that cliff is strong, man has decreed that government stores shall stand, so he has leagued with crowbars and gunpowder to level it. Here, of an evening, when it is not windy or rainy, two clauses that blot out nine

months of the year, all people with ambulatory propensities come, chiefly natives. At the end of the bay a broad ascending road places you on the cliffs, and a mile further, the Corredera, a dry, rocky, verdurous plain, slopes gently to the edge. This is the race-ground, where horses are run and done for: at its foot stands the lighthouse. Such are the rides about Valparaiso: naval officers multiplied and varied them, by cutting from one to the other, scrambling up and down the quadradas, leaping partition-ditches, and otherwise facilitating the communication from place to place. It is useless pointing them out to ordinary riders; and naval youths, unless they alter greatly, will soon find them out for themselves, as we did. Any number of hacks may be hired at the rate of from one to two dollars a day each, according to the number wanted. The keep of a horse at livery is ten dollars a month, and his original price any sum from ten dollars to twenty ounces. *Taking in* is as much practised in Chili as in England. Galloping within the town is prohibited to all but medical men, under a fine of two dollars. On the further extremity of the plain, beyond the race-course, is the cricket-ground, for Valparaiso boasts a cricket-club: they are zealous players, and it is a pity they have not a better ground, as theirs is on

a slope. It has numerous houses of entertainment of every kind, save good ones,—some merely posts to support temporary sheds erected here on feast-days, when the whole neighbourhood assemble for the sport. Stay a little here, and then we will down the *bota* and away to the interior : study M'Henrie's grammar, jabber with everybody who will listen to you, and so prepare for an introduction to the natives.

Let us enter the Chingana, a nightly resort of the lower classes, much in the style of "hops" in England: it is worth while to see for once their savage drinkings and native dances. It is held in a *patio*, or court-yard of a house, surrounded by the piazza; tables are spread with *chilka*, *mosto*, and *aguadiente*, cakes, and bread: the entrance-fee is two shillings, and no extra charge is made for liquor. The favourite dance is the sambo quaker (*sama cueca*). The musicians are, a woman playing on a long harp, one end of which rests on her bosom, the other far away on the floor; and two girls, who accompany her on similar instruments: all three sing; nearly all the spectators join in clapping their hands, and amateurs and admirers beat time on the sounding-boards. The music is slow, consisting of one bar perpetually repeated: the words I suppose very piquant, but they

would not bear inserting here. The guitars perform a peculiar part, the player sweeping the right hand across the full chord, and returning each time with a rap on the sounding-board. They sing in an extraordinarily high key, straining their throats until they almost rise off their seats to get higher. The dance is performed by a woman and a man,—any pair among the company who choose to exhibit:



OFFICER AND GIRL DANCING.

they begin by flirting pocket-handkerchiefs over one another's heads, approaching, retreating, shooting off from side to side, whisking under each other's arms without touching, still waving pocket-handkerchiefs, and progressing by a peculiar step, one foot seeming

to push the other on, the woman toeing and heeling it to get away from the man who follows.

It seems a favourite attitude for the man to lean forward, striking out a particular part of his body, as if inviting a kick, and a horizontal movement of the hips makes his part of the performance more vulgar than pleasing or graceful. With the woman, however, it is otherwise, and is pretty when well danced. A modified form of this dance is performed in the highest society: it is called the "Loudin," or *revoloro*; and it has been my luck to see the bolero as well danced in Chili as on the shores of the Guadiana. These dances continue till midnight, couple succeeding couple, the mirth getting faster and faster, the chorus louder and louder: by that hour the liquor has had full effect. Sundays and *fiesta* nights are the grand times. The lower orders have other resorts also,—rope-dancing and horsemanship, both of the commonest and worst kind: they are certainly very easily amused, and never seem to grumble at the quality of their entertainments: they are very civil and courteous to visitors. Seranos are always in attendance, and parties of the military-bands play, paid by the sight and the liquor. There is a ball for the next grade of society every Saturday night, under the management of a

dancing-master: though not resorted to by the *haut ton*, it affords good dancing, and the strictest propriety is observed. But here is the Philharmonic; let us enter and see it: two flags flying outside warn us that a *funcion* is going on. We leave our hats, and receiving a number in return, see them consigned to a pigeon-hole in a narrow passage, walk up a narrow staircase, and enter a small room, where a trestle-table supports tea and wine and bits of dry bread stuck together, eaten by the green and verdant, and called sandwiches. But who are all these loiterers? are they waiting for the women who are uncloaking? No, these are budding clerks: I must relate to you their history and progress. On first arriving from England, remembering what they were, —they are humble, do their duty, think their patron's style of living first-rate, conform to all rules, and so do well. But no sooner are their stomachs filled than they want to see life; they appear at the Telegraph and Star, and at last even make their way into the Chili Hotel itself. They now assume a thick stick afflicted with warts, wear a rakish shooting-coat, trousers that seem, while hanging up to dry, to have fallen on a gridiron and been marked by its bars, and a waistcoat of the lightning and blazing pattern. Imagine with this a cadaverous

over-cigarred face, and a cold hand that has not yet attained the clutch—the vulture-grasp of the patron, and you have a faithful portrait of the “shoppy.” He talks turfy, recounts hunting reminiscences of home, where he probably never bestrode a hack, and drowns desk and accounts in sherry-cobbler and brandy *pawnee*. By this time he has entirely forgotten what he was, and boldly grumbles at his patron’s grub, and lush, and rules. Advancing another step, he subscribes to the Philharmonic, and undergoes an initiation here, in the refreshment-room,—at first only venturing forward when the crowd closes up to hear the singing. Now he is full-blown, dances, talks, and begins to be naturalised, though still he looks small in the presence of his patron.

But the dancing begins : look, friend, and be proud ; all those whom you see waltzing so well, with such graceful ease, are thy countrywomen : those who go round with bumps and starts like ill-matched horses, or as if their limbs did not fit, are —— . But remember it is not the dance of their country ; wait a little till they begin the national dance : what think you now ? Look at that girl with the dazzling eyes ; is not her every movement the embodiment of voluptuous grace ? All mazy and incomprehensible as it appears, I could introduce you to a girl at San-

tiago that would make a statue dance it. "Who is that tall fellow, thin as if he had been hauled through a ring-bolt?" He is Don B. — de C——, the quintessence of a travelled gent. He gave a fellow a good answer, though, who asked him, "Where the deuce did your good taste lead you to learn manners?" "Not in England, sir." His hair, by dint of grease, clings closely round his head; his slight moustache, the beard under his chin, as if he had forgotten to shave, his low collars, his handkerchief of coloured silk, the end stuck straight out as if inviting a tauter strain, waist-coat below his hips and pointed down, trousers and straps unexceptionable.

The opera is, during the season, the great attraction at Valparaiso; there are performances twice a week from October to March, with frequent benefits. It is well attended, orderly, and comfortable, and the adjuncts good. A box costs five hundred dollars for the period. The police are on duty, and a guard of soldiers. Two boxes are allowed free, to the Intendente and the Municipality. I am ill-natured enough to surmise that it is not solely a taste for music that brings the ladies here: they like to see and to be seen; none love a crowd more than my fair Chilian friends. As the licence re-

quires the keeping something always going, masked balls were held in it during the carnival, the pit being boarded over on these occasions. The masks were generally women of the middle and lower ranks; the dresses gaudy and singular, the characters ill sustained, the whole flat and dull, save when merchants' clerks, or navals, disguised in costume and liquor, exhibited to keep the game alive. Ladies and quiet people sit in the boxes and look on: the company generally unmask at midnight—many look none the better for that. Certainly sailors have curious tastes: many go on shore in the evening, walk to the inn, and there smoke and drink, yawn and play billiards, till they return on board; this is, in naval parlance, “a jolly cruize.” Nor is ten miles out and the same in, thought an extraordinary effort, for no other amusement or object than to drink brandy and water. The inn they frequent is generally spoiled for all quiet people; the waiters forget their place, and become advisers, the landlord master. Luckily the inns at Valparaiso are numerous: they are tolerably good too, infinitely beyond the appreciation of the natives, who demur at the prices,—quantity not quality suiting them best. There are many capital *table-d'hôtes*, at twelve reals a day for board, without liquor.

But it is late, so we will return, have coffee at the Polanca, and then pay some visits. The Polanca is nearly deserted, save on Sundays and feast-days. It contains a large vineyard, beneath whose high-trained vines is a nice walk, a pistol-gallery, dining-rooms, and a bowling-alley. It stands on two different elevations; from the upper is the best view of sea, ships, and town.

The society of Valparaiso is much divided; among the English merchants there are almost as many sets as families; these are very intellectual, no doubt, but too select for humble men like me. Of natives, too, there are several sets,—the visitors from the interior or capital, and the Portenas themselves, as the people of Valparaiso are called; these latter are very European in their ways. The pure unadulterated natives were, to my taste, the best; foreign manners, like foreign costumes, generally make the adopters ridiculous. Here, as elsewhere, it is a man's own fault if he is not well received, for all are kind and obliging. The habits are very English; witness the late dinners, the sitting long afterwards, and the practice of spending the evenings at home, with the family, in true English style. The cigar, too, is banished from the drawing-room.

Valparaiso is very gay during the season. Most of the inhabitants of Santiago come hither for the summer months (from October till March), being driven from the capital by the intense drying heat. This is the principal watering-place, though there are some others which are much frequented. The visitors bathe in the morning from a floating stage, and either visit, or receive visits, from noon till three o'clock. Our ship was generally crowded with them.

The evening is the gay time, and tea, conversation, music, singing and dancing, wile away the hours till late in the night. I cannot think the climate of Valparaiso healthy; one day it is as hot as Madras, the next there is a cold wind, or it is as damp as Peru. It seems strange that while such a vigorous *tabou* of all vessels is kept up at night, the fishermen should be allowed to ply their trade unmolested throughout the twenty-four hours: this they do in canoes, and if they resemble the canoes of the aborigines, they must have been both ingenious and brave, for frailer specimens of elaborate patchwork I never saw. Perhaps this fragility is the best prevention against smuggling. The fishermen live in a separate part of the town, in the extreme east, under the Barone. Fish of a good

quality is scarce—a nasty, flabby, easily caught devil abounds to any extent.

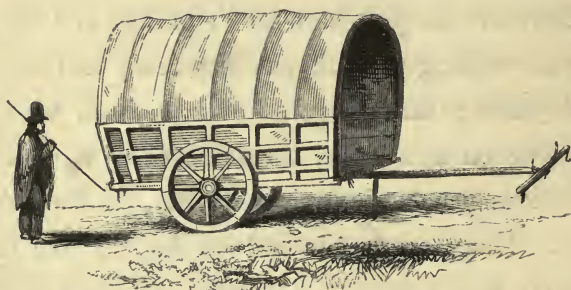
Steamers run between Valparaiso and Panama, touching at all the intermediate ports, once a month: the mails and passengers then cross the Isthmus of Darien at Chagras, and there meet the West India boats, which convey them to England, with which country a regular and direct communication is thus maintained. The Continent, no doubt, has been much brought together by this means, and now visits from one republic to another are frequent. The steamers are expensive, but well fitted up and commodious. The furious breezes which prevail during many of the summer months are a great drawback to all comfort in Valparaiso: they prevent all exercise, and in winter the rain shuts you up as effectually. Some persons seemed always lucky, and always had the wind at their back, floating on smoothly. I may be allowed to complain, for wherever my wandering star has led me, my evil genius always made my direction right against the wind. The environs of Valparaiso are inhabited by the refuse of the population; among these the men from the country whose calling brings them to the city generally squander away their hard-earned gains in gambling, drinking, and every species of vice. They

may be met returning homeward with worn countenances; and if you enter into conversation with them they will recount their adventures, and grumble at their losses, yet finish the relation by a resolution to make more money, and return and spend it in the same way.

There are no poor-laws in Valparaiso or Chili; all who are willing to work can get ready and constant employment; but beggars, poor maimed wretches, meet one on every side, thrusting their wounds and distortions perseveringly in your face, till they obtain relief. Many are authorised to beg by the municipality, and these have a label attached to their necks, with the name of the township upon it. The passenger, however, is often importuned for alms by sturdy, able-bodied men and women, whose only claim to charity seems to be that Nature made them incurably lazy. Aristotle being reproached for giving to a bad man, said, "I gave to humanity, not to him." Often have I satisfied my conscience with the same excuse. The maimed are proper objects; the others ought to be suppressed by the police.

A native family, whose kindness had much enlivened my long stay in Chili, being about to depart for the capital, asked me to dine with them at their

halt on the first day's journey from Valparaiso. They still adhered to the old country custom of travelling in a bullock-waggon. These waggons are in universal use all over South America ; they consist of a frame of wood, filled in with stout sticks, with



BULLOCK-WAGGON.

a pole of about equal length with the waggon. The end of this pole passes entirely under the frame, and is strongly secured to it with large wooden trunnails, and with hide-bands. The wheels, two in number, are placed rather nearer to the pole-end of the frame than to the back. On the frame are raised strong uprights, secured into places cut in the solid frame. This is the whole of the waggon, though sometimes it has tilts of sticks matted closely with the leaves of the palm. A hide, put up at will, closes it at either end. In the whole of the construction of these huge machines the tires of the wheel and the axle are

the only parts in which one bit of iron is used. The nave is a solid mass of wood, of a peculiarly hard sort, brought from the southernmost parts of Chili; a roller goes behind the wheel, to prevent its running backwards. The waggon costs about three hundred dollars—from twenty-eight to thirty pounds sterling. From six to twelve oxen are attached to these vehicles, and a man carrying a long light pole, with a goad in the end of it, walks by the side, and directs the whole. The wheelers are fastened in pairs to a wooden yoke, secured just behind their horns with thongs of hide; the pole is then lifted, and so well do these people adjust the balance, that one man does it with perfect ease. Placing the pole upon the yoke, a peg which protrudes from the lower part of the pole forms a sort of purchase, and it is further secured by thongs of hide; the others are fastened to this by one rope of twisted withies, or sometimes by iron chains; but these latter are not liked, as they are apt to snap with the sudden jerks. In descending hills, one or more yoke of oxen are attached to the hinder part of the waggon by their yoke-lines, and their heads being fastened by a thong to one of the fore-legs, the animal hangs back, and moderates the speed of the descent. To start such a vehicle requires great noise and exertion on the part

of the conductor; and he goes round, goading each animal into motion, calling each by his name, till digs into their backs compel them to set off. The whole ceremony is accompanied by a tremendous squeaking; and it is forbidden by the Spaniards to do away the noise by greasing the wheels, as it awakes the custom-officers, who collect the tolls in the interior. The oxen are so used to it, that it is said they will not work without it. All the heavy inland trade is carried on by these cumbrous machines; many of them travel in company, under charge of a *capitaz*, and their encampments form pretty wild groups, picturesque to look upon as you canter by. The drivers are frequently accompanied by their wives and families, dogs and all,—so pass a regular sort of life on the road. They start every morning early, and rest at noon, to refresh themselves and their beasts, and avoid the heat of the day. The oxen feed on chopped barley-straw; which, as they carry the whole provision for the journey on the top of the waggon, does not slightly increase the burden. They average about three miles an hour, and perhaps fifteen during the day. In the winter, however, when the roads are bogs (*pentanas*) for miles, they often do not advance above five. Though cargoes of great value are entrusted to these

capitaz, robbery or loss is among them a thing unknown; sooner or later they reach their destination in safety.

As business prevented my starting till late, my friends had advanced about nine miles, and had already reached their noonday halt ere I overtook them. It was in a rancho, or country cottage built of mud, plastered in between the interlacings of upright sticks. The roof was rudely thatched; around were two or three sheds, one containing a cooking-apparatus, another an oven of burnt bricks, and one or two, better secured, contained corn, &c. In these ranchos, the usual dwelling-place of the family, is an outer chamber, formed merely of branches of trees laid on flat sticks, and secured to upright posts by thongs of hide. Cheerless as the hut may seem from my description, the beds, skins, and cloaks, spread on the floor of hard-beaten earth, and the presence of my kind friends, made it very pleasant to me. They were in high spirits, eagerly awaiting the arrival of their guests to commence the meal. I was the last. A clapping of hands made the servants spread a cloth; and, sitting round in patriarchal style, we despatched the dishes with appetite. Little wine is ever drunk by the natives; but, in consideration of our foreign habits,

it was plentifully provided. *Casuella*,* *pactura*, and *guachelons*, were set before us, with fruit in abundance; and, when peaches are peeled for one by white taper fingers, and offered with the warmth of a kind heart, who would not eat? We sat smoking and talking until the capitaz announced that it was time to start. The beds, placed in the bottom of the waggon, made a comfortable couch, the multifarious gear women always travel with was repacked, and, with many adieux, we handed in our fair, kind friends. As many horses followed the waggon, the youngest lady and her brother rode, and we accompanied them as far as the place of the evening encampment, a rancho like the former; then, reluctantly receiving their kind farewells, we galloped back to Valparaiso. They were to be a week on their route to the capital; but when it is considered that there was no chance of rain, the sky without a cloud, and the nights almost daylight with stars, and that they had several guests to vary the monotony of

* *Casuella* is a sort of stew, generally made of fowls, herbs, and potatoes, which is served in a pie-dish, floating in its own broth. *Pactura* is, I believe, any meat boiled with abundance of vegetables, and frequently Indian-corn, *chocolo*, which is a capital addition. *Guachelons* is the flesh torn from the ribs, or only divine part of the bullock, and resembles a huge beefsteak when roasted: it forms the last dish at a Chilian dinner, and is very good.

the family party, it will appear that there may be greater hardships than thus picnicking along to one's home in a bullock-waggon.

Picnics among the hills, during the summer, or excursions to the neighbouring villages, were a constant amusement. The natives are generally too indolent for these *naïvetés*, but they were much in vogue among the strangers; and I only hope some of them are as vividly remembered by those who made them so pleasant, as they are by me.

There is some good partridge-shooting to be got near the town, and the sportsman who is willing to fag, may soon make a good bag. The birds are the common partridge, but they have very little flavour; wild ducks, teal, and other water-fowl may be found in the pools. There are no animals to shoot except the blue and grey fox: these afford good hunts on horseback, and the natives often catch them with the ever useful lasso. Since the great increase in the value of property, many enclosures have been made, and deep ditches and high walls bar out the sportsman; but very little asking will open them. The hills abound with curious bulbs, and, after rain, are gay with flowers.

To the left of the high road there is a deep *quadrado*, where a Frenchman has a pretty garden:

he was proud of showing it, and it did him infinite credit. Parties were formed to go there and eat strawberries and cream, and the ill effects of any excess were removed by a gallop across the broad *Penuelas* home. Besides this quinta, which is called the *Sorros*, many residents have built, or are building, pretty places among the hills, every spot teeming with abundance as soon as it is watered. Even the barren hills of Valparaiso throw off their russet suit in the rainy season, and come out in robes of green. The sun, however, soon restores them to their original colour, looking all the dustier for the short contrast.

In the midst of other amusements the announcement of a bull-bait was a piece of very exciting news, and a party of us galloped over to luncheon with a hospitable landowner in the neighbourhood, to learn if the fight were really to take place. He agreed to accompany us, but considerably damped our ardour by doubting the truth of the information we had received, telling us that the owner of a small grog-shop was in the habit of giving notice of fights to attract customers, who, by way of consolation, I suppose, for their disappointment, freely imbibed his liquors. On arriving at the ground, an area generally used for keeping oxen in, of about a hundred

yards square, surrounded by a strong wall of adobes, we saw some three or four hundred people assembled; and by the looks and behaviour of many, the liquors must have been potent and plentiful. A bull with filed horns was presently let into the area, and a man with a poncho in his hand, advanced to the centre, and with loud cries called the bull a coward and other hard names, and challenged him to advance. The bull did so; whereupon the man made his escape with great precipitation. A horseman next went in, armed with a short pole with a small iron point at the end;* pinking the bull with this weapon, he displayed his horsemanship by avoiding the attacks of the animal, turning short round, and sometimes thrusting his horse at the hind quarters of the bull, who plunged on, unable to turn so nimbly as his adversary. Another foot-man then advanced, very much the worse for his potations. Standing behind his poncho, he branded his foe with various bad names, with drunken perseverance, until the insulted creature rushing at him, he was tossed into the air. He rose, however, and ran off uninjured, the bull, who at first was for following up his victory, being distracted by a horse-

* Called Porro by the Spaniards, and a formidable weapon in their practised hands.

man, who attacked him in the rear. Three bulls were then produced, but with few incidents: one preferred the garden, and rushing through a gate, which he broke to pieces, pursued by many, lasso in hand, he played Old Harry with our friend's pretty flowers. I found, on inquiry, that the man who was tossed had met a similar fate at many previous baits; so I suppose it was the regular thing—a part of the entertainment—and not as I at first, in my ignorance, imagined, the effect of his confounded stupidity.

A poor Englishwoman was residing in the house of our host, whom he had maintained for some time entirely out of charity. His kind wife bore all her follies, and worse than follies, with truly Christian cheerfulness. To their good hearts it was enough that their guest had once been in better circumstances, and without blaming her for the faults that had reduced her to a dependent situation, they clothed her, fed her, and treated her with the utmost kindness. Though far from rich, they had even placed her children at school, providing them with every necessary, and this from no other motive than pure goodness of heart.

During our long stay at Valparaiso a Sardinian man-of-war arrived, commanded by a French legiti-

matist nobleman in the Sardinian service. He was bearing a freight of Sisters of Charity to China, where they were to establish a house, and exercise their pious vocation. It was impossible not to regard these gentle maidens with the deepest interest, thus sacrificing home, hopes, everything, for the sake of God and humanity. Theirs is an active benevolence,—not immuring themselves in cloisters to avoid temptation, and earning Heaven by making life on earth a hell,—but devoting themselves to heal the broken heart, to cure the sick, to tend the desolate. Often it is felt irksome to sit and comfort even those we love through the long hours of peevishness and pain! How great, then, the virtue where this is endured—yea more—sought for by the distant and dangerous voyage, among a people with whom one has no sympathies. All honour to these high-souled maidens! Many of them were of noble birth, and nearly all under thirty years of age.

CHAPTER VII.

TRAVELLING.

TRAVELLING-CARRIAGES.—DRIVERS.—COSTUME.—THE LASSO.—CASTING THE LASSO.—CIUDADES DE LOS CESARES.—IMPORTUNATE BEGGARS.—PLAIN OF CASA BLANCA.—THE EARLY START.—IMPROVED ROADS.—CHILIAN COUNTRY INN.—LANDLORD.—ROAD-SIDE FARE.—DRESS OF THE COUNTRY PEOPLE.—THE CUESTA DEL PRADO.—THE CONDOR.—DISTANT VIEW OF THE CORDILLERAS.—CHANCE COMPANION.—ARRIVAL AT SANTIAGO.—PASSES OF THE CORDILLERAS.—THE PAMPAS INDIANS.—WILD CATTLE.

Plains immense

Lie stretched below, interminable meads,
 And vast savannahs, where the wandering eye
 Unfixed, is in a verdant ocean lost. * *

 * * * Oft these valleys shift
 Their green-embroidered robe to fiery brown,
 And swift to green again, as scorching suns,
 Or torrent rains, prevail. THOMSON.

MODES of conveyance are numerous in Chili: there is, first, the one common to all countries, Shank's mare; secondly, bullock-waggon, slow and sure, but bumpy and dusty; thirdly, the *veloche*, a miserable gig sort of affair; and, finally, horseback, which who that has youth and strength would not infinitely prefer to them all! The bullock-waggon, I

have already described: the veloche is composed of a gig-body with leathern hangings, high wheels, and shafts. Comfort is little studied in its form, and when the head is up, there is little room for the feet; and it slopes so forward, that with its bobbing motion sleep is impossible. There is one horse in the shafts, and a man on another, with a



VELOCHE.

trace attached to the splinter-bar, rides and drives by the side. In difficult places the capitaz fixes his lasso round the opposite end of the bar, and assists with all the strength of his horse; in descending he goes behind, and hangs back. Accidents are rare, and though the average rate of progress is eight miles an hour, galloping down all the hills,

it is more than ordinary ill-luck if you are upset. Besides the capitaz, or head man before-mentioned, there is the boy who drives, and another who has charge of the spare horses for relays. About ten of these usually accompany each *veloche*, and actually go the whole of the way. The shaft-horse is changed every three leagues, the capitaz lassoing another which is soon harnessed and placed in the shafts; the one just released continuing his route loose with the rest. The journey from Valparaiso, or the Port as it is called, to Santiago, is usually performed in a day and a half; or for a small reward, on the long summer days, they will take fifteen hours, and do the whole ninety miles at once: yet these horses are fed chiefly on chopped barley-straw, and in the summer on green grass. The hire of a *veloche* for this distance is one ounce of gold, and a gift to the drivers. The dress of these men is very picturesque. A high steeple-crowned hat of fine straw, with a narrow brim; the wild flowing poncho of native manufacture about four feet by five, with a hole in the centre, through which the head is thrust; leggings of a coarse sort of plaid-stuff, loose, and supported by leather garters, ornamented with silver; very high-heeled shoes, and iron or silver spurs, whose rowels are often nine or

ten inches in diameter, and adorned with small pieces of iron that keep up a continual jingle. These are perpetually touching the horse's flank, and tend to keep him awake. The bit (*freno*) is much heavier than that used in England; instead of a curb there is an iron ring, broad and smooth in that part under the mouth, narrow and round in the part in the mouth. The head-stall is made of hide which has undergone a slight preparation with lime, to render it white; it is of the same form as that used in England. This is the head-stall commonly used by the Huasos or tenants on the Haciendos (estates); but there is another kind made like the white reins of the entrails of sheep, plaited finely and closely over a strip of hide, and the several pieces connected by silver or iron rings. Most of the reins used by all classes in Chili are made in this way, are round and very strong, closing at the pommel of the saddle from whence they continue in one piece, long enough almost to reach the ground, and with what is called a *chicote* at the end, something like a cat-o'-nine-tails, with which they beat the horse. These articles are manufactured all through the country.

The Huasos, whenever they can afford it, adorn their reins and head-stalls with plates and rings of

silver; they always endeavour to have the saddle-gear of their women adorned in this way. The saddles of the men are composed first of three or four sheep-skins called *sudaderes*, then the *enjalma* or saddle, made of a piece of a wood, or saddle-tree, with raw hide-flaps on each side falling down as far as our saddles; on the top of this three or four more skins, and then a leather, called *sillar*, with a strong hide-girth over all, on one side of which is the ring to which the lasso is attached by a running noose: this girth is called *pegñal* when of other materials, and without the lasso-ring it is called *sobrecincha*. There is also a hide-girth over the *enjalma*, called *cincha*. The lasso is coiled up and tied to the *enjalma*. The sheep-skins, called *pellones*, are of more or less value, according to the length and hardness of the wool, or rather hair, and are obtained from a breed crossed with the goat. Without the above properties the skins are of little value, say from one to three dollars each: there are skins worth from five to twenty dollars. Some are dyed indigo blue, and all are tanned on one side. The stirrups are made of wood carved all over, and serve admirably to protect the foot from cold, or wet, and from thorns when galloping amongst underwood. They are called *estrichos* and depend from the

enjalma by hide-straps, called *arsioneros*. The country-women use a species of chair, with a back and sides, for a saddle: it has a foot-board, and the legs hang over the right side of the horse. They are generally covered with crimson cloth and ornamented with solid silver and gold embroidery. In the towns the upper classes of both sexes use English saddles, but the men all return to their native ones in the country.

The lasso is either of hide plaited from three strips, or of one broad strip laid up when wet; it averages from thirty to forty feet in length. At each end is a noose which is formed either on a ring or a flat piece of hide at the end of the lasso, closed or opened with a button. It is coiled up tightly and placed just behind the man on his right side. When about to use it he takes the noose, opened to a circle of some fifteen feet, and two or three coils in his right hand: the rest, clear for casting, is held in his left, which also grasps the rein. Urging his horse into a gallop he swings it round and round above his head; when ready, it falls as he directs. The horse instantly stops, and planting his fore-legs firmly, leans over towards the side opposite to that on which the lasso is thrown, at the same time hanging back: this enables him

to stand the shock, otherwise the jerk of a heavy animal would infallibly throw him over. Some of the country cattle-keepers are wondrously skilful, and will catch an animal by any part you choose to point out. Some writers say partridges are caught with the lasso; I was unfortunate, for I never saw it. Boys begin to learn the use of it as soon as they can walk; and practise much to the discomfort of every pig, dog, fowl, and goose of the establishment. The *chef-d'œuvre* is to catch all four legs, and thus cast the animal to the ground.

But to return to my journey. I never could understand where the *veloches* began life. All I ever saw were old and battered, having seen more work than was good for them. Perhaps they began their career in the *Ciudades de los Cesares*,* and were sent by that

* It would take up too much space, and is beyond the province of a light book like this to mention all the fables current of cities said to be existing—*châteaux en Espagne*. Some people look wise, and assert they have seen them; others shake their heads when they hear of them; all agree that the governments of these cities are perfect—that everything is to be had for nothing; toil unknown in them—pleasures perpetual—youth everlasting—money a drug—and all the inhabitants too happy at home to wander, which accounts for none being ever seen. No actual locality (save at an immense distance from where the inquirer happens to be) is ever assigned to any, and they are called *Ciudades de los Cesares*.

ungrateful people to rumble and tumble among roads much too rough for their worn-out constitutions. I would have none of them, and resolved to ride; so, sending my luggage forward on a mule the day before, and providing myself with small saddle-bags, to hold all I should want for the day I was to spend on the road, I started for Santiago. I carried pistols in my holsters, for the Spanish proverb says—"One sword drawn keeps ten in the sheath." The baggage-mules have a huge straw-stuffed saddle on their backs. On one side of this hung my portmanteau, balanced on the other by a large stone, the whole bound round and round with turns of lasso. These mules are driven loose in large numbers, and will carry a burden of three hundredweight each.

On leaving the town of Valparaiso, and mounting the first hill, the children commence soliciting alms for the beggars who sit in holes by the road-side, with their licences round their necks. The children accompany you a certain distance, and are then relieved by others. Each seems to have his recognised beat; they solicit alms in the name of God and the Virgin, and throw a stone at those who resist their importunity. An hour's hard climbing brings you to the top of the Cuesta di Valparaiso, and then a rapid descent to the Fonda of the

Placelia. It is kept by a drunken Englishman, and is about nine miles from Valparaiso—a mean-looking place, and the inside no better. The Placelia is four hundred and ninety-one feet above the level of the sea. The whole plain is called Penuelas, a Spanish word signifying small stones. Parts of it, where water is available to irrigate the land, is very valuable. The swampy parts were covered with grass, on which cattle were grazing; the rest was very dry and parched. It extended fifteen miles, and then the road led along a gorge, varied with one or two scattered villages. After several ascents and descents, I reached a second plain, and half-way across it is the Posada of Casa Blanca—standing in a large village—kept by an Englishman; it has comfortable rooms and good eating. Here I stopped till the following morning. The plain of Casa Blanca is rich and well-cultivated, abounding in water. It produces good crops of corn, and there is much pasturage. It belongs almost entirely to one family, the brothers and sisters of which divided it equally at their father's death, and farm it together. The landlord of the inn is also a farmer, and a very ingenious clever fellow; he has made one or two pretty good sums of money, though, on the whole, Fortune has not favoured him. He has invented a method of preserving milk, and

makes Quillai and Palki soap. The first of these compositions is of the greatest use in cleansing hair, and taking grease-spots out of cloth; the second is made from a small shrub, the leaves and bark of which, rubbed over the hands, will take off the skin. They say a snake beaten with a switch of it, dies.

As I was retiring to bed, an unopened letter attracted my attention: it had fallen from my pocket-book. I took it up; it was from a near and most dear relation, and as I read its kind expressions of love and praise, how my heart bounded with joy! How sweet it is, that, spite a useless life, without one bright spot in it, or one deed done worthy of praise, some fancy still, in their warm affection, that I am clever, good, and could be great, were opportunity vouchsafed. Each family is a world in itself; each member fancies himself the axis round which the rest revolve, and all are beloved—sons—husbands—brothers.

I was up at four, to avoid the heat of the day, and surprised the servant by calling for water. “Señor, it is much too cold to wash.” The jug had evidently stood long untouched by any occupant of the room. After a cup of coffee—for it was too early for breakfast—I resumed my journey. The morning was

lovely, and though far from being addicted to early rising in general, I could not but enjoy

“The breezy call of incense-breathing morn.”

The earth sent up a sweet smell; the fresh *alfalfa* literally perfumed the road, and all nature seemed alive and well.

Casa Blanca is a long rambling village, of some five or six hundred inhabitants; it has a judge and



CASA BLANCA.

governor. Proceeding onwards, the arable land gradually gave way to broad park-like plains, covered with innumerable locusts. The road was straight as an arrow, therefore looked interminable; but

gradually, as I approached the hills, pretty valleys opened on every side, among which my road lay mapped in tortuous zig-zags. The ascent of the Cuestas is made very gradual, to allow of the traffic of the waggons. This, which has sixteen turns, is called the Cuesta de Sapata, though what affinity it has to a shoe—which is the meaning of the Spanish word—I cannot tell : it is a surname. Twenty-five years ago it was considered impossible to cross the hills with artillery; now a good whip might do so with a drag and four. The roads were infamous until newly made by the president, O'Higgins, under the Spanish rule. Now, barring dust in summer and mud in winter, they are capital. The plains rise in succession one above another, so that each descent on the inner side, though steep, does not bring you down to the level of the preceding. The road now wound among pretty hills, covered with small stunted mimosa-trees. Occasionally a blue fox darted by.

It was high noon before I gained the inn at Coa Cave, for I had gone the whole way at what the natives call *trotte, trotte*, a sort of shambling walk, which the horses are so accustomed to that they can keep it up for any distance. At first it is intolerably uncomfortable to the rider; but habit at length renders it as bearable as a walk or a canter. A young

native joined me on the road, and we entered into conversation. I complimented him on his horse, in return for his encomiums on my little black. "Señor," he said, "it is yours." This means nothing, of course, but to the ear it sounds well. The country-people have certainly no idea of distance: tired and anxious to arrive at a halting-place, you ask a countryman if the inn, naming it, is near. Using the diminutive, he invariably answers, "Very near." You ride on for miles, and again put the same question,—“Quite near,” and so on, till at last you arrive *at* it.

The inn at Coa Cave—an Indian term, supposed to mean “the lost stone,” is a fair sample of inns in Chili. On entering a huge *porte cochère*, in what appears outside to be nothing but a dead wall, a large quadrangle opens before you. Two sides of this are divided into rooms, with a broad verandah in front of them; on the other two sides are sheds; in the centre, a well. No part of the building is above one story high. The large dining-room is next the door, on the side opposite the entrance; it contains a long table, a sofa, and several chairs of common wood, painted with gaudy flowers on a dirty ground. The floor has a bit of carpet or mat, just large enough to show beyond the table;

the rest is large square bricks, much worn in holes here and there. To the left are the private apartments of the household, and bed-rooms opening into the quadrangle, without windows, save a small affair in the door. The furniture of these consists of two trestle-beds, much too short to allow of a fair stretch, especially as they half close over you when you jump in. You might lie warm in this furrow, but that the upper clothes, consisting of a brilliant flowered coverlid, very pretty, but of no earthly use, a blanket, and a cotton sheet, are so short, that your endeavours to cover your shoulders lay bare your feet. The pillow is a little shrunken thing, that is neither ornamental nor useful. A table of rather rude manufacture, two chairs, and a looking-glass of the least flattering description; the whole so little inviting that you are the more willing to start early.

As my time, and the horse I rode, were my own, I stayed here. It is fifteen leagues from Valparaiso, and nine from Casa Blanca. The landlord is an old Spaniard; and to hear him speak is a real treat, for the Chilians, with all their virtues, talk wretched Spanish. His words appeared to roll out in huge circles, so sonorous and grand was his pronunciation. He was of strong Carlist principles; and though he

had been for many years a resident among the Chilians, he abused them as much as he might have done the day after the revolution which overthrew his beloved rule. The inn is not over good, but travellers must expect to meet with strange bed-fellows; so, making friends with the people I found in the coffee-room, we drank tea, smoked, and passed a pleasant evening together.

The road about here is more thickly peopled; ranchios, previously of rare occurrence, are now closely sprinkled about. They are always built close to the road-side, for not one of their least sources of gain is the sale of aguadiente and the bread of the country. The former is a villanously strong spirit, made of grapes, and much drunk by the Peon. The bread is in small round loaves, made of wheaten flour, beautifully white, leavened or unleavened, and with much fat to make it rich. Aniseed is often powdered over it. There is also always a large blown-glass decanter of *chicha*—a light, slightly acid wine made from the second crop of white grapes. These are in constant requisition by the passengers. A large heap of melons lie generally outside the door.

The dress of the countrywomen is a common stuff gown, not remarkable for cleanliness, tied round the waist. The upper part of this garment is seldom

used, so that a shift—requiring constant jerks upward—is all that shields the shoulders from sun and sight. Their hair is plaited behind in two long braids, and is generally coarse and of a jet-black. When very young and neatly dressed, these women—with their lustrous eyes and glossy hair—are not ugly: but time and hard work soon tell on them, and twenty-five with them is equal to fifty in colder climates. They are always civil and obliging. The dress of the men is not remarkable. They wear a high-crowned hat with a narrow brim, a white shirt—never a checked one,—a jacket or rather waistcoat—for it has no sleeves,—a red worsted sash round their waists, loose short white trousers, never reaching to the top of their red worsted socks, and shoes or sandals of hide.

The age of the inhabitant, I always fancied, might be known by the size of the ranchio. When a young couple marry, they build a square hut, a small space, surrounded with sticks, and a roof of the roughest thatch. As time wears on, and leisure and industry allow, they fill up the interstices of the sticks with mud, till a slight wall encloses their dwelling. A new room is then commenced outside, made by four upright poles, and a loose roof of boughs overhead. Here, in summer, all the work of the family is done,

and the inner room seems only used as a store-room. A cook-house, oven-house, and other sheds, arise in time, and as the owner advances in the world. No rent is charged: in fact, the landlords are glad of settlers on their estates, for labourers are scarce in the country. An old ranchio is never seen. The salt-petre in the mud and the damp soon destroy the walls, and it is easier to build a new habitation than to repair an old one. They seem to have no notion of gardening, or any other small work on their own account. They are a strong athletic race, and report says by no means wanting in courage. They are quiet and orderly, except when under the influence of drink or excitement; however, on the whole they are an abstemious set. Their usual fare is a species of bean, boiled vegetables, and sometimes *charque*—meat cut in strips and dried in the sun. As labourers they are complained of for laziness, doing little work unless constantly overlooked.

The road, after quitting Coa Cave, winds round the base of the high hills that skirt the plain, and passing through a miserable collection of huts, which is called the village of Bastanente, begins to ascend the third and last Cuesta, the Cuesta del Prado, or mountain of the plain. It has thirty-six turns in the ascent, and takes a full hour to mount. The carcasses of

horse and bullock by the road-side show how their over-tried nerves give way at last. A condor was hard at work on the remains of what had once, perhaps, been a gallant steed. My horse shrank from it as he passed, fearing, it may be, that he saw his own fate *in prospectu*. "No, no, my bonnie Breba,* we have travelled too many miles together, and thou hast borne me too well for thy old age to be a homeless one." As I rode by, the lazy bird would hardly move, though I cut at him with my whip. It is at times like this, when they are so gorged that they cannot rise, that the natives lasso them. They are often exposed for sale in the market at Valparaiso. There are three species of the condor. The name is supposed to be the old Indian name: the Peruvians were fond of using it, and giving it to their kings and heroes. The word, in their language, signifies "to smell ill." The male differs from the female in having a crest, a ring of loose flabby flesh about the neck, and white across the wings. The first species is called *moromoro*, with ruff and mantle. It is of an ash colour, and from thirteen to fifteen feet across the wings. He is the largest sort, and, as the Indian expresses it, rides over the air. The second is a

* The third crop of figs ; they are very black, hence his name.

condor of ruff and mantle, the colour of clear coffee. He measures from eleven to twelve feet across the wings. The third and smallest, with white mantle and ruff. Naturalists, who have observed them, say they daily make two journeys from the Andes, where they live, to the coast. This would be a flight of about three hundred and sixty miles a day. Their speed is very great, but I should hardly suppose it equal to this. Condor-grease is much used among the natives to remove glandular swellings: in fact, they say he is very valuable for medicinal purposes. This Cuesta is much infested by wild dogs: they forsake their masters on the road, and get a livelihood upon carrion and other chance offal. They as well as the Chilian dogs, are a nasty large foxy-looking animal, cowardly to a degree, yet each house has six or seven of them.

My breath was as exhausted as my patience before I reached the top; but there a view awaited me which might repay any toil. From the foot of the hill on which I stood, a dead plain, with only one or two small hillocks, extended full forty miles in every direction. In front it was bounded by the Cordilleras, which, showing its whole height, towered up. The snow, looking like the legs of a centipede, crept down in many parts, but lay in one dazzling mass on the

summit. There they rose, in mighty grandeur, peak on peak, height on height. At last, in all their splendour, I saw the pride of the Western world: north and south, far as the eye could reach—and had it reached a thousand miles, there still they would have been. The day was dark and lowering, and they came out against the murky sky in full glory. It was some time before the eye could conceive their grandeur, and the more I gazed the more my admiration increased. Still keeping my eye on them, I commenced the steep descent to the plain of Santiago—said to be one of the richest in Chili: but, in the height of summer, it requires some credulity to believe that that dusty-looking plain yearly produced two crops of corn.

The road, now excellent, lay like an arrow before me, till it was irksome in its regularity and straightness. In the far distance it still ran on, and made my eyes squint to look at it. A Frenchman, doffing his hat with great politeness, now joined me from the rear, and began describing, with all the volubility of his nation, the pleasure and delights of a native *fiesta*, at which he had officiated. He had, by his own account, shone well, and been the admiration of one sex, the envy of the other. To look at him he seemed paying for his conquests,

for a more seedy, liquor-tormented fellow, I never saw. He told me he had borrowed a horse from a friend, and the animal becoming knocked up, he had exchanged with a native, giving a small consideration into the bargain: he added that he thought his friend would be pleased with the exchange, as this was a very good horse; and at the same time he begged the loan of one of my spurs. I gave it him, and received in return a long history of his life and adventures. By his own account Fortune had misused him sadly, which was wrong of her, as no man seemed to have trusted and relied upon her more. "I am going to try the opera, Señor; give me your opinion of my voice;" and the road was enlivened by snatches of all his airs. I said, "Doubtless such talent would be properly valued, and at last he would be justly appreciated." "No, sir," he said, "believe me, I have some experience in life, and I know that talent is no surety for success. A good, well-timed applaudeur does more for a man than the most splendid abilities." I thought his experience was not bad.

We crossed a river which even now, in the driest season, is deep enough: several patches of green marked where man had aided Nature, and large clumps of wood pointed out the environs of some

pretty estates. As we jogged along, my companion rambling in his conversation as much as he seems to have done in his life, the ranchos began to range themselves in rows on either side of the road: these were succeeded by mud huts, then small houses, and so on in gradation, till we rattled along the paved streets through the Plaza; and after some inquiries I found and established myself in the Fonda Inglesi, not sorry to efface the traces of my journey with water and soap. My room was better than any of those at the Coa Cave, and at least possessed a window and balcony, which looked into the street. Santiago is thirty-three Chilian leagues from Valparaiso, or ninety-two and three-quarters English miles. On this occasion I was three days on the road, riding six or seven hours a day only. I have frequently done it in eight hours and a half, and once in eight hours and five minutes: and this was with four horses and hard riding. It was done once, I believe, in seven hours, and some odd minutes. The horses I rode were my own, therefore, though anxious to do it quickly, I had no wish to injure my cattle: on these occasions I walked the ascent of the hills only, galloping all the rest of the way.

There are several passes through the Cordilleras;

the one most used, between Valparaiso and Buenos Ayres, is called Cueva: along it there are stone houses of refuge at the end of every day's journey, built by the Conde de la Conquista, an ancestor of the present family of Corra: for this service he received his title. The road passes the famous Lasera de la Jeula, or Incas stone. Its Indian name is Penon Rafada. Here, in the triennial progresses of the Incas through their dominions, religious ceremonies of an important character were performed: the stone split by supernatural agency on the destruction of the Inca rule, and it is confidently believed will be reunited on its restoration. This faith, I think, we may also safely hold. This pass is seen from an immense distance on the plain, as the crests of the mountains are cut away as perfectly as if done by art. The distance by this route from Valparaiso to Buenos Ayres is four hundred and forty leagues. The entire journey costs about 10% in the summer, and perhaps 70% in winter, when the whole crest of the mountain has to be crossed on foot.

The passage further south, by Concepcion, is comparatively easy, and can be performed in waggons. The Cordilleras here never rise to a height of more than eight thousand feet, and by following the

windings of the river all difficult ascents may be avoided. The distance, however, is much increased, as on reaching the eastern side of the mountains it is necessary to skirt their bases again up to Mendoza, as the Pampas to the south are still marshes.

There is a strong superstition that many, if not all, the dreadful hordes of savages that sweep the Pampas like a blast, are merely parties of Araucanians out on an excursion; a sort of tour, perhaps, that the youths are forced to take to prepare themselves for quiet domestic habits afterwards. There seems no strong reason to disbelieve it. Horses are often offered for sale at Concepcion, with brands on them, which show they were probably stolen at the eastern republics. And one young chief was recognised from a wound he had received, as having been in one of the raids on the Pampas. They are, perhaps, unwilling to draw a war of retaliation on their own land by making incursions into Chili, and therefore expend their energies on foreign adventure. Whoever the Pampas ranger may be, he is a perfect will-o'-the-wisp—here to-day, far off to-morrow—sweeping by with herds of horses perfectly free from all incumbrance of baggage, as they are quite naked. As they never spare any who fall into their hands, nothing is known of them;

they are the constant dread of the traveller, and, in fact, the gay, much-vaunted gallop over the Pampas is but a race from one house of refuge to another, in a cold fright of meeting with these children of the wind. Their ideas of a future state are characteristic (perhaps some who bear the name of Christians have no higher),—the supreme reward in another world is to be always drunk, and always galloping.

There is little actually wild cattle on the Pampas now, I believe, and the herds of wild asses alone, belong to nobody. The horses are caught by parties from the townships, and marked so as to be claimed when wanted, which is easily done, as they are not migratory in their habits. In Chili the Pampa horse is much prized for size and bottom, though, from being unused to mountain country, he is only valuable on the plain. The wild dogs of these vast plains destroy an immense number of cattle: they will fix on a herd of horses, and hunt them till nearly all are killed. The asses offer such resistance that they are seldom attacked; instead of exhausting their strength by running, and thus falling victims, one by one, to their persevering pursuers, the whole herd forms a circle, with their heels outward, and thus present a front the dogs feel no delight in charging.

CHAPTER VIII.

SANTIAGO.

THE HOTEL.—SITUATION OF SANTIAGO.—RIVER.—BRIDGES.—PROMENADES.—HILL OF SANTA LUCIA.—THE PLAZA.—THE CATHEDRAL.—COURTS OF LAW.—COLLEGE OF SAN FELIPE.—MARKETS.—CLIMATE.—THE MUSEUM.—THEATRE CAFES.—COCK-FIGHTING.—PAMPILIA.—SHOPS.—CHURCH PATRONAGE.—RICH CONVENTS.—LOW ORIGIN OF THE MONKS.—NATIVE TALENT.

For, always roaming, with a hungry heart,
 Much have I seen and known ; cities of men
 And manners, climates, councils, governments.

TENNYSON.

AS soon as my ablutions were performed, the master of the hotel entered, and paid his respects to me: he was a jolly little fellow, a Spaniard by birth, married to a Chilena; he was innkeeper, comic actor, and boon companion. He examined all my equipage, praised the dressing apparatus, laughed at my solid leather portmanteau, which he said, and truly too, mules, and rocks, bad roads, and rough peons, would soon knock to pieces (in less than a month its corners were worn off, and its surface cut to rags by the turns of lasso); took

up my boots, smiled at the small toes, said they would never do in the fashionable world here; and finally gave me his candid opinion about dress in general. After he had had his fling, we came to business, and he, prefacing his offer by saying, Englishmen ought to pay more than natives, agreed to keep me, my English servant, and two horses for one-eighth of an ounce a day (about 9s.), wine not included. I had for this a large and capital sitting-room with a window (a great luxury), and a nice little room adjoining, to wash and sleep in. The dinners were excellent; everything one fancied was allowed for breakfast; tea, and bread and butter in the evening.

Santiago seems luckily exempt from the bore of *laquais de place*, so I could walk about and see the place at my leisure. It is the capital of the republic and of the province of that name, one of the most fertile in Chili; fertile in agricultural produce, fertile in mines, for it produces gold, silver, lead, and some small quantities of tin, copper, &c. It is about forty Chilian leagues in length, and thirty-eight in breadth, watered by several rivers, among which is the Mayporcho, which, running through the centre of the town, irrigates the plain, and finally falls into the Maypo. It possesses one

seaport, San Antonio di las Bodegas, which is a mere fishing-village, with no safe anchorage. The lofty peak of Tapungato is in this province: it is said to be about fifteen thousand feet above the sea. The city itself stands in the plain fifteen hundred and ninety-one feet above the level of the sea, on either side of the Mayporcho, and in its centre is the small hill of Santa Lucia. It was founded on the 12th of February, 1541, by Don Pedro Valdivia, the conqueror of Chili; and his house, a small mud habitation, is still shown at the foot of Santa Lucia. The town, like most of those in South America, is laid out in quadras three hundred and fifty feet each way; thus the whole town, except a small portion of the suburbs, consists of square masses of building intersected by streets; this plan adds greatly to the facility of finding one's way. The two portions of the town intersected by the river are united by two bridges: the small one, of wood on brick buttresses, is for foot-passengers only; the other, a large and handsome fabric of brick, riveted at the angles with stone, was built in the years 1773 and 1776 by the corregidor, Don Louis Manuel de Zañarto. It has nine arches, and a span of about four hundred and sixty feet broad, with a pavement on either

side. Along it are small pepper-box-looking places, like watch-boxes, built of stones; but in these peaceable times they are occupied by stalls of sweets and fruit. The bridge, in summer, seems ridiculously large to cross a river that is not knee-deep, and occasions the proverb, "O vender puente o comprar rio"—Either sell the bridge or buy water; but occasionally the stream becomes a torrent, and then it is neither too large nor too strong. The river furnishes the streams which cleanse the town: its waters are of icy coldness, even in summer, being supplied by the melted snow from the mountains.

The streets, which are of a tolerable width, are paved in the middle with large stones, brought from the bed of the Mayporcho, the sides with slabs from the quarries of Santa Lucia; they slope down towards the centre, through which runs a stream of water; it is carried also about the houses, and thus cleanses the town. The city is surrounded by beautiful walks: the Lañada, nearly a league in length and about a hundred yards wide, forms as fine a walk as the world can produce. In the centre is a broad path, some forty yards wide, gravelled and cleanly swept; stone benches are erected at convenient distances, and on each side is a double row of poplars and a stream of

water, which cools and refreshes the whole. A carriage-road, again, runs between the streams and the houses on either hand. Besides this, there is the Tajamar, or river-embankment, a wall to keep the river, during the freshes, from inundating the town. It is about four miles long and six feet broad, with a brick parapet on the side towards the river, raised from six to ten feet above the level of the road; beside it is a broad carriage-road with avenues of poplars, which forms the highway to the Cordilleras and Mendoza. This is deservedly a more frequented walk than the Cañada : from it a superb view is obtained of the Cordilleras. The city occupies a space of about eight miles and a half from east to west, and seven from north to south. It is divided into the two grand divisions of the Cañada and La Chimba, relatively on the left and right banks of the river. Santa Lucia, situated in the Cañada, is a small rocky hill, which is quarried for building, and is owned by government, who lease it out for cutting. On its north side is a battery and a chapel. It mounts several guns of small calibre, but is not by any means strong, though its position would enable it to batter the town. Within its enclosure are the graves of many English, who, being Protestants, were not permitted in former days of

bigotry to lie elsewhere.* A fine view is obtained from the summit of the rock : the plain, bounded on all sides by hills, which seem to rise abruptly from it, and in one direction the Cordilleras and Tapungato, in the other the range which contains the Cuesta del Prado. The plain is a fair sample of Chili, and is the common character of the country, which seems to consist wholly of vast plains among mountains, with a few detached hills here and there rising out of its perfectly level surface. From this point you can note the regularity of the plan of building, and, under your feet, look into a large convent garden, subdivided into a number of small gardens with little houses in them, where you may see the nuns hanging out their clothes, and doing many other things probably not meant for public view by the holy virgins. The grand Plaza is of a fair size : on one side is the cathedral and what is to be the bishop's residence ; on the second is the palace of the former Spanish president, now partly unoccupied, partly appropriated to government offices ; behind it, in the same building, are cavalry barracks, the quarters of the president of the Chilian republic's escort. The part at present

* Burial is not allowed at the Protestant cemetery at Valparaiso. The bodies of those who die in the city are taken to Santa Lucia.

unoccupied was the residence of the Chilian presidents until they removed to the Moneda, this being considered dangerous, and it is now occasionally lent for the public balls. On the third side is the post-office, a very old, wretched affair, and some shops, which were burnt down during my stay, and so we must hope they will be rebuilt in a handsome style. On the fourth is the Portal, a fine, imposing building four stories high, though its upper story is unfinished. It has a broad piazza, with shops beneath it and wooden stalls round the buttresses: it is a dry lounge, at least, and the shops are among the best in the city. The upper part was intended for dwelling-houses, and the whole was built by some speculative individual; but the prejudices of the people were against him, and none would hire the upper stories for fear of earthquakes, nor the under for fear of being crushed by those above, so the shops are the only parts let. In the centre of the Plaza is a fountain, with a statue of an Indian breaking a chain; and on the sides of the pedestal are reliefs representing the battles which gained the independence of the republic. There are two other squares, but they present nothing remarkable.

The cathedral is a large oblong stone building: in spite of the admiration bestowed on it by the

natives, truth bids me say, it has no architectural beauties, though it may be praised for its solidity; it is in a very unfinished state, but the Dean and Chapter have commenced working on it. It was built in the seventeenth century on the site of a former one burnt down, and was begun by Don Juan Gonzalez Melgares, who, dying, bequeathed his wealth to finish it. It is about three hundred and fifty feet in length, and one hundred and fifty in width, with a tower and a good chime of bells. It was planned by an English architect, who, disgusted at grievances, real or imaginary, decamped, taking the plans with him. The natives went on with it, and a pretty thing they made of it. The interior is fine from its size, but the altars are tawdry. There are sixteen of them. The relics and effects of all sorts were granted to the cathedral when the Jesuits were suppressed in 1769. The organ and the clock were obtained from the same source. They have here the bodies of two saints, Santa Feliciana, and a St. John, in good preservation: formerly there was much rich ornament about the shrines, but now, plates of silver round the columns above the high altar, are all that remain. The hats of the canons, suspended from strings, hang here and there; and overhead are some banners taken from the

royalists during the war of independence. Here I saw an image of St. Peter, which had been taken down from its niche, ready to parade about on his feast-day. He seemed dressed in his best, and all prepared for his trip. In some of the rooms off the body of the church are a few tawdry pictures, and in the cathedral itself are some lately purchased from Europe. The palace of the bishop is intended to be next the cathedral; at present there is nothing to be seen but stone, scaffolding, and a few workmen. The Casa di Moneda, or mint, was built on a piece of ground that formerly belonged to the Jesuits: it is three hundred and thirty feet on its north or principal front, and three hundred and ninety-five on the sides, with a paved square before it. It was planned by a Roman architect, Joachim Fuesca. It is a vast building, and now that it is painted up, looks well: on the flat top are high balustrades. It is built of mud and baked bricks, plastered over to resemble stone. The Chilians say it was much ornamented externally, but as some of these frail embellishments came down in the earthquake of 1822, the rest were removed. The entrance is into a court with lofty pillars on either side. In the time of the Spaniards the front portion was fitted up with apartments for the trea-

surer, and various other officers belonging to the mint: these are now inhabited by the president. In the centre is the mint, a mixture of old and new machinery that does not harmonize well. On the opposite side of the square are what were formerly the stables of the officers, now guard-houses for the body-guard. The architect above-mentioned seems to have laid out the principal public buildings; they are all much in the same style. The courts of law are plain edifices, built round a patio (court): above are the Courts of Common Pleas, and below the Criminal Courts. The College of San Felipe is the largest in Chili, founded by royal ordinance; it has ten professors, and a rector to manage its concerns: it was re-established in 1822 in an old convent: its revenues are derived from the premiums paid by some scholars (others are put in free), by confiscated Church property, and tithes on the former property of the convent. I thought there was too much philosophy taught: plain downright learning would perhaps have been better, with the philosophy afterwards, as a polish. It contains one thousand five hundred scholars. The senate-house is a handsome building, newly fitted up, and provided with desperately comfortable chairs for the members to doze in.

The houses have a more sordid appearance than those of any other town in South America: built of stone or mud-bricks, they present towards the street nothing but a dead wall, with a low *porte cochère*, and often a door on each side, which opens to a room let as a shop or a lodging. Within are fine paved courts: some of the houses have four and five of these courts, round which are the rooms, many lofty and well-furnished, but seldom raised above one story in height on account of the earthquakes. The Fonda Inglese, where I lived, was two stories high, and one of the oldest houses in the town: how it stood the frequent shocks I cannot imagine! The town and its suburbs contain a population of eighty thousand inhabitants. It is accounted healthy, but in the hot seasons the poor suffer much from fevers. Most of the houses of the poorer classes are ill ventilated: one room, receiving air only by the door, often serves for the trade, household labours, and living of a whole family by day, and for their sleeping-place by night. When to these causes of closeness and heat a *brasero* of charcoal is added, the unhealthiness of such dwellings cannot be wondered at. The market-place near the Tajamar is a quadra of square walls, from the interior of which is a verandah, supported on pillars,

and open in front. In the centre is a large roof, likewise on pillars; and beneath all these are the stalls: they are well supplied with butchers' meat, fowls, ducks, partridges, wild-duck, teal, and widgeon. Parrots in plenty, the common ones of the country, nasty dingy green wretches, who seem unwilling to learn any language save their own. There are vegetables of every sort, flowers, but no rare kinds, violets and pinks in abundance. Fish is brought from Sant Antonio; it is better and fresher in summer than in winter, for the roads are so bad during the latter season, that it is two days on the road. Chorosor cockles from Conception, the natives say they are *muy richo* (very good): perhaps so. There are tame birds and pets in plenty. The places without the walls are filled with stalls for the sale of every article under the sun, from old iron to a bedstead: here, are piles of ponchos from Conception; there, native spurs and bits from Piña flor. The stalls are neatly made: a piece of canvas is spread on poles, and sloped: round this the stall-owner walks, keeping himself and his wares always in the shade. Vendors in the streets are common, and every sort of article may be bought there. Tradesmen frequently resort to this plan to dispose of their goods, and the inns are besieged by itinerants selling every

imaginable thing. Santiago is supplied with water by water-carriers, who convey it in two small barrels slung across the back of a horse, and the fountains are noisy with the shouts of the fellows filling their casks. Milk is hawked about in the same way; in fact, everything is done on horseback here. Yonder stands a perfect stack of grass; you can scarcely see the poor half-starved animal under it: he does not eat; perhaps he thinks it useless accumulating fat for his master to work off him. There behold the bread-man with two enormous panniers; there the butcher, his animal staggering under carcasses merely cut in half, and hung across his back.

Shaving stalls are frequent, and, much as Spanish barbers exult in their skill, I hardly think it would answer on a sharp windy day: there is, however, seldom much wind in Santiago. The thermometer ranges between sixty and seventy-five degrees: rain falls from June to September; sometimes, but very rarely, snow. The feeling of cold, however, is intense during the winter, and the more so as the houses are ill-provided to resist it. There are not half-a-dozen fire-places in Santiago; and the brasero, or circular pan of charcoal, is a poor substitute, affording very insufficient heat.

The museum is a large building, and contains a

magnificent collection of ores and minerals, and a number of Indian curiosities. These are old, and have been chiefly dug from the burial-grounds; mufetees made of fibres, very well worked, and fit for the present wear of a fashionable dame; and pots of every shape in a black, stiff clay: these are chiefly Peruvian. The museum also contains the usual quantity of shells, stuffed-birds and animals, as unlike the originals as their skins stuffed can be made. At the top of the room are the arms of Chili; the supporters a condor and whymul,—real animals, or rather their skins stuffed. The whymul is curious, being one of the only two ever caught. They are said to inhabit the southern Cordilleras, about Concepcion: this was taken, I believe, by the people on Mr. Richard Price's estate on the river Maule. All the horrors and monstrosities seem to be collected here,—animals with supernumerary heads, bodies, and legs; babies of every shape, save the right one. There is a fine library of books; many on the South American colonies and Church histories of the middle ages. The rooms are open during certain hours each day, and anybody may enter and read. The newspapers also are taken in. There was always a good attendance of people studying and reading. The press is much shackled in Chili, in spite of their

boasted freedom; and of the eight newspapers that are published, all are in government pay and interest, save one. There are two hospitals, San Juan di Dios, for men; it contains five hundred beds, and no payment is expected; the patients are well attended, clothed, and supplied with all necessities, till they recover; it has five medical men and numerous assistants. The hospital di San Francisco al Borja, for women, contains beds for two hundred, has three doctors, and numerous attendants: the system pursued is the same as in the other. There is much difficulty and, I fear, much jealousy relative to the qualifications for practising medicine in Santiago and Valparaiso; strange to say, anybody may practise it in the other parts of Chili. The examination before a board is requisite, and many difficulties are thrown in the way of obtaining a diploma. With regard to the druggists there is a capital arrangement: one in each district is obliged to remain up, and keep his shop open during the night: each policeman is informed where it is; therefore a person in want of medical attendance can run at once to this man, and at his leisure afterwards may apply to his favourite doctor.

There are many excellent schools both for boys and girls: some, attached to the various convents,

teach free of expense. For young ladies, I am told, the Colegio di las Religiosas Francesas is the best: the men's are of a good class, and superiorly educated. The office of instruction must render their life much more pleasant to them than pining in uselessness all their days within the convent walls. The Pantheon, or Père la Chaise, is a large enclosure prettily laid out with flowers and shrubs. At the entrance is a neat chapel, and on each side of it are rooms to contain the bodies before interment. Large stores of new coffins, ready for use, are stowed away in store-rooms; but the pauper is only allowed a shell, while *en route* to his long home: on arriving there he is tossed into the ground, unshrouded, and covered up with earth. There are many pretty monuments: families buy a space, and are interred together: a man may buy a temporary lease; in this case, after a few short weeks of quiet repose beneath a neat monument, with all his virtues inscribed on the outside, he and his tablet are removed into an obscure corner to make way for a new occupant and purchaser. Among the flower-borders are humbler resting-places; there the blossom may spring from the dust of the brave, the willow trail over the fair, the creeper, perhaps, bind down the strong—who can tell? for no stone records their merits

or their worth. The ground set apart for the poor (for here, as elsewhere, rich and poor, even in their graves, cannot rest together) is not so prettily laid out; it resembles a field half sown. Trenches lie open to receive new comers, and every here and there sad remnants of mortality are strewed around, or scraps of tinsel-covering that have outlasted the wants of the wearer. My foot rested upon hair, once perhaps its owner's pride, plaited by tender mother's fingers, or pressed in maddening love by the burning hand of passion. Judging from the list of virtues each tombstone records, the race of dear departed ones must have been superior in all ways to the present inhabitants of the earth.

The theatre at Santiago is a mean building in the centre of the patio, or court-yard, of a suppressed monastery. It is composed of boards, and of the roughest materials: the interior is small, but neat: the opera company perform here four months of the year, and during the remainder little Spanish pieces are acted by very indifferent performers: my landlord was the only decent actor of the company. During the winter, when all the families are in the city, the opera is a pleasant resort; the orchestra is then very good, being the same, in fact, as that which performs the remaining months of the year at Valparaiso.

It was curious to wander over the rest of the building in which the theatre stood: there were scenes and stage-decorations in monastic cells: the refectory had become a *café*. One large room was used during my stay by the deputies; thus the roof which once covered the Church now covered the State, and with the arena of political life united the arena of public acting: it would perhaps be difficult to decide which stage was the most real. A new theatre has long been talked of, this being much too small to contain the numbers who wish to attend, but as yet nothing is settled. Smoking is not allowed either in the boxes or pit, but in every other part of the house. Between the acts it is customary to offer sweetmeats to your friends, and to visit the boxes of the people you know. The *cafés*, being less frequented here than in most tropical towns, have not a very brilliant appearance: young, single men usually dine at one or other of the hotels, and live in lodgings. A new inn, one of the best I ever saw, has lately sprung up for the use of travellers: I hope it may succeed.

Cock-fighting was once the favourite sport of all classes, and the cockpit is large and excellently adapted for the amusement: the adjoining rooms (for the building is very large) is full of cages of birds.

There are some English game-cocks, presents from Lord Derby to an old priest: these are much prized. The cocks fight without spurs, so that it is really a fair trial of strength and courage. There is a judge, whose decisions are final. I was much amused by the bets made around me on my first visit: the money was always staked down, thus each could only bet what he had about him. The men in cloaks betted ounces; those in jackets and coats smaller gold pieces; ponchos, from one to three dollars; blanket-ponchos, half a dollar, or sometimes a whole one; shirt-sleeves betted reals, and rags quartileos. Each class had numerous representatives: the gentlemen seemed fast young men, or loose, rakish old ones. Formerly cock-fighting was upheld by the example of the Church: priests rushed from the altar to fight a main,—perhaps their thoughts had been fuller of the sport than the mass-book, and the penitent's prayer at the confessional had been mingled with the odds on the next battle. Public opinion, however, has changed all this; and since the death of their great champion, a late venerable dean, it has become almost a forbidden pleasure.

There is a large space outside the town called the Pampilia: this is the parade-ground of the troops, and the race-ground of the sporting set. Here, on the

18th of September, is held the grand fiesta in commemoration of the anniversary of the declaration of independence. There is a large space set apart for a Botanical Garden, and an Agricultural Society has been formed ; but the untimely death of Mr. Ingram, a great supporter of it, and a man whose knowledge was of infinite use, has much impeded its advancement. The garden struck me as little cared for, and it presented to the eye no striking novelties.

The police is as well organized, and on the same plan, as at Valparaiso. There seems little improvement in the appearance of Santiago of late years: few new houses of a good sort are built; the suburbs, perhaps, increase, but the buildings there are mere hovels. Most of the houses in the best quarter, or that near the Plaza, seem to have been entirely untouched for years: the marks where the arms of the occupants were torn off during the Revolution are still left uneffaced and even unpatched. The interiors of the dwellings, however, are improving daily: they are of a convenient size and furnished in a luxurious manner. The furniture is chiefly imported from Europe: that of English manufacture is preferred for its solidity, but French and German find the readier sale from their cheapness. Handsome mirrors adorn the walls, and the whole is

enriched with gilding, carved cornices, &c. Pictures are seldom seen. As yet, of course, there is great room for improvement; but the people frankly own it, so the first step is gained.

The public livery-stables, where horses are kept and may be hired, present a curious spectacle. In this country horses are so plentiful as to be hardly worth their keep: they are crowded together in their hovels, and a cursory glance shows you nothing but a solid mass of horses drawn up and roped tightly in.

The shops, except those under the Portal, offer no pretty or attractive wares to the public view in their windows. Until lately, there were general assortment warehouses, and goods of every description were sold in each. Now there is a beginning of a different arrangement, and each carries on a line of business of its own. The owners seem mostly Chilians, and are often scions of good families. The prices of goods, owing to the expensiveness of land-carriage, are very high. Santiago receives its supplies of merchandize from Valparaiso, and is a town of some trade, as, from its central position, it is enabled to supply all the surrounding parts of the country.

The Chilian government have constituted them-

selves patrons of the Church, and no Papal appointment or bull is valid until it has received their sanction. Nor is this a nominal power, or one they fear to exert. On one occasion they banished an archbishop who strove to enforce Papal supremacy; on another, of more recent date, they forced their archbishop to resign, because he denied their right to interfere in the internal management of the convents. On the election of an archbishop, the government send the names of their bishops to the Pope; but there is a tacit agreement which is never allowed to be infringed, that the first on the list is to be the one sanctioned by his Holiness. The archbishop is elected for life from among the bishops, of whom there are four. The priests, or secular clergy, mostly taken from the higher classes, are educated at the university, and are a well-informed order of men. Their rise is sometimes owing to their eloquence as preachers, or to the piety of their lives, but more commonly to interest and family connexions; and, in referring to the list of the archbishops, it is found that the same names recur now as in the former times of Spanish rule; names of families influential by their possessions or connexions. The bishops and chapters are paid by the government, who, at the Revolution, took the administration of

Church property into their own hands, allowing them certain salaries. The lower clergy are paid by the fees they receive on the occasion of births, deaths, and marriages; the best source of profit, however, arises from the sums they receive for masses for the dead.

Of convents, there are in Santiago four for friars, and five for nuns: these are mostly the head houses of the different Orders, and they possess other convents in various parts of Chili. For example, the Order of Mercy, Las Mercedes, founded by San Pedro Nicolasio, has twelve other convents, besides that in Santiago, which contains forty-five monks. The convents, like the rest of the edifices of Santiago, are of one story, and present, externally, nothing but a dead wall. They are built round a patio, which is generally adorned with paintings, illustrative of the life and actions of the patron saint, and the martyrdom of his followers; but they are ill done and badly preserved. Some of these courtyards are of immense extent, and include the gardens of the monks, the cultivation of which is often the sole resource of many a broken-hearted man, who has sought a refuge from his woes and griefs beneath the cowl. These buildings are generally situated in the best parts of the town, and have large estates

and other houses attached to them, which they let to persons in power, who again sublet them at a higher rate: thus, no small portion of the oligarchy is interested in preserving the rights and privileges of the Monastic Orders. Some have large sums of money out at interest, and as the highest rate they can charge is five-and-a-half per cent., they lend to influential people, who realise considerable sums in this manner. Many convents were suppressed at the Revolution, before which they were very numerous, and often contained several hundred, and some even a thousand monks. They are each attached to some large church, one side of which is generally included in the conventual edifice, and the members assist in the ceremonies of worship. To the Mercedes is attached a school, and the students, though compelled to wear the monkish dress, are allowed to quit the profession, if, on attaining a mature age, they do not feel inclined to continue. The president has the power of entering the convent, and overseeing their internal discipline. Once a year he inspects them all, reforms their abuses, and adjusts all causes of complaint. On my visits to the convents, the friars were always civil, and willingly permitted a sight of every part of the establishment: they seem to pass from one monastic house to another, according to

the wishes of the superior. The monks elect their own superiors (whom they call *provinciales*) by vote, from among themselves: of course these elections are much influenced by persons in power. It is very rarely that the friars are of good family, hence they are seldom admitted into society, except in extreme cases, where their sacerdotal functions are necessary. There are very few convents of nuns, except in Santiago. From the fact of three or four thousand dollars being required from each candidate as the fee for admission, it is to be presumed they are mostly from the higher classes. They are never allowed to renounce their vows, which are considered binding in the eyes of the law. The rules of some Orders are very strict, but many indulgences are permitted.

There are no artists in Chili: some daubers of canvas. I once visited the studio of a so-called famous artist. He was a wild fierce fellow, using his palette and maulstick like a shield and lance; looking as if he had vowed never to shave until he had finished some work for immortality. With fiery energy he swept back a curtain, and a blaze of fresh paint, distributed in the form of a man, met my eye. He said, "I trust you, because you are an Englishman; but don't mention that you have

seen that. I don't fear persecution, but it must not come till my great work is finished." Who the picture represented was a mystery; but he might have trusted it in the market-place, it was a portrait so deeply disguised. I no longer wondered why no pictures adorned the walls of the houses, if this man was their Raphael. He is killing himself, they say—not with any application of water, I thought. His sister, a mild-looking girl, was copying some heads in an outer room. "The girl has talent," he said. "Worthy of a better master!" I thought; but he was too wild a fellow for me to say so, if I could have been so unpolite—not that he would have believed me.

CHAPTER IX.

CHILI HISTORY, ETC.

ABORIGINES.—THE SPANISH CONQUERORS: THEIR HARDSHIPS.—THEY CONTINUE TO ADVANCE.—FATE OF ALMAGRO.—VALDIVIA'S PROGRESS.—CRUELTY OF A SPANISH LADY.—CONSPIRACY DISCOVERED.—CITY FOUNDED.—REBELLION QUELLED.—REPARTIMIENTOS.—THE AURACANIANS.—THEIR CHIEFS.—BRAVERY.—DEFEAT AND DEATH OF VALDIVIA.—BRILLIANT CAREER OF LAUTERO.—BATTLES.—BREATHING-SPACE.—INDIAN WORTHIES.—INDIAN BRAVERY.—CHILIAN LOYALTY.—CHANGE OF GOVERNMENT.—STRUGGLES.—FOREIGN HELP.—LORD COCHRANE.—PRESIDENTS.—NEW CONSTITUTION.—RELIGION.—POPULATION.—SUBDIVISIONS.

“Ciudadanos, el amor sagrado
 De la patria, os lon vera a la Cid ;
 Libertad es el eco de alarma—
 La divisa ; triunfar o morri
 El Padalso o la antigua Cadena
 Os presenta el soberbio Español
 Arraniad el puñal al tirano
 Quebvantad este cruello feroz.”—*Spanish Song.*

SINCE the Revolution, which has separated, probably for ever, Chili and all South America from Spanish rule, it has become the fashion for her historians to vilify everything Spanish, and to deify all belonging to, and all records of, the aboriginal inhabitants. Long lists of heroes and kings are pre-

served, who are said to have ruled Chili from times the most remote. Even the absence of all ruins or marks of their dynasties is now attributed, not to their having been wandering homeless savages, but to the Spaniards having destroyed every trace, in return for the desperate resistance they met with. In no part of the country does a stone remain, or edifice of any sort to bear witness to the state of civilization attained by the early inhabitants. They seem to have been divided into many tribes, and little authentic is known concerning them. The Peruvians, under their Incas, attacked them in the latter part of the fifteenth century, and caused the most northerly tribes to pay tribute, and an Inca-war was actually commenced, preparatory to a more permanent attempt at conquest. The invaders, however, were destined to be themselves a prey. The Spaniards came and conquered the Peruvians, turning their bright dreams of glory into defeat and destruction. Scarcely was this great empire gained than the conquerors looked around for new worlds—new empires. Almagro, in 1535, having received power from the King of Spain, and the promised government of any new conquests he might make, collected a force which, according to Guzman, consisted of six hundred Spaniards and fifteen thousand Peruvian allies, under the command

of Paulo, brother of Manco, who had succeeded Atahualpa as Inca of Peru.

Between Chili and ancient Peru there stretches a dreadful sandy desert, without water or herb for fifteen hundred miles. Even now the passage across this desert of Atcuama is hardly practicable. Once, and once only, have military passed it, and then with great loss and after incredible hardships.

To the Spaniards and their allies, therefore, there presented themselves but two routes: one, the safer and surer, by the coast, in which they could receive stores and supplies from their vessels,—and this was the road the Peruvians strongly urged Almagro to pursue. But, despising their advice, and scorning to be foiled even by nature, he resolved to take the other; and regardless even of the approach of winter, to march along the mountain-slopes. He moreover taunted Paulo and his people with their fears, and bade them come and see how Spaniards would overcome difficulties. The march began, and too soon Almagro had to repent his folly. His own men, though better clothed and more inured to hardships than the Peruvians, suffered dreadfully. Each bivouac was marked by the corpses of those who sank down to rise no more. The *puna*,* in all its fury, killed many.

* A dreadful disease peculiar to the Andes: see Prescott.

Some cursed Almagro, and mutiny and discontent added their horrors to cold and toil. Provisions too failed, and at last they were compelled to eat their horses—a dreadful sacrifice indeed, for the cavalry was the very right arm of their might against the Indian. Almagro shared each hardship with the rest, spite of his years and increasing infirmities. He cheered them on, bidding them laugh at the difficulties as he, an old greybeard did, and all would yet be well. At last, leaving a track of dead behind, they emerged on the plains, with scarce a muster of one thousand Indians, and with the loss of one hundred and fifty Spaniards. Paulo, the leader of the Indians, well aware of the avarice of the Spaniards, persuaded the caciques of Copiapo, the first province they reached, to bring in their gold as a peace-offering. The sum produced scarcely exceeded one thousand ducats, but Almagro allayed the irritation of his followers at the smallness of this first fruit of their toils, by remitting a debt they owed him of two hundred and fifty thousand ducats — moneys lent for their outfits for the expedition. This restored the spirits of all, and with renewed vigour they marched forward and reached Coquimbo. The Indians everywhere submitted, and brought in their gold, hoping to buy immunity from those ills and horrors which

the Peruvians who accompanied the invaders described as the lot of all who resisted these heaven-sent scourges.

Paulo and the Peruvians at length endeavoured to dissuade Almagro from further advance, saying, the tribes whose territory he was now entering were warriors, to whom the Peruvians were as babes; that the Incas and all their armies had been unable to conquer them; that already he had gained countries containing more gold than he and all his men could count; that further south was nothing but savages, cold, and barrenness. The Spaniards, however, were bent on proceeding, fancying the El Dorado was now near, and that this advice was only a feint to conceal it. They crossed the river Cachapual, and entered the territory of the Promancuas. These Indians, though they had never seen horses or fire-arms, rushed fearlessly to the encounter. Almagro laughed as he saw his Peruvian vanguard scattered over the field, and exclaiming "It is our turn now," boldly charged with his diminished cavalry. The Indians, however, stood undismayed, and night alone put an end to the contest at that time. Nor were they, even after many encounters, disheartened. The war continued to rage, with small success to the Spaniards, till 1537. The Promancuas with their allies, the Maulinos, success-

fully defended their country, and the Spaniards at last becoming disgusted at a war which brought no success, at toils which produced no gold, compelled Almagro to withdraw by sea to Peru. His subsequent fate is told in the glowing pages of Prescott. He was defeated by Pizarro, and suffered death at Cuzco, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, the greater number of his days having been spent in the wars and toils of the conquest of the Western World.

In 1538, after his death, Francisco Pizarro anxious to find vent in distant expeditions for the restless energies of his followers who were difficult of restraint in peace, in accordance with powers granted him from Spain, assembled a force which he put under the command of Valdivia, with the titles of Conqueror and Governor of Chili. The choice did honour to Pizarro's discernment, for among the many valiant leaders of that period, none ranked higher than Valdivia. Skilful as a general, brave as a soldier, well versed in Indian warfare, better educated than most of the cavaliers who thronged to the Western field of conquest, he was the idol of his followers. His force consisted of two hundred well-appointed Spaniards, and a large number of Indian allies; two Franciscan and two Mercedanos friars also accompanied him. His train was swelled by women, cattle, implements,

and every necessary for forming a colony. He followed the same track as Almagro had done; but, choosing his season with more judgment, his march was comparatively easy and without loss.

On emerging on the plains, however, the more northern tribes, who before had been submissive and conciliatory, emboldened by the successful resistance of their southern countrymen, bravely opposed him. With infinite skill, and no small loss, he at last reached the bank of the Maypocho, and resolving to make this the centre from whence he would perfect his conquests, he commenced building his city, the present Santiago de Chili, and now the capital of the Republic. The site was chosen from a lordly hill, which, situated in a large and fertile plain, renders its defence easy. His first care was to fortify this hill, St. Lucia: he built the fortress, not that at present existing, but a larger one, which occupied the whole circumference of the rock, and the ruins of which are still visible. The eligibility of the spot, and the regularity and adaptation of his plan are great proofs of his discernment. A treaty was concluded with the neighbouring tribes, and at its ratification he, with shameful treachery, seized the chiefs, and made them the first occupants of his new dungeons.

Chili, or rather the country now comprised in the republic of that name, seems to have been under no supreme head. Composed of many tribes often at war with each other, it speaks highly for their valour that they were enabled to offer so much better resistance to their brave and disciplined enemies, than the great empire of the Mexicans and Peruvians, whose sovereigns had vast armies, combinations of power, and skilful leaders to command their forces.

Having put everything in order in his new city, Valdivia, with a force of seventy Spaniards, marched to the river Cachapual to observe, and, if possible, either by force or fraud, to overcome the Promancuas. No sooner was his departure known, than the Mapochino tribes attacked the rising city with the greatest fury, burning, pulling down, and destroying all they could reach. The soldiers, after a vain attempt to defend the homes they were erecting,—for, like the restorers of the wall of Jerusalem, they wrought with one hand, and with the other held a weapon,—retired to their hill-fortification, and, though scarcely numerous enough to man the walls, prepared for a desperate resistance. While they were thus employed, a Spanish lady, with a savage resolution that disgraces her womanhood, armed with a knife,

entered the dungeon where the betrayed caciques lay bound, and slew them with her own hand. At this cruel consummation of an act of treachery, the fury of the Indians was redoubled, and the garrison were on the point of being overpowered, when they were relieved by the timely return of Valdivia, and in turn the Indians were routed with loss proportionate to their courage.

For the six following years a war of extermination was carried on against the natives by the Spaniards; they were killed without reference to age or sex, hunted and destroyed wherever found; so that at the end of that period there were none left even for slaughter. But profitless waste of blood was not the aim of the Spaniards: disgusted at the hardships they endured, worn out with the toils that brought, in lieu of gold, only a harvest of fatigue and wounds, a conspiracy was formed to murder Valdivia and return to Peru. It was discovered, and the ringleaders immediately hung; the rest were marched to Quillota, where mines had just been discovered, and there compelled to work for the substance their souls loved so well. A town was begun on the spot, and as the mines were found to yield abundantly, it soon grew into a flourishing place. A vessel was built at Concon, on the sea-wash, abreast of Quillota, and

being freighted with gold as the best credentials, was despatched to Peru to solicit reinforcements. Another party whose accoutrements were entirely of gold, was sent overland under Alonzo Moneroi, with letters to Vaca de Castro, the then viceroy of Peru, for the same purpose. Valdivia's object was speedily obtained, and recruits poured in by sea and land till he found himself well able to extend his conquests.

In 1542 he founded the city of La Serena in Coquimbo, for he had with force and cleverness formed an alliance with the Promancuas, who inhabited that part of the country, and who were ever afterwards his firm friends.

He next marched south to the river Itata, in the present province of Chillan, then inhabited by a brave race called Quifacura, who, crossing the river and attacking his force the first night of his arrival, while tired and exhausted with his march, inflicted on him so severe a loss that he hastily withdrew to Santiago; thence embarking for Peru, he arrived just as the President Gasca was preparing for battle with the rebel Gonzalo Pizarro. His generalship contributed greatly to the success of the President on that day; in fact, Cabajal, one of the principal leaders in Pizarro's army, exclaimed, on seeing their dispositions

for battle, "Either the devil or Valdivia had the disposing of the array."

He succeeded in convincing Gasca of the benefit that would accrue to his royal master by a conquest of which already the hardest part was achieved. He proved the value of his own services so fully, that the President confirmed him in his rank, and offered to report him favourably to the king, Charles V. Gasca was, perhaps, the more willing to listen to him, as he had many followers who clamoured for rewards beyond his power to grant. Many, too, of Pizarro's party would be safer away in active service than idle in Peru, fomenting disturbances, and forming a nucleus for rebellion. Valdivia, therefore, obtained two ships, and with these, well furnished with men, arms, and stores, he returned to Chili. Here he found that the Promancuas, whom he with so much skill and labour had conciliated, had been roused into rebellion by the rapacity and extortion of the governor of La Serena, in Coquimbo. They had destroyed the town, and killed nearly all its Spanish occupants. Valdivia rebuilt it, and, after a severe contest or two, again made peace, appointing commandant a captain in whose clemency and discretion he had great faith, Francisco de Agurine. But already I

have particularized more than I intended, and leaving Chili to the historian, whose teeming pages have made the northern empires of the Western World a land of romance, let me briefly sketch the remainder of the early history of a people I love so much for their kindness to me while a sojourner among them.

In nine years Valdivia was master of all the northern parts of Chili,—its tribes subdued, its rich lands given out in repartimientos* to his followers; but each step south of his conquests brought him only braver foes; each victory was more dearly won, each triumph left fewer to wear the laurels which many fell to pluck, till in 1552, he first stepped on the land of the Auracanian. Freedom was the only luxury this people enjoyed: coveting not the gold and precious metals their feet wandered over, they quietly cultivated their fields; shut up from the rest of the world in their dense forests, they had remained amidst its Arcadian retreats, nor

* The system of repartimientos was a dreadful scourge to the poor Indians. Large tracts of land, with all their inhabitants, were thus given away. The Spaniards, under pain of the severest punishment, made each poor Indian bring a certain amount of gold or silver at stated periods. Some of these curious grants are still in the archives in Santiago. The punishments inflicted on the Indian defaulters were dreadful. Owing to this, many tracts became entirely depopulated. This accounts for the Spanish blood still predominating among the inhabitants.

dreamt of any being so bad as to molest them. But the first blast of the Spanish trumpet aroused a foe, who, though unmailed and weaponless, was to baffle the chivalric invaders, and roll back the wave of war, broken and bloody, on their own banks.

The Auracanians were an agricultural people, living in almost patriarchal simplicity in their dense forests. In their part of South America the Andes are much less lofty than they are further north, and retire more from the sea, leaving a belt of above one hundred miles of plain, covered with fine forests, and intersected by numerous rivers. The slopes of the Andes themselves are covered in many places with vast orchards of apples, and the people migrate annually, when these are ripe, and remain drinking cider, and feasting till the season is over. Except the introduction of cattle, which here and elsewhere has made so great a change in the habits of the aborigines, the Auracanians are probably now in much the same state as when first attacked by the Spaniards. They are divided into many tribes, each governed by its chief, whose sway, however, extends little beyond command during war. They work no mines, and even now, unbitten by the raging humour of change and innovation, seem to live quietly and happily. The

present Republic pays them a sort of black mail to respect the frontier, which at this moment is the river Biobio; for as, when attacked, they retire into their forests till the cumbersome appurtenances of civilised war are entangled in its mazes, then dashing out the lasso and balas, harass and annoy all movements; so nothing but a regular war, and that one of doubtful issue, and entailing vast expense, can chastise them. On all occasions, if threatened with danger, they meet, and their petty chiefs elect a dictator, whose powers are absolute till it is averted. He receives the title of Toqui. It was the Toqui Aillavila who was elected as Valdivia advanced, and who meeting him and his forces on the banks of the river Andalica, attacked him in front and flank. The Auracanian had never before seen a horse; his ears had often trembled at the thunder of God, but now, in defence of his fatherland, he rushed fearlessly on, and for hours the fight was maintained without victory to either party. Valdivia fought as became such a champion: his horse was killed, and the armour alone saved its master; but, at last, the Toqui fell, and the Auracanians yielded the field they had so nobly maintained.

Science was too strong, however, for unassisted nature to resist, and gradually the invader advanced:

he founded several towns, which were short-reigned, and were usually sacked by the Indians the moment their chief defender left them. Thus passed the remainder of Valdivia's life. He seems to have maintained the struggle as a point of honour; for a man of his clearsightedness must have seen long before it would never repay him for the desperate contests and loss of followers.

In 1553, the Auracanian, under their celebrated chief, or Toqui, Campolican, took most of the towns founded by Valdivia. He assembled all his forces, and the adverse parties met at Tapaul, a small Spanish settlement, which the Indians had just taken. The battle was long doubtful, but the numbers of the Indians at last prevailed, and the Spaniards were massacred to a man. Historians say that but two, and they Promancuas allies, escaped alive. Valdivia performed prodigies of valour, but an Auracanian chief, Tapoual, a man of gigantic stature, literally smashed his skull, helmet, and all. The victory is ascribed to a youth of seventeen, named Lautero. He came to the field as page to Valdivia, but seeing his countrymen flying, he implored and entreated them to rally, and leading them on against the Spaniards, caused the overthrow related. Campolican, the Toqui, after a short and brilliant career,

met the fate which awaited all the Auracanian chiefs who fell into the hands of the Spaniards. He was empaled by the General Nynosa. Lautero now was elected Toqui, and showed himself well worthy of the position. Though but nineteen, he led them from victory to victory. He took Concepcion, the place of greatest importance in the south; and Villagran, who had succeeded Valdivia, saw the territory, paid for with so much blood, retaken from him by a boy at the head of a horde of savages. With great exertions he recovered Concepcion, but again Lautero took it, and burnt it to ashes. Elated with his success, he now resolved to march on Santiago. He was opposed by the Spaniards at the Rio Claro, and perished there in a contest, dearly bought by the Spaniards, even with his death as part of the gain.

The Chileno historians, from whom I have extracted the foregoing narrative, lean, no doubt, immensely to the side of the Indian, and represent as heroic what was only the courage common to a hardy race, inhabiting temperate regions, and inured to hardships in the chase and war. When the results are considered, however, praise must be allowed them; and the fact that they alone, of all the aborigines of South America, successfully resisted the con-

querors, speaks for itself. Lautero was called the Hannibal of Arauco by his enemies, and the present Republic of Chili ranks him high on her list of heroes. A man-of-war bears his name, and his deeds are the theme of song and story.

The Spanish general, Vallagran, was succeeded by Garcia Hurtado de Mendoza, who, arriving from Peru with numerous reinforcements in 1557, attacked and defeated the Indians, founding the city of Sañete, to secure his possessions. Three fierce and sanguinary battles were the first fruits of the invasion; in the third, he entirely routed the Auracians, and took Campolican, the Toqui, prisoner, whom he impaled immediately. The Indians now retired to the mountains, leaving the Spaniards in quiet possession of the plains. Mendoza availed himself of the pause to build several cities, and sent an expedition which crossed over and took possession of the large and fertile island of Chiloe. The first person who landed upon it was Ercilla who subsequently wrote a famous poem, much in the style of the "Iliad," immortalising by his verses those savage heroes his sword could not overcome.

But the breathing-space was short, the Auracians, eager to revenge the death of Campolican, advanced under several chiefs. Tucapel, who had

killed Valdivia, and whose club carried death in every blow, was one. He swore not only to drive the Spaniards from his country, but to pursue them to their own; though none knew whence it was such bad men came. He fell into the hands of the enemy, and died defying them. Another famous chief was Millalanco; he allowed the invader no rest: the dead silence of the night was broken by the Indian's yell of revenge, as he rushed upon his sleeping foe. The fights were all hand to hand: despising the artillery that laid hundreds low, the rest pressed forward, and the slaughter was fearful. At last, Millalanco was taken; and he died glorying in the idea that he was going to a land which no Spaniard would be allowed to enter.

Another valiant leader, Tulcoman, or Torquin, died with joy, for he said, "I leave plenty behind who will not cease to fight while a single Spaniard lives."

Sincoyan, Reneu, Marianta, M. Gosmo, and others, fell one after another in the same noble cause; but at last the Indians saw that to elect one leader and again to unite under him, was their only chance of success. Most of their bravest having fallen, the choice fell on Antiguenu, a warrior of humble birth. This circumstance was but an incentive to greater efforts. He burnt several of the enemy's

cities, sacked Millapoa and Sañete, defeated the President's son, who commanded the picked troops of his father; challenged the general himself to single combat, and came off victorious, in spite of his rude weapons and his unarmoured body; and an accidental death alone probably prevented his expelling the invader from the soil he loved so well. But while we admire the valour of the Indian for his constancy in resisting, the meed of praise must not be withheld from the Spaniard for his perseverance in attacking. Soldiers, officers, and generals fell, but fresh recruits poured in; the war was continued with equal valour on both sides, till a succession of victories in 1602 drove the Spaniards beyond the Biobio, and a peace was concluded between Paillamam, the Toqui, and Cadeguala, the Spanish general, making that river the boundary between the two nations.

In 1635 a war again broke out, which lasted with divided success for ten years, when peace was re-established on the same basis as before. Once since 1722 the Toqui Villumila advanced beyond the frontier, but a peace was soon after concluded, which, with a few partial interruptions, has lasted until now.

Chili, in the meantime, had become a Spanish

province: she received a President from Peru, and the people flourished as much as a people could under the crippling rule of a system such as the Spanish colonial one. All markets were closed, save of the mother-country; all offices were filled from Spain: a sort of nobility existed, but as they had no share in the government, small was their love for a country which they knew of but by name and misgovernment. There is, however, a deep feeling of devotion to their royal family, that would probably have kept them true to her rule, but for the events which were occurring in Europe. Their King was a captive, had actually abdicated, and yielded up his dominions to another: if anything could justify rebellion this surely would. Here was no outrage against the "Lord's anointed:" they were absolved from all allegiance, and free to choose a form of government for themselves. Rebellion is, doubtless, the greatest of public crimes; perhaps the rational liberty we who are lucky enough to be born under English rule enjoy, makes us unable to judge impartially; for with freedom of petition allowed to all, no public ill can go unredressed; and the Crown and constitution are but the guarantees against anarchy and lawlessness. How many, in fighting for freedom, wade through oceans of blood? Can

liberty, when obtained, compensate for this? Better to put up with some ills than destroy half the property and half the nation to remedy them. Here, however, we have a people who had long pined beneath a rule that suppressed their energies, discouraged education, and almost forbade advancement—a government in which they had no share—an army of strangers who regarded them as a lower race.

On the 18th of June the Spanish president, or rather French ruler, was quietly deposed, and the Marquese de la Conquista was named governor-in-chief in the name of Ferdinand, King of Spain. This was, of course, but a cloak to their ulterior movements; and on the 18th of September, 1810, the independence of the Republic of Chili was declared. It was hailed with acclamations in all parts of the country, and without any violence or effusion of blood. The Marquese de la Conquista, however, refused to be disloyal to his sovereign, and resigned his office to Brigadier Carrasco, who took the name of President of the Republic. The province of Buenos Ayres, which had just declared its independence, sent messages of assurance to Chili. Peopled by a more excitable race, Buenos Ayres had already displayed a taste for democracy, and in-

creased communication soon spread the flame over Chili, whose people were quietly and ably organizing their new form of government. Time was luckily allowed them ; for it was not till the beginning of 1813 that the Viceroy of Peru, Abascal, made any attempt to recover his lost power over Chili. He then despatched General Panga, with a large force, who landed at Concepcion, the most loyal part of the country, and uniting himself with the royal troops, who had retired there, advanced northwards towards the Maule. He defeated the patriot forces at Yerba-Buena and San Carlos as he advanced, but fell in an action at Chillan. He was succeeded in his command by General Sanchez, who soon reduced the southern provinces. The government at Santiago, in the meantime, were much divided among themselves; but at last a satisfactory choice was made, and Lastra elected President, with O'Higgins as commander-in-chief.

General Guinga, however, shortly arrived with fresh troops from Lima; thus rendering the royalists capable of taking the field. After some fighting, a peace was concluded; but the Viceroy refusing to ratify it, war was renewed, attended by frequent defeats to the patriots. The Spanish troops gradually retook the country. At Rancagua the patriots suf-

ferred so severe a defeat that they crossed the Andes, and Chili became again a province under Peru.

In February, 1817, San Martin, with a large force, part of the patriot army of Buenos Ayres, crossed the Cordilleras, and, encountering the royalists at Chacabrucco, defeated them, taking three thousand five hundred prisoners, and among them the President Marco himself. O'Higgins was now invested with the supreme direction of affairs, and, collecting a force, pursued the royalists, who had entrenched themselves in Taleahnem; he immediately besieged the place, but was compelled to raise the siege. On the appearance of the Spanish General Horio, with six thousand men, San Martin hastened to assist his ally; and the united armies retired to the capital, pursued by the Spaniards. A portion of the patriot force was surprised and completely scattered; but San Martin rallied them, and, attacking the royalists on the plains of Magpu, for ever broke the yoke that the Spaniards had held over them for nearly three hundred years.

Many English had meantime joined the patriots. Lord Cochrane had made for them a fleet, which he commanded; and at last the Spaniards, driven from Chiloe and Valdivia, their last strongholds, left the country quiet and free. As now, after

the lapse of years, one looks back at what these foreigners did, how often the South American governments were indebted to them for their very existence, how many of the laurels they won were plucked by these brave men, and then contemplate the reward they have received, these lines must occur to any one who has ever read them :

“ When a man has no freedom to fight for at home,
Let him battle for that of his neighbours ;
Let him fight for the glories of Greece or of Rome,
And get knocked on the head for his labours.
To do good to mankind is an excellent plan,
And is always so nobly requited,
Then battle for freedom whenever you can,
And, if not shot or hanged, you ’ll be knighted.”

Little alteration was made in the laws at first, and though there were disputes, factions, intrigues, and odd things of all sorts, the new government behaves as well as, if not better than, new governments generally do. The distinguished officer who commanded their naval force, soon gained for them on the coast what, under his own country’s flag, he oft before had maintained,—the dominion of the sea. With the fleet he himself had created he successively defeated the well-organized and overpowering force of the Spaniards. No sooner, therefore, was Chili free, than all turned to revolutionize Peru—

democracy is ever invasive. A force was sent in 1820, under San Martin, accompanied by the naval squadron.

In 1823 O'Higgins resigned his office, and a provisional government was formed till the following March, when Friere was elected President. In 1826, Chiloe, which has been the last hold of the royalists was wrested from them and incorporated with the Chilian Republic. In June of the same year, Friere was deposed, the present Colonel Blanco became President, but was succeeded in a few days by Eizaguerre. 1829 was a disturbed year, and revolutions of every sort distracted the country; the battle of Sireni, however, placed order again in the ascendant. In 1831 General Prieto became President, and having been re-elected, was succeeded by the conqueror of Youngai, General Bulnes, who was still in his second presidentship in 1845. Chili may now be said to have passed through her ordeal; she has been tested, and it is to be hoped she will fulfil the promise she at present holds out, of being the first Republic of South America. Her well-defined and nature-protected frontiers, her vast resources, her hardy and orderly population, her enjoyment of all rational freedom, and her experience in the benefits and riches of peace, are the foundations of this hope,

which it remains for her intelligent higher class to realize. Perhaps I have already trespassed beyond my bounds as a traveller, and dwelt too long on her history—but one word more on her civil and political state.

The present constitution was sworn to on the 25th May, 1833, and though now so much patched and mended, that little of the old stuff remains, still it is the constitution. According to this constitution, then, the President is but the representative, the first citizen; the sovereignty resides with the people, who delegate its exercise to three powers, the legislative, the executive, and the judicial. The legislative is, in the national assemblies, divided into two chambers: the one of deputies, elected by the departments every three years; a representative for each twenty thousand people, or rather each fraction above ten thousand. The suffrages of the voters are almost universal; all above eighteen, who can read or write, may vote, and all, without exception, above twenty-four years of age. The other chamber is composed of senators, twenty in number, chosen from the deputies, and a third portion of whom are renewed every three years; both are eligible for repeated re-election. The executive rests in the President as chief head of the nation,

who has his minister and council of State: his functions last five years, and he can be re-elected once. His election is made by the votes of members elected for that purpose by the whole body of electors. The judicial pertains exclusively to the various courts and tribunals.

The religion of the State is Roman Catholic, which creed alone qualifies for office or civil rights. With all their seeming freedom, however, the government is oligarchical; the landed proprietors, mostly the descendants of good old Spanish families, are always returned,—their property securing that. The colonels of militia are also pretty safe; one thousand voters thrown into the scale (for who can vote against his colonel?) generally secures the election. The priesthood of course see that their policy is to assist the wealthy, who naturally lean to order and tranquillity; and the wealthy, on the other hand, feel the benefit of a class that can influence the people, and whose high offices are mostly filled with their friends; they therefore maintain its power and emoluments. With such a state of affairs all at present bids fair for prosperity; the younger natives are being well educated, and may they improve, build upon, and consolidate the good work their fathers have planned and begun!

Chili no doubt suffered more from Spanish rule than any of the other provinces of that vast South American empire. She was but an appanage of Peru, and her produce was carried first thither. Immediately on her emancipation, she started out; her mines, before producing in silver but twenty thousand marks, at once more than doubled their produce, and since then her other metallic treasures have risen proportionably. She supplies Peru with corn: trade in every branch increases, she has now an excess revenue, and does what many do not, — pays her debts with very fair regularity. The government superintends the public education, and rapid improvements are making in this most essential point.

The population is divided. To draw the line between natives and Creoles is difficult, the gradations are so nice and the mixtures so numerous: all might safely be placed under the generic term Creole. However, all, as far as the Biobio in the south, speak the same language, a patois of Spanish. The various tribes to the southward, the Pehuenches, the Puelches, the Huilliches, all called Auracaniens, have no admixture of Spanish blood, and keeping still much aloof, speak their own tongue. As I have said before, they are under various in-

dependent caciques, uniting only in times of imminent danger. Still as ready to defend and fight for their freedom, they are now as free as when Valdivia first tried to bend them to his yoke. They believe in the immortality of the soul, and in one great Supreme Being; they acknowledge various subordinate deities. They perform, however, I believe, no worship whatever. The total population of Chili, exclusive of these, may be about one million, three hundred thousand; the naturalized Chilians swell the number by some fourteen thousand.

The Republic is divided into provinces; these into departments, these again into districts. Each province is governed by an intendente; each department again by a governor, subservient to the intendente; each district by another, under the governor of the department. Each capital of a department has a municipality composed of *alcaldes* and *regidores*; these assist the intendente, and have considerable power.

CHAPTER X.

COUNTRY TRAVEL IN CHILI.

DEPARTURE. — ATTEMPT AT HORSE-DRIVING. — FAILURE. — LOCUSTS. — LASSO BRIDGE.—THE INN.—ADVENTURE. — PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE. — THE VISIT.— THE COUNTRY HOUSE.—VISITORS.—THE JESUIT. — HOSPITALITY. — MEALS.— THE CORRAL.—OCCUPATIONS. — THE CHILDREN. — THE EVENINGS. — EVENING MUSINGS. — COUNTRY RECREATIONS. — SOLITARY RAMBLES. — THRESHING. — HORSES. — TREADING OUT THE CORN. — WINNOWER. — REFRESHMENT. — THE SONG.—A SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY.—FOOT-RACES. — DEPARTURE. — CROSSING A STREAM.—SHRIEK OF A HORSE.

And all he gains for his harangue is, ' Well,
What monstrous lies some travellers do tell !

COWPER'S "*Charity*."

It was January when I first visited Santiago. The intense heat had driven all who possessed country-houses to their cool retreats, all who had none to bathing or watering places; and I gladly availed myself of an invitation I had received, and, making my preparations, started one blazing afternoon for the estate of the friend who had asked me. It lay about twenty-five leagues south of the capital. A peon on horseback accompanied me,—a fine, hardy, independent fellow, like most of his class; and a mule carried my luckless portmanteau, ba-

lanced on the opposite side by a large stone, the centre being a mass of cloaks and the other odd articles composing a traveller's baggage. A led horse, to relieve the one I rode, trotted between us like a dog.

The people here certainly seem to possess a mysterious influence over animals: a mere boy will drive a troop of horses without any apparent labour; two men will escort mules, who seem to have forgotten all their obstinacy, for hundreds of miles. This same horse that now ran beside us without an effort at escape or stopping, with me had, on a former occasion, proved a very devil. I was going a long ride then, to return the same evening, and resolved to lead a horse with me and change half-way, to be able to go faster and not fatigue the cattle: both horses were saddled, and the led one had a halter. At first all went smoothly, and so well did I get on, that removing the halter, I essayed to drive the brute before me, according to the fashion of the country. Oh, misery! first he went one way, then another, then stopped and turned round; until at last I resolved that he *should* go, and carry me on his back. I now led the other with the halter for some distance till he too became rebellious, put his feet together, broke the leading-rein, fell over

with the jerk, but, rising on the instant, galloped off. Several times I headed him, but for every hundred yards the right way, we went about five hundred the road home; and I thought at last we should arrive by these stern-boards at the starting-point, where I should have to encounter the laughter of my friends. Without any regard for my saddle or his own back, he rushed among prickly bushes, tore the holsters off, scattering revolvers and balls in every direction, and finally wandered away among the hills and left me half inclined to cry with vexation. I lost my way, and had to make a warm bivouac in a bog, and to put up with a hearty laugh at my expense in the morning from my sympathising friends. So I gave up horse-driving, and own it now to be an accomplishment beyond me altogether.

In passing the environs, we had to thread our way through a large crowd, met to celebrate the victory of Youngai. They had drunk of the cup that cheers, and many of them to a degree beyond what they could bear. The only restorative for them when in this state is to place them on horse-back: although too drunk to stand, they immediately seem glued to the saddle, and ride away all right. Many were the invitations to join in a

friendly glass, invitations which my peon accepted from courtesy, I suppose, for it made his face very red, and under the influence of the noon-day sun, seemed to boil in his head till it boiled over, and he rejoined me very white and repentant as I jogged along.

The country around me was one vast plain, bordered on all sides by hills; the road very good, though dusty, with a row of poplars on each side, which threw a beautifully minute shade round their own roots. Locusts were eating all they could find, in countless thousands, and some which seemed to have given up looking for food in despair, hopped into my face or hit me on the hands most amusingly, nor could any foresight avoid them.

On one side of the track would sit a huge fellow, whom one's imagination pictured as a locust leader of considerable influence; perhaps one of the wise ones who had planned this very inroad: there he sat, looking over the plain, not appearing to waste one thought on the passenger, when suddenly with a jump, like a knight's move on the chess-board, he had hit you in the eye, and was seated again deep in his musings before you had finished the blow dealt to annihilate him.

We soon left the heavy dusty road, which, like

the veil Venus threw over Eneas, shrouded us from all save sun—covering the clothes, the face, and becoming pasty when mingled with the perspiration, filling the mouth and eyes till it seems probable that, instead of a pillar of salt for one's sins, one should become a big lump of conglomerated dust. As we went on, however, water sparkled around, and all became green and beautiful. The plain was full of cattle, save where the husbandman was gathering in his teeming crops; mimosas and other bushes variegated the scene, and after a short canter—which, on such turf, who could resist? (the mule did, but was beat for it)—the Maypo rolled before us in all its muddy freshness. It had made for itself a deep bed in the rich soil, and streamed away far below us. My guide refreshed himself as I stopped, and we then led our horses to the banks to cross the Lasso bridge of Pilki. These bridges are made on exactly the same plan as in the times before the conquest, save that chain and hide-rope have superseded the withy-rope of the Indians. Two posts, about eight feet high, and as stout as a man's body, are planted about twenty feet apart, opposite each other on each bank, with a considerable slope from the river. Round the lower parts of each is placed a chain,

which, hanging with the angle incident to it, is affixed to the lower part of the post opposite. The same is done from the top of the posts, and strips of hide are fastened from one to the other at every yard or so, allowing the lower chain just to hang in its natural position. Small poles are laid along the lower chain from one to the other, touching each other, and secured to the chain by hide thongs. Rushes are laid over these all along the centre, to prevent the feet of animals from falling between in crossing. The whole thus forms a bridge, which, though much blown about when the wind is high, and swagging on that part where weight is, still is very effective.

We wound now among the hills till the evening closed in, which it does here at once, with none of those twilight minutes that render summer evenings in colder climates so very delightful. Presently turning into a huge court-yard, we were at the Hospital—our *auberge* for the night. The building, as its name bespoke, had formerly been a huge hospital: it is one story high, and presents no architectural beauties. The door-way had a turret—a sort of first-floor, which seemed as if it would slip down into the vacancy below. The rooms were the old wards partitioned off (as I

afterwards found, to my cost) with canvas only. In front of the entrance was a long room; the furniture, one long table covered with a dirty cloth, and chairs packed with their seats under it, bespoke this the feeding-room. I was too late for any regular meal, and therefore contented myself with tea and eggs—swallowing jorum after jorum of the former to wash my dusty throat, much to the amusement of a large body of natives, who sat at the other end enjoying all the pleasures of strong liquor and smoke. As my spirits were not on a par with theirs, I retired to my room early, and the evening being fresh, got into bed and began to read.

Several hours must have elapsed, for the candle had a wick on it like an umbrella, when thinking, as I had to start early, a little sleep would be beneficial, I attempted to lie down; but the bed was so much too short, that my feet, almost to my knees, were out at the bottom: and when, by dint of jerks, I started up again, my poor head was nearly fractured against the wall—for top-board there was none. Then I lost my pillow, then the counterpane, and finally my temper too.

It was, however, of no use venting my ill-humour on myself, so lying in a circle, the only form my

bed permitted, I shut my eyes and tried to sleep. The room was small, and from a little window in the door, which was only kept shut by a heavy billet of wood, came a long streak of beautifully calm moonlight. As I lay watching it, it was suddenly intercepted, and many voices outside seemed to warn somebody not to enter. "The gringo is in there," said one. "I hope his tea will not disagree with him, nor all the eggs," said another. It was too cold to get up, nor did I feel inclined to retort. Hamlet, which I had just been reading, had inspired a more philosophic mood. The man who had been prevented from invading my room turned into the next; before an active fellow could have looked round I heard his heavy fall into bed, and too soon had auricular demonstration that the punch had not spoiled his sleep, though, from the fearful snorts, the short pauses, and then the long dismal sounds, apoplexy seemed likely. At first the rough music rather pleased me; and I amused myself with weaving a long history in reference to this failing: perhaps, thought I, he knew his infirmity, and therefore always slept at low inns that he might not annoy his own relations; perhaps he had broken off a matrimonial engagement from the same honourable motive, and this might be the peculiar

snort of a broken heart, drowned in liquor and cigars to avoid reflection. Gradually, however, a more personal feeling, a sense of annoyance, came over me as a fearful shriek, or chorus of snore, aroused me each time I had nearly dropped asleep. I hailed him; no answer: again I dozed—when a fearful effort, as if his very head had been blown off, thoroughly woke me, and I sat upright. That black wretch, who is always ready to tempt us, had the ascendancy over me at that moment, and I groped about for some missile to heave at the man, who, as if rejoiced at the effect of his efforts, was running on in a cadence of triumphant snorts. The rooms were not furnished with even all useful articles, so as I lay in bed my hand met nothing but the large billet of wood that held the door. It would be no harm, I thought, if the door did open and let the soft moonlight play in and guard my sleep; so, balancing the billet, I hove it with all my might at the spot in the wall from whence the sounds came, and sunk down happy in time to hear a tremendous crash, and heavy fall. In a second the door opened with a burst, and at one glance I took in the whole of a huge form with a naked leg like a Hercules, a short dirty shirt, a red night-cap, a bloody face, and a huge knife. He cut short

my apologies by a rush at the bed, and as I rolled out with all the clothes he pursued me with a determination really terrific; had it not been for the bed-clothes he would have caught me once or twice. I dodged under the bed, under the table, round, up, down, but never could more than just avoid him; nor did I like to cry out, for it was such an ignominious position to be caught in. No man, I defy him, could perform the part of a hero in his shirt. Finding, at last, that I had better wind than he had, he cursed and yelled fearfully, and the room was soon filled with his friends, who led him off, uttering threats of a meeting in the morning, when none should part us. This outrage to his feelings, however, I resolved to spare him, so I started at once from the inn, and was far on my way long before the dawn.

A bath in a stream of water restored the tone of my mind; and, as Leon said the man lived at a neighbouring estate out of the road, the conviction we were not likely to meet, and the sweet freshness of the morning air, dispelled my fears, and at last I even put down the whole affair as rather a good joke.

We now entered amidst a range of small hills, scattered in every possible direction: a large stream

ran through the defile, and trees and bushes varied the monotony of the road, if road it could be called. It was only a track in the pasture-grounds, and one small rut, which marked where the carriage of my hosts had come, seemed the only civilized trace about it. The morning wore on, and just as the sun began to get oppressive we arrived. The house, which belonged to the richest man, perhaps, in Chili, had formerly been a Jesuit convent, and still bore the name of the Compania, as having belonged to the Company of Jesus. The noble estate round it, about one hundred and twenty thousand acres, had been one of their best possessions, nor had the holy fathers judged badly when they chose it. It comprised the whole of a plain, shut in on every side, and all up to the snow-topped Cordilleras on the east, whose extent I have not comprised in my acres, was theirs.

On the suppression of the Jesuits it had been bought for a nominal value by the ancestors of its present mistress, who married during the Revolution, and has now a numerous family. Her brother, to whom the whole estate would have gone, on the breaking out of the Revolution espoused the loyalist cause. He probably fell in some skirmish, certainly never appeared again. She was threatened with

confiscation, but by a judicious marriage with the son of a man of great influence in the opposite faction, saved her vast possessions for her children. The building appeared but little improved since the Jesuits had left it: the fact is, and it is the same throughout Chili, that in the entailed estates the fathers endeavour to save all they can to make fortunes for the younger children, and begrudge any outlay on the property which only benefits an elder son already well provided for. Thus in the capital many of the best houses in the best situations are in sad want of repair from the same cause.

The court-yard was very large. On two sides of it were the apartments of the family. The sitting-rooms, alone, had glass in the windows, the other rooms had merely wooden lattices; but the weather was so delightful, who would have required more? Huge trunks of trees hewn square served for seats under the verandah, the large roof affording ample shade. On the other two sides were granaries and offices of all sorts; being far from any resources, each house must be complete in itself. All stores are brought in waggons from the capital. About forty horses were picketed round, many ready saddled: there were also veloches, all dusty as if fresh from the road. Though it was but eight

in the morning the young ladies were up and dressed, and looked as fresh and handsome as fine country air, early hours, and health could make them. I had luckily performed an elaborate toilette by the river, so felt quite fit to join them at once. Besides the family, which was large, there were several visitors in the house, some who regularly resided there. One of these a Spaniard, who had held high office in Peru during the rule of Spain, was indeed a favourable specimen of the cavaliero — a thorough gentleman of the old school. The quiet ease of his manner—his refined deference to ladies—his courtly mien—reminded one of what one reads of, and made one sigh to think how ill all this is exchanged for the *brusquerie* of our modern school. Another, who officiated as priest to the family, and as tutor to the children, was a Jesuit, I believe; and if amenity of manners, great powers of conversation, infinite knowledge of men and countries, could have won, his must have been a successful ministry. There was a soft persuasion, a seeming deep serenity in his words, very difficult to withstand. He had travelled much, and seemed to have culled fresh experience from each journey. Well read, he brought this knowledge to bear on his own experience most wonderfully, and all along there was a humility, a

deference to the opinions of those whom he conversed with, inexpressibly charming. Father! the memory of our intercourse will long be engraven on my mind; and, if sincerity is to be ever judged by outward show, you were, I hope, sincere.

My guide, who as he lived at his own expense on the road, had neither eaten nor drunk, but had taken out the halts I made in sleep, rushed away in search of a meal that should cost him nothing, leaving my cattle alone. The boys belonging to the establishment, however, advanced, took off the saddles, and with a lash dismissed the tired animals to the outside, where all was pasturage; and there I found they were to rest till I left. The saddles were quickly transferred to other animals, tied to rails opposite my bed-room door; on my saying I should not want them, it was answered, "Oh, sir! there they can remain till you do;" and during my stay a fresh horse was always ready for instant mounting within five yards of my door. What a glorious land for saving one's legs! My bed-room was delightful; a bed, of which the linen, white as snow, was so fine it seemed sinful to lie on it; the pillow of rich red silk, covered with cambric which allowed the tint to appear; the edges of rich lace; flowers fresh from the gar-

den about the room. All, to one long a sojourner among indifferent strangers, and a very weary traveller, was most sweet. The birds, rejoicing in the deep cool shade of the garden, sang loudly; and I, forgetting all in the joys of the present, looked back at the mountains between me and my ship, and did not care if there was no pass among them. Breakfast was soon announced, a regular eating meal, during which boys, with poplar branches fresh gathered, stood behind us, waving them to keep off the flies; then there was a luncheon at two, of fruits, ices, and cheese, which here is eaten with sweets; and let me recommend a trial of this fashion; it removes the unpleasant taste in the mouth, which water will not. There was dinner at four, and tea in the evening. According to my habits, these meals seemed badly distributed; a heavy breakfast spoiled luncheon, luncheon spoiled dinner, and so on. Then as breakfast was at ten, and I rose at six, a faintness came on, and all appetite was gone.

At first, unwilling to alter anything, I used to make a hearty meal of unripe fruit and edible leaves; but my kind friends soon found me out, and a servant was ordered to bring me coffee and bread before starting.

Beyond the court-yard of the house was another equally large, and whose centre was trellised over with small poles: on one side were stalls, about three times the size of common horse-stalls; in these were killed annually three thousand head of cattle: on another was the large *corral*, or pound, where the cattle were collected previous to killing; on a third, the huge boilers where the fat was reduced to lard. The flesh cut into thin strips is laid on the trellise-work to dry, and forms *charque*, which is one of the great articles of food among the lower classes throughout South America. The hides are laid on the ground and stretched out by means of pegs; lime is poured on them till they are thoroughly saturated, and then they are allowed to dry: afterwards they are used in an infinity of ways. A great revenue was derived from this source. On another side of the house was a very large vineyard, also of great value.

I shall describe these vineyards, which are abundant all over the country, when I go to Quillota, where the liquor made is better, though even the best, which comes from the southernmost part of Chili, always produced much the same effect as swallowing a nutmeg-grater—it had such a rough taste. Don Juan, the owner of this noble property, farms

his whole property himself, as, in fact, nearly all proprietors in Chili do. He grows vast quantities of corn, and his is in much repute in Peru from the cleanly state in which it is sent to market.

The usual life in the house was as pleasant as possible. After breakfast the whole lady part of the family met in the large saloon. The younger portions learned lessons; the others worked at needle-work, for all their things seemed made by their own pretty fingers: sometimes one read aloud. One book so read, I remember, was De Solis's beautiful history of Mexico; and now as, ten thousand miles away, though still far from my own land, the gracious permission of other friends, who, by their goodness, have won all my esteem and by their gentle kindness have robbed me of my affections, let me, as they work, read to them the same history in my own tongue; I cannot but thank God who, in this world we call so bad and unhappy, has graciously granted me so many pleasures, so many hours of virtuous happiness. The sisters taught each other to play; for in this vast wild there are no masters, no other melodies but theirs, save the soft music of the breezes as they played among the trees or ran over the streams. I have said the family was numerous; there were daughters of every

age, and in this room all their education was going on without the least appearance of a task: each seemed employed as she herself liked best. In fact, throughout the whole country the children seem never children; they behave as soberly, quietly, and properly, in short petticoats, as when they are staid matrons. Always living with their parents, they never bore or romp; and though the exuberance of youthful spirits may delight, still their quiet orderly conduct was infinitely more comfortable. There were, thank goodness, no dear mother's darlings, who, in the fulness of juvenile glee, spike one's eyes out with scissors; no noble boys who, while parents admire, flack a whip into the spectator's eyes. Some sturdy young vagabonds there were, who resisted all the gentle influence of sisters and mothers; but they were few,—the drops of bitterness in the cup, and but made one turn more eagerly to the soft gentle residue of the family. After dinner the whole party rode, and merry scampers they were; no roads, no rules; any way fresh horses, merry hearts, and good health! The young girls, too young to be trusted on horseback alone, were put on a carpet behind a peon, and thus accompanied the rest. The elder males kept much aloof; I did not see much of them: riding about,

dressing late, or never, they seemed to pass an existence very much to their pleasure, without books or quieter joys. As the evening closed in there were tea, music, dancing, polka, country-dances, and native dancing, the guitar, and then it was time to go to bed. Father —— and myself generally walked in the garden discussing points of theology. So great were his powers of fascination, that, while I felt my danger and abhorred every doctrine of his antichristian church, it was impossible to fly his society. The evenings were very days of nights. Northerns, who say. “Look at the lovely moon,” cannot conceive such nights as these. Ye whose eyes have but looked on eastern skies, with a moon the colour of half-polished copper, go south if you wish to *see*. The very stars seem to come more boldly forth. The sky, transparent with light, yet so blue; to what can it be compared? Even the blue eye of lovely English woman when lighted by all the heaven of her true heart, as she speaks in soft sweet tones to him she loves—even that deep earnest blue but faintly resembles it. The moon, large and so mildly resplendent, sheds a halo of soft light around her in the heavens, the same soft influence as virtuous woman sheds among the scenes she moves in; it seems the very guardian ray, impervious to all wrong,

all passion, all sin. Then the stars revolving in circles, twinkling with light, disposed, here, in the separate forms of mystic figures, there, raised in countless myriads, high high up, immeasurable as their distance is, still seem suspended far from those heavens behind them. How sublime the idea of the ancients to place those they loved and revered above in those glorious realms, where, quietly shining in their vivid light, they might still hold communion with those they loved below. Who could have sinned when those they loved and revered looked down in mild reproof or benign sympathy. The air was heavy with the scent of sweet flowers; all active nature rested then; but from the fresh essence of earth that rose, one felt she was recruiting and invigorating herself to bear the burning sun of the morrow.

One day, or rather one morning, for we were on horseback by five, an excursion was proposed to shoot wild duck, of which there are numerous flocks in the adjacent streams. A cousin who resided in the house was my companion; we started attended by a boy on horseback, for none use legs here except to hold on by. Having ridden up to the banks of the river, the gun—a French affair—was given me, and I advanced most craftily as the

birds rose. I pulled both triggers, but produced no result, for no gun went off; my friend was not more successful, though we pricked the barrels, *secundum artem*, with bits of grass. At last, however, I shot a brace, and we walked home; my companion adding a considerable stock of odd and end specimens to his game-bag. He thoroughly despised me, I saw, because I would not condescend to bag any flying thing, foolishly thinking their song much superior to their carcase,—at least, while we had beef and mutton, that did not sing, to eat. He finished up his *chasse* in the orchard, at a black-bird, but did more damage to the clusters of fruit than to anything else. The younger children and myself tried to prevent waste by eating the fruit; but finding the ladies making an apricot sweet we joined them, — in the consumption, I mean, not in the manufacture. Around the house was a sort of village of hovels, inhabited by the labourers of the estate, and every here and there were scattered houses for the people. These the young ladies and myself often visited in our rides, and were ever received with the utmost cordiality, with a familiarity that never in the slightest degree exceeded what it ought. They had always kind inquiries to make, and received in return what news my fair

young hostesses could impart: it is the same throughout the country; every man seems to know his own position, and speaks with self-possession, yet with respect. He keeps up his own dignity admirably, yet never trenches on yours. A boy I had, and a most excellent servant he was, used, on our long journeys together, to come up within two paces, touch his hat, and enter into conversation, asking my advice, offering his own opinion, and canvassing all topics with perfect freedom: yet never was he obtrusive, nor in the slightest degree forgetful of our relative positions. Some of his ideas were really admirable, and I might often have done better, I am sure, had I followed his counsel.

When my friends were employed, it was a great pleasure to roam about and watch the habits of a curious species of rat that dwelt in the walls and mounds near the house. Man never could have molested them, for they pursued their employments quite undisturbed while I looked on, visiting each other's holes, running about, cleaning their faces, brushing up their whiskers, and busy in all manner of pretty little domestic ways. They were a milder and more civilized kind than the English rat, who is a fierce, thieving, unsocial fellow; and their tails were broad, with hair on the sides only,—a fact

I fully made out, as they often held them up and scratched them, really, I believe, to let me have a good look at them. Then, like a pretty young girl who has said a saucy thing, they would scamper off to their companions, and the whole party would run away enjoying the fun. They never intruded into the house that I could find out, but remained peaceable occupants of their warm dry bank.

In a far-off part of the plain the vast crops of our host's corn had been collected, and all the family—some on horseback, some in carriages—proceeded at an early hour to the grand *funcion* of threshing it out. The *trelia*, as this process is called, is a great rural feast. We rode over the track of stubble from whence it had been cut, putting up partridges in numbers as we cantered along, till shouts and a crowd showed us where the entertainment was to be seen. Several sheds of boughs had been made, in which were refreshments provided by the landlord. A company of horsemen were keeping together an enormous herd of horses, principally mares and foals. It was said there were three thousand—I am sure I did not count them—and a most singular appearance they had, for these animals are never used except for this pur-

pose. The rest of the year they are allowed to graze at liberty on the lower slopes and valleys of the mountains. The best are picked out for sale, and the use of the estate. The mares had been subjected to a process that did not add to their beauty; this was a close crop of their tail and manes. I was told this was necessary to prevent their falling a prey to the *puma*, which abounds here, and which, darting from ambush on the horse, is generally thrown off by the startled animal if he has not this means of securing his hold. None of the animals I saw here were fine, save one magnificent bay mule, whom it required a keen eye to distinguish from a horse. The people, too, have such a different taste in horses from ourselves. Great fat and a large tail are essentials, but they are well aware that the horses they prize for showing off in the capital are not good for work, so they ride less showy and more useful animals in the country.

A huge circle was railed in by enormous posts, the interstices fenced with bushes: this was filled with the straw unthreshed, to a height of full six feet.

The approach of our party seemed the signal for operations to commence, and the horsemen drove

the herd of horses up a lane formed of empty waggons into the corn-ring. At first they could only get on by furious jumps, but ere the whole drove were in, half the grain at least was trodden down. Several horsemen now stood in the entrance, and the rest, dividing the horses into droves, with shouts, yells, and whirling lassoes, began to make them gallop round. In the centre was an enormous pile, which, as that on the sides became trodden down, was hove on to them. Every two or three minutes the whole body turned and galloped the contrary way: to avoid giddiness, some of the old stagers ran into the centre, and were only compelled to leave after many cuts and shouts.

The fatigue to the poor animals must have been tremendous, and the horsemen at the entrance had frequently to stand back and allow some poor weak foal to go out. This opportunity was generally taken advantage of by others also, and then began a hunt: the horsemen who were outside were in instant pursuit, and with wild shouts, flying ponchoes, and unerring lasso ready, galloped after them. Few, I noticed, ever allowed the lasso to be thrown, but when they found speed would not clear them, resigned themselves

to their fate, and came sulkily back. In fact, all allow that such is the severity of the shock occasioned by being caught, that an animal who has once felt it never forgets it. This can easily be believed, and the very boys in driving cattle can check the most refractory horse by merely a whirl or two of the long thong they have at the end of their rein. After the animals had, with a few short intervals, been driven about for three hours, they were let out; nor did any seem anxious to wander far, so exhausted and done were they all. When it is considered that these animals are principally mares and young foals, the smallness and weedy appearance of the race of horses in the country is easily accounted for; as, with few exceptions, all, at some period of their lives, undergo this work. They come down fat and full from the rich pastures of the valleys, and this labour generally quite uses them up.

After the treading is completed, the peons separate the corn from the straw by throwing it up to the wind, till at last nothing remains on the floor but the grain itself. The straw and chaff, which has fallen to leeward, is used in a hundred ways. Barley-straw reduced to chaff by this process, forms the principal food of the horses and

other beasts of burden. This in the winter, and *alfafa*, a trefoil-grass, in summer, is almost all they have.

As soon as the horses were out, we dismounted and took our seats at a table covered with sweets and fruits: two others were laid out below us—the one for the upper servants, the other laden with more solid provisions for the common people. After due justice had been done to the viands, two women, *cantarienas*, who had come from the capital of the province, played on their guitars; and the little son and a pretty little daughter of my friends danced a Sambo Quaker (I write it as it is commonly pronounced). When they sat down, other couples succeeded, each striving to outdance the preceding. Even, however, in their cups they have a staidness and slowness of motion peculiar to themselves. The enthusiasm of the singers—for all join in with voice and clapping of hands—is excessive. We left early; the sons, however, stayed, and no doubt took a large share in the concluding festivities, for I saw them late next morning unwashed and unshorn, as if they were doing penance for the evening's gaiety.

I subjoin the first song that was sung, as it was made for the occasion:—

Todos me contemplan muerto
Y yo les trayo taron
Que mas muerte que una ausencia
Para un triste corazon.

Se fue mi bien y querer
En mortal pena cubierto
Y en tan terrible lance
Todos me contemplan muerto.

Pues mi amor viendo il delito
Le Vena di admiracion
Me ven viva y nolo creen
Y yo les hayo razon.

Razon tienen por si mismo
Me admira me resistencia
Por qui para quien bien ama
Que mas muerte que una ausencia.

Una dilatada vida
Y una cruel separacion
No hai muerte mas revera
Para un triste corazon.

The following day was Sunday. At this time, I am sorry to say, I was as willing to spend Sunday, as any other day, in romping and gaiety, and had not even the pride to show those around me, by my conduct, that I worshipped God after a purer and more truthful way than they did. I now see my error, and deeply, sincerely thank my Saviour that, amidst all other blessings showered upon me, He gave me a gentle guide, whose good-

ness, purity, and advice, led me, a humble suppliant and a firm believer in His atoning grace, to pray for mercy, pardon, and peace, where alone they can be found.

At an early hour, vehicles of all sorts, and horse-men in every variety of dress, began to arrive; all the people on the estate, and every smaller proprietor was there by the time the little bell for mass had begun. The chapel still contains many remains of former splendour, though all actual ornaments had been taken away. I listened from the vestry, and my friend, Father ——, read the prayers and preached in a truly beautiful way: his soft winning voice seemed to carry conviction in every word. After service was over, a large party assembled to breakfast, and then the heat of the day was passed in singing and dancing. The lower orders outside, under the trees, seemed to enjoy themselves most thoroughly. We adjourned to them after dinner, and the sons of the house had young horses brought which ran races. Bets were made, and great excitement prevailed. Foot-races then began, and the young ladies at last piqued me into accepting a challenge from a great long fellow who had already been the winner of two former ones. By no means a lover of exertion

when there is nothing to be gained by it, and dressed in elegant attire, I certainly did not relish the idea; but though I resisted sulkily the laughing challenge of the ladies, my temper could not bear the condolences of the middle and lower classes, who expressed fears for my small boots, and hoped my gloved hands would not be burnt. Nor did I much fear the result, for I thought the man who in his youth had beaten Shaw, need not fear any one here. At last I agreed, and offering bets which were easily and eagerly taken, we were placed, and soon off. As a kind fellow, who stood my friend, told me José had good wind, and was in excellent training, I went off as hard as I could, resolved to make all the running, and trust to my bottom. The plan succeeded to admiration, for just as I was beginning to feel as if my legs would be kicked off if I went on much more, I heard a heavy ploff, and running in, saw my adversary had fallen, and was too done up to start again. Satisfied with the result, I was putting on my coat again, when all said, "José would have won had he not fallen," so I challenged anybody, and after a couple of easy victories, retired with proper modesty, securing the applause of the vanquished by distributing the winnings among them, retaining for

myself the pretty bouquets given me by the fair daughter of my host.

The evening was passed in dancing and games of forfeits, and when it was ended, I had to bid adieu to the amiable family whose hospitality had been so kindly shown to me. The moon and stars made night a farce, as my guide, horses, and myself left the house. The road, a short cut, was an open plain, and such was my speed, and so pleasant the journey, that the sun was high on the following morning ere my waking-dreams were over, and I found myself at a small hut, but a short distance from the pretty little lake of Acalao. This lake has often been described: it is surrounded by fine bold hills, and if not so pretty as some, is certainly prettier than many better known to fame. It wants only woods, and some more eloquent pens than mine, to render it famous. Abounding in water-fowl, it affords a rich field for the sportsman, as the birds, seldom molested, fly round in fearless propinquity. After a short repose, I pushed on rapidly to the capital, and reached it without any adventure save a severe ducking in the Maypo, which I crossed at the bridge of San Bernardo, or rather where the bridge had been, for it was washed down. The adventure gave me one bit of experience, for the

sake of which I will not regret it. Cooper, in the beautiful emanation of his pen, "The Last of the Mohicans," describes the peculiar cry of a horse when in an agony of terror; on this occasion I heard it.

The bridge of San Bernardo is a lasso bridge, suspended from the main to an island, thence to another, and thence to the opposite bank. The two last portions were broken, so on reaching the end of the perfect part, it did look a somewhat foolish undertaking to attempt to cross it; but having told a lot of natives that I would, and allowed my guide, who refused, to seek the capital by the longer route I had previously gone by, I did not like to turn back. The horse I rode was a black one, that would have faced anything. We had journeyed much together, and no day was too long for him, no food too bad. He jumped in at once, and whatever they may say about still water being deep, here was a noisy brawling place, much too deep for us. On rising, I got off and swam by his side. Keeping his head up the stream, we were thus carried down, gradually nearing the other bank. Behind us, however, the stream narrowed, and there all was foam and noise. I cheered him up to avoid this, and he struck out bravely

as we neared it. I left him then, and pushed away, fearful of his striking me in his struggles. As I did so he sank, and when, with starting eye-balls and nostrils fiery red and blown out, he rose again, his shriek rang out clear and piercing. For myself there was no danger, as I was lightly clad and a practised swimmer. After I landed, and the people on the bank had dragged him out, he lay on the ground, trembling with fear; but a few minutes after, revived by a good draught of wine, we resumed our journey, and reached Santiago in safety.

CHAPTER XI.

GUANACA-HUNTING.

INDUCEMENTS.—PREPARATIONS.—ENGLISH SPORTING.—THE PAINS OF PLEASURE.
 —ATTENDANTS AND BAGGAGE.—CHILIAN COOKERY.—THE FIRST HALT.—THE
 BLIND GIRL.—ASCENT OF THE MOUNTAINS.—THE HUT REPAIRED.—LEGEND.
 —THE HUT FURNITURE.—THE DOGS.—MOUNTAIN ROAD.—THE LEONARO.—
 THE FIRST SHOT.—LYING IN WAIT.—GREAT LUCK.—FRESH START.—A
 WATERFALL.—BEST VIEW OF THE ANDES.—THE STORM.—ITS TERRIFIC
 VIOLENCE.—IT ABATES.—ITS EFFECTS.—ANOTHER CHASSE.—FAILURE.—GLO-
 RIOUS VIEW.—REFLECTIONS.—DESCANSAR.—EVENING ON THE MOUNTAINS.—
 THE LAST DAY.—CATASTROPHE.—WHAT IS TO BE DONE?—THE SPURS.—
 PHILOSOPHY.—THE UNWELCOME GUEST.—RETURN TO SANTIAGO.—CONSO-
 LATION.

“Therefore, my dear friends and companions, have confidence in what I say, and pay honour to the tales of M..... A traveller has a right to embellish his adventures as he pleases; and it is very impolite to refuse that deference and applause they deserve. * * * * *

“Thus he spoke :—

“*Olough ma genesat istum, fullanah cum dera Kargos belgasah escum balgo, bartigos triangulissimus.*”

OFTEN of an evening, in a warm room, refreshed with good food, and enthusiastic from the effects of port, or other vinous fluids, my old English friends (for the natives are never guilty of such follies) had excited my imagination by tales of Gua-

naca hunts, puma shooting, and other sport in the Cordilleras; and for many days I traded, among the gentle friends I visited, upon my daring and hardihood in being about to brave such hardships and such dangers. In fact, they could not but admire the man, who for such bold sports could leave the warm *brasero* and their gentle smiles, exchanging these for mountain bivouac, and the blandishments of hungry pumas.

When I looked at the snowy heights in the distance, I must own my courage fell; but, having said I would go, pride forbade my hauling off. To this was joined a roving spirit,—my bane from boyhood,—and that odd idea, which doubtless haunts many others besides myself, that ease, comfort, and inactivity are waste of time. The excitement was kept up by the preparations: there were balls to be cast, hunting-knives to be sharpened, stores of food to be laid in, and other arrangements to be made extensive enough for a campaign of months. In my heart I never loved sporting much, but, somehow it is the fashion, and there is something dashing about it: and then strong is the difficulty of saying, “No,” when asked, “Are you not a very keen sportsman?”—“Oh, very! desperately fond of it, indeed.” Few have been greater martyrs to this

than myself. Many a morning have I reluctantly quitted my warm bed, and only quitted it when, by the repeated roars, I found my companions were resolved, that, if I would not go, I should not sleep: perhaps after a late sit up, with vile fellows who loved strong drinks and chorousy songs—or after a ball, where one has danced till each leg is worn up to the ankles, and the last desperate galop has been ringing in your ears all night—or after coffee—or green tea—or a heavy supper, or the hundred and one things that prevent sleep during the night, but render it mortally sweet in the morning. Then the hasty breakfast, with an unripe appetite—cold rooms, tight damp boots, and very grumbly servants. The ride forth, on a raw morning, when the sun, thinking he has done enough work in the summer, sends only a grey, damp mist, to lighten the world—the sitting for hours on a bumping, restive horse, by a damp, dripping wood, while fifteen or more couples of yelping curs are hunting for a poor devil of a fox, who is not at home, and has not left word where he is to be found. Hands so cold one ceases to own them; feet lost to all sense of any thing; nose blue and watery, and pocket-handkerchief forgotten. Yet what sport at last, when all sense of enjoyment is past, and nothing remains but passively

to bear! Away you go—your horse, imbued with all the enthusiasm that has long oozed out of you (perhaps it has sunk into him through the saddle), rushes at every thing; and your icy fingers, stiffened out of all feeling, allow the rein you vain would pull to slip through them. A field of case-hardened, iron-framed fellows ride against you, taking leaps and doing deeds your poor cold soul sickens at, while you are borne resistlessly on by the mad demon under you, wishing even for a fall as a change for the better, particularly if your friends (rather too much to expect!) would carry you gently home afterwards—wondering in your mind if anybody ever was so cold before; and if they ever got warm again—fearful your toes may come off, when your John pulls your boots off. And this is sport—the noblest sport! Or, again, in a nice country-house, with nice fires always blazing, abounding with nice books, in the second and most interesting volume of one of which you are deeply engaged; and with nice girls worthy and willing to be made love to. From attractions like these you are hurried away, laden with a heavy gun, pounds of shot and multifarious accoutrements, to hunt among wet turnips, or stand at the end of a wood with wild shots inside; and, for these miseries, in addi-

tion to incidental expenses, one pays, in cold blood, 4*l.* 1*s.* 10*d.* to her Majesty.

Well, in spite of these English reminiscences, I resolved to go; so one frosty morning I left Santiago, and turned up for the mountains. The *cor-tége* consisted of myself, an English servant, and an old Leonaro called Leon, whose horse and self seemed to fit exactly—a very centaur grown grey, who could hardly walk, so long had he ridden. He wore the perpetual poncho, leather leggings covered with tags, and a broad-brimmed straw-hat; a red handkerchief, tied round his head for warmth, gave him the appearance of a sick man. Just as we started I saw the cook ladling grease into his hands with which he anointed his face, saying, he should not wash till we returned, and that would prevent it from chapping.

Two mules and two horses, driven by a little native fellow, wilder far than his charge, carried the beds, cloaks, ponchos, gregos, and wraps, collected all over the world,—the books, cooking apparatus, meat, biscuits, tea, sugar, &c. We turned along the Tajama, and then followed the course of the Maypocho towards the mountains.

The noon-day sun was very oppressive, though the mornings and evenings were as cold as England

in February. Gradually the hum of the town died away, and, as a wild open prairie with stunted bushes succeeded, Syria and eastern travel came back to my thoughts. Where, where are now the friends who then rode by my side? some gone to rest, some married and settled, and I alone still wandering.

By evening we had reached the nearest spurs of the mountains, that jut out into the plain, and had hired a cottage for the night, the family cheerfully turning out for a small recompense. Our meal, *quachelomo*, or the flesh torn from the ribs of the beef, was cooked on the embers in the Chilian way. It is a large beef-steak-shaped piece of meat, and is pinned on to a small stick: a flat place is made of well-burnt embers, and the meat is held over it. The lower end of the stick being in the ground, the cook slowly turns the meat round and round. Little of the gravy is lost, and the meat is well done and palatable. The pieces are cut off the stick, and the picking of the stick is not the worst part of the whole. The Gaucho on the Buenos Ayrean side cooks his meat in a bit of the hide of the animal itself tied up like a bag: by this means the gravy is preserved, and the dish is most juicy and luscious.

The first evening of our expedition was a merry one. The *ninas* (women) putting their arms through the arm-holes of their gowns, for generally they tie the gowns round their waists, and do not trouble themselves about the upper part, and placing flowers in their hair, flocked in, when they heard Leon's guitar: and soon a couple took the floor, and we had Sambo Quaker and Revoloco with all the might of toe and heel. I retired to bed early, but their noisy festivity prevented sleep: many miners dropped in in their infernal-region sort of costume, of red cap and jacket, and leather undersuit; awful savages they seemed, and awfully savage shouts they uttered when the *aquadiente*, which I stood treat for, began to operate. With their bare brawny arms, naked legs, sandalled feet, and sheathless knives, they looked as wild as those Indians they call savages with such gusto. At last I suppose guitar, human nature, or their legs, could stand it no longer, for there was silence, and I fell asleep. I had determined to awake my people early, in return for their keeping me awake late; and, consoled with this resolve, had pulled the bedclothes more over my back, and was gathering in my hand when a rat ran over my face. By Jove! this would not do: so hunting all about I found a cat, and shut her in my room.

Scarcely had I dropped asleep when a hunt over my bed woke me again, so that it was with little refreshment from rest that I rose, and completed my toilet at daylight. Leon, however, had hidden himself; having an inkling of my intention, he had rendered it abortive: he did not make his appearance for some hours, and then with a head considerably swollen. In the meantime I breakfasted, and sauntering about was attracted by a guitar: there, in the sun, sat a poor blind girl, her little sister beside her. The song with which she accompanied her tune was sad and plaintive, and harmonized well with the stream as it sauntered along the plain. She had gone blind, and then her lover had refused to marry her because she would be useless as a wife. Poor girl! She sang of desperate fights and bloody Indians; the breaks, the cadences, now a running symphony, now slow to chanting, were very pretty; yet she seemed careless of effect: he who should have been her audience was far away; her sisters and myself were none. Leon told me her tale, as we continued our route, with the addition to our *cortège* of the *vacchiero* of the estate, and four huge gaunt dogs, with whom my more refined canine refused to consort. I remonstrated against this addition to our mouths as one totally unprovided for by our

commissariat; but was silenced by Leon's, "Never fear, Señor, the vacchiero Andrea will feed them."

We now crossed the river, and entering among the salient hills thrown forward by the main range, wound among beautiful gorges, green and fertile beyond conception. The road was a narrow path, cut in the side of the hill. "Well," thought I to myself, as the side of the valley we were in ended in a bluff perpendicular cliff, "here is a clincher, even for the ingenious fellow who made the road so far!" But, no such thing: up, round, down, about, we continued to wind, until it frowned behind us. Gradually the scene grew bolder, the gorges seemed deeper, the cliffs higher; the huge bare rock now often showed through the slender covering of grass that clothed the sides; but in the bottom, beside the stream, was a line of brightest greenest green. Giant cactuses, with stems as thick as one's body, nearly all in flower, or covered with a white currant-like berry, a pretty dwarf oak, and a very handsome red parasite in full flower, were the chief plants. My servant said, "It was useless people taking such trouble to cut tooth-picks from quills, when here were enough to load a ship; and they could be handed round, after dinner, on the branch, with the finger-glasses."

On either side of our route were traces of the mine-hunters; here a hole, there a rock chipped, or a slight excavation begun; but as we went further, these deep glens seemed destined again to revert to nature and solitude. In some places a hut had been built, but its ruin told its tale. At last snow lay all around us. My horse, a fine spirited fellow from the north, never having seen it before, made some demur, but whip and spur taught him resignation. Towards evening we arrived at a rancho, partly ruined, which was to be our head-quarters for the present. It stood on a small flat space, at the foot of a fine specimen of the Andean aristocracy; a mountain which, doubtless, has had on that same white cap since the deluge.

Our hut was the best of a small clump, all in ruins. Here mining works had been begun, and just below us was the shaft; it did not go far. On my asking Leon who had worked it, he said:—*"Quien sabe mi Padron muy Gringoes (English) parece."* It held our stores and horses, therefore was of some use. Our first labour was to repair the hut; this we did by taking contributions from the others, and then clearing away the snow which lay piled between the side of our habitation and the hill, in order that it might not melt down

upon us. One thatched, another cut wood, a third repaired the sides, till, by sunset, it was — not good — but might have been a vast deal worse. This we were all agreed upon, as we sat on logs round the fire eating our supper. Blankets and ponchos kept out the wind, and a furious fire kept in the heat. We had put no roof over the place where the fire was lighted: as we sat round it the stars and the blue firmament of heaven were our canopy. We fared sumptuously on beef and bread, and my guides told wonderful stories of horse-races and cock-fights, their two favourite themes. Hidden treasures, also, seemed to occupy no small portion of their minds. This was the plan on every subsequent evening: let me here repeat a legend told one night by Andres:—

“In former times,” he said, “three men were traversing the mountains, and, evening coming on, they lighted a fire and sat round it. It was a nasty, dark night. ‘Well,’ said one of the men, ‘I don’t care for the leones’ (puma). The Chilians always call them by the name of the nobler beast, though they are infinitely his inferior in size, courage, and strength, being only about the size of a large mastiff, and of much the same colour; standing, perhaps, somewhat lower on the

legs. 'I don't care for the leones, for I have a sword!' 'Nor I,' said the second; 'for I have a lance!' 'Nor I,' said the third; 'for I have my good faith!' Now a lion was listening all this time. 'Ah!' says he to himself, as the first spoke, 'I don't fear your sword: if I spring quickly, it will be of no use to you. Nor your lance,' as the second spoke: 'I am active, and can avoid it; so, as I am hungry, here goes!' and he crept forward. But when the third spoke, he paused: 'The sword and lance I know, and do not fear; but this good faith — what is it? It may kill me or wound me: I will wait and see it!' So he trotted off, resolved to discover what this weapon was. Presently he met an old woman. 'Good,' said he; 'here is my chance: first I will find out from her, and then I'll eat her. She will be tough, perhaps; but my teeth are good, and my appetite very keen!' So he accosted her, saying: 'Good mother, last night I sat listening to three men: one said he had a lance to defend himself with, another a sword; but the third said he had his good faith. Tell me, Mamita, what is this good faith?' She, with great presence of mind, said: 'My poor dear, you ran a great risk, indeed. It is a new weapon, just introduced, of so fatal a

sort, that only to wish ill to one who has it, occasions a lingering death. Here, take this, my child,' offering a loaf, 'and thank your stars you did not attack him, nor intend evil to me!' The lion, never thinking that a poor old woman would gull him, ate his loaf, and scampered back to his family. From that day to this the lion has never preyed on human beings; he fears the good faith. Such, Señor, are the miracles the Blessed Virgin performs for us, her humble servants, who dwell in the wilds."

With such stories as these, and with childish questions about England and Europe, we beguiled the evenings of our sojourn in the land of the puma and the condor. Our ruined hut looked quite comfortable; a bull's hide, stretched upon four posts, formed our table, the leathern boxes contained our larder, wardrobe, library, and other worldly goods; the walls were hung with ponchoes, guns, rifles, spurs (and Chilian ones are of some size), botas, lassoes, balls, drinking-horns, &c. My rifle was a large bored one — which, good judges say, is more killing than the small pea-rifle of America, though, from its larger charge, it is less convenient for carriage; the pea-rifle, however, seldom gives a mortal wound to larger game, while the

hunters have told me one of a larger bore often will, even in parts not vital.

Our meat we kept suspended from the roof, safe from the dogs who sat wistfully gazing at it. I mentioned before these same dogs, about whose feeding Leon told me to have no fear; they were large animals, and hunted well all day with me; certainly they were not fleshy, but their wind and bottom were admirable. Each evening of the long time (some four weeks) that we hunted together, Andres gave them a strip of hide, half an inch thick, and two feet long,—a piece of the rope, in fact, which he carried in coils round his saddle: this was all their food. Whenever I have related this story, it has always been laughed at; but I tell it, in all seriousness: if you doubt me, I appeal to Andres and Leon, who are to be found in Santiago. Go and ask them.

On retiring to bed we found that our care had by no means excluded the wind: on the following morning, however, fresh repairs made us wind-tight, and for the rest of our *séjour* it sighed, moaned, and wheezed about, outside, as if wishing to come in, and share our warm quarters. In the morning, before the sun had ascended high enough to shine on our behilled abode, we were a-foot. My

hasty ablutions were performed in a stream, that made a monstrous noise for such a little thing. Its waters seemed to have gone beyond freezing, and to have returned to a fluid state again. I really think it does it all to excite attention, and get put in the map; for it has bed enough to go smoothly along, instead of so officiously hunting into corners, and round rocks, driving lumps of wood and snow perfectly mad, and then heaving them on the bank wet through, and in despair.

The horses and mules were daily driven out to graze in the valleys below by little Manuel: one hand stayed at home to cook, and the rest accompanying me, we sallied forth to shoot, giving due cautions to the fellow left behind, to keep a good fire, and have dinner ready at any hour. Never were there such paths as we rode over; it is really a pity they exist in such unvisited regions, as no one will believe in them. Frequently they were merely a skirting along the hill-side, where a more direct ascent was impracticable, so slanting that the upper stirrup hit the hill. My horse, unaccustomed to such work, fell heavily twice, and slipped down some distance: each time Leon's lasso was round him in an instant, to prevent a further fall. The great secret to avoid accidents is to

follow the gaucho plan, and keep the animal constantly alive with the spur. Snow all around! Now we turn back, as Leon's horse refuses to advance, it is so deep. He and his horse were surely made together: some French philosopher has said, "*Chacun à sa chacune*;" he has his, I am sure; he fits its very back. When he dismounts, the animal follows him with his eyes, perhaps wondering why he severs himself from himself; and when he remounts, goes the right road without guiding, as if one mind animated both. Leon says his horse is young: I suppose he thinks himself so too; yet I would be sworn neither of them were ever born, but were found one morning, just as now, jogging along the high road, he rolling a *hogita*, his horse chewing the nothing in his mouth, as he always is.

All this while we had not fired a shot! Such is the wariness of the guanaca, that our utmost stealthiness had hitherto been unavailing; and while we saw only black specks in the distance, the wary animal was off, and all our toil to begin again. At last, by waiting in a defile, and sending round the people by a *détour*, that took them half the day, while I lay buried in the snow, I succeeded completely. Just as hope had oozed out of me,

six guanacas came rushing down the centre of the pass. My first barrel took the leader's head, and, with one tremendous bound, he died: he was a noble fellow, with a huge shaggy black chest. The second barrel broke the hind leg of another, which was speedily stopped by the dogs, and lassoed by old Leon, whose horse, in the pursuit down a snow-drift never was once properly on his legs, but floundered and staggered in a way none but a gaucho could have sat. We returned to our huts, singing pæans of triumph at our success. Other days I wandered out alone, sauntering along in high communion with my thoughts. Often and often in towns, and in company with my kind, I have felt far more solitary than when alone with my high health and perfect freedom in these vast solitudes.

With the lofty hill over our hut as a beacon, the way home could not be lost; and as none were there to wait dinner, my time was all my own. So strong became my love for this wild life that I even dressed *au sauvage*, but the cold destroyed that part of the illusion, so I returned to civilized habits. Here there was no post—here were no duns, no kind friends, no boring duties, no customs to abide by, no conventional laws to annoy.

"To sit on rocks,—to muse o'er flood and fell,
 Slowly to trace the forest's shady scene,
 Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
 And mortal foot hath ne'er, or rarely, been ;
 To climb the trackless mountain, all unseen,
 With the wild flock that never needs a fold ;
 Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean,—
 This is not solitude ! 'tis but to hold
 Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unroll'd.

"But, 'midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
 To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
 And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
 With none to bless us, none whom we can bless ;
 Minions of splendour shrinking from distress ;
 None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
 If we were not, would seem to smile the less ;
 Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought, and sued,
This is to be alone,—this, this is solitude."

But back to my hunting. One evening we resolved to lie in wait near the feeding-grounds of the guanacas, and to try and kill them; so having found a spot where abundance of *yehu* * grew, we

* *Yehu*, called in the "Flora Peruviana," Tarava, class *Monandria digynia*. The *yehu*, a species of grass, which is found scattered all along the great ridge of the Cordilleras, from the equator to the southern limits of Patagonia. And as these limits define the territory traversed by the Peruvian sheep, which rarely, if ever, venture north of the line, it seems not improbable that this mysterious little plant is so important to their existence, that the absence of it is the principal reason why they have not penetrated to the northern latitudes of Quito and New Granada.

concealed ourselves on the leeward side of it, ready to spring on our prey when it should appear. Long, weary, and cold was our watch; evening grew into night, lovely with stars, but sad and irksome to us, who watched in vain. Night passed away, and morning came. My hands had stiffened with cold, and my whole body was an icicle, when lo! with stealthy step, a guanaca came down the gorge, slowly turning his head this way and that, as he snuffed the air in search of danger. Leon had placed us capitally: the animal was retiring, and I had almost resolved to rush upon him, when nine more came fearlessly on, cropping the herb they loved most greedily. I could hardly feel my rifle, as, extended full length on my stomach, I took a steady aim. My luck was great, for the nearest which I had aimed at, being more in the light, fell dead at once: the herd then rushed together, not knowing where danger might come from next, and my second barrel plopped in among them, leaving a poor young male floundering, as the rest, with a cry of terror, dashed off. My knife finished his career, but not before he had spit in my eye, which inflamed it, and caused a burning smart for several days.

We subsequently shot one as he was dashing down

a snow-drift: his back was broken, but he sprang madly over the precipice, and falling, we never gained our prize. Either our noise or our fire had, however, now frightened them all away, so after two or three days' partridge-shooting, I resolved on a further, wider beat, in order to get more guanacas.

The partridges of these mountains are a small sort, and of a much darker plumage than common. They fly in flocks of fifty or a hundred, and have a cry almost resembling a peewit's. From the fact of their being always on the snow, which they seem to peck into, I should imagine they feed there. They were fat, and well-flavoured, and caused no small addition to our mountain-fare, for the guanaca meat was red, lean, and insipid. The skins, which are thick and handsome, are much prized; they constitute almost the only clothing of the Patagians, both male and female.

As our hut was very comfortable, and Leon said none would be found further on, I resolved to leave all our baggage there, taking Leon, a mule with two days' food, and little Manuel who rode it. It was Sunday that saw us start on this ill-starred expedition—inauspicious day! and bitterly, before our return, was I to repent my desecration of the

day of rest. We wound along the gorges, gradually ascending, each gorge being higher than the preceding one, Manuel riding the mule, Leon the centaur piloting, and I, the only one on foot, trudging along as best I might, the feedless dogs, now sworn friends of mine, following in the rear. None of the scenery was grand; here were no awful precipices; the gorges were so narrow that their depth was lost, each hill was so lofty that the next, though loftier, was only a little higher; the mountains themselves being rounded lost half their grandeur. Many of the waterfalls were perfect, and their effect was heightened by the deep snow and dead silence. It may appear odd, but these mountain views always reminded me strongly of a view I once saw in a Diorama—it was a view somewhere in Switzerland, with a waterfall in the foreground, and, like all views of that sort, had a peculiar effect on the sight, from the powerful lights used to throw it out in good relief. So in these views among the Cordilleras, perhaps from the extreme rarefaction of the air, the same effect was produced on the eye, and there was the same deep, dead silence; even the water fell noiselessly into its vast depths, not a breath nor the quiver of a leaf reminded one of the reality of the scene. It proved to me how beautifully real

the unreal may be. On the whole the near views in the mountains disappointed me: all was on such a giant scale that the eye judged by a false standard, and the mind ceased to admire. He who wishes to see them in their best, and to attain a just idea of their majestic grandeur, let him do so from the top of the Cuesta del Prado, about eighty miles off: there he sees at one view from base to summit; south and north they stretch away, far beyond his ken, Aconcagna and Tupungato frowning over all, high and magnificent, even among their lofty brethren. But here, in the midst of them, the gradual, ever-recurring hill, hill, as they rise, leave no mighty giant towering in strength and bulk. One is, indeed, higher than another, but then the one you stand on is very high too, and as the ravines ascend with the hills, the grand effect is destroyed. Then they are rounded, with a few masses of rock at the top, much too small to produce any effect: they seem as if nature had ruined herself in making the bases, and the impoverished heir had finished them off cheaply.

As yet the weather had been charming; and though Leon prophesied a change, I only laughed, and urged him on. "Veramus, Senor;" but his warning was disregarded. The climate was intensely cold,

but with strong exercise all day, and warm fires at night, we set it at defiance. The snow as yet had not descended to the gorges of the mountains, though it lay but very few feet up their sides. Our first evening was spent under the lee of a huge boulder of rock, and the snow piled well up kept off the wind, which now moaned in majestic roarings through the deep passes; it was like distant thunder, and during the night made me half resolve to return to the plains and safety. But the clear blue morning dispelled all misgivings, and we went merrily on. This was to be the day of our return to the hut; so we finished all our food, regaling our dogs on the fragments. Our utmost caution, however, would not enable us to get within shot of any of the numerous guanaca we saw on the peaks around, and we had rather discontentedly faced about to return, when down came a tremendous storm of snow, sleet, thunder, and lightning. What were we to do? To meet it was impossible—to evade it equally so, for it found us out, and swept fiercely round every place we tried to hide in. At last we all three sat down in a circle, with our ponchos over heads, and our heads on our knees, and, in unbroken silence, resigned ourselves to the fury of the raging elements. What the others thought about I cannot

tell: my own thoughts were not lively. From the window of my snug lodgings in Santiago, I had often looked up to the Cordilleras and seen the cloud-like masses that joined their tops to the heavens, but I had had no idea of this. The wind really blew through me; my heavy clothes seemed like calico, and the noise and uproar, what with the wind, the hail, the sleet, the snow, the thunder, and the lightning, was awful.

Waterloo must have been bad enough, from all accounts; I was not there, but the dreadful fights I *was* at in China were child's play to this: even sitting, we were hardly able to retain our posture. The mule, after several attempts on our part to hold him, broke madly away, and we never saw him again. Leon cast his horse with the lasso, and kept him down by our side: minutes seemed hours—still for hours the tempest raged. Poor little Manuel, who clung to me for some time, sank on the ground, and I dragged him between my legs to try and warm him. Wet, drowned, gasping for very breath, I sat; the sad moaning of Leon and his horse close to my ear seemed to upbraid me, and then I tried to pray to the God of storms—the God of all! But my prayer died on my tongue, for I felt it was the coward's prayer—the prayer of one who

fears to die. But a few short hours before—ay, on this very day, the only day of all the week that He who owns all, gives all, claims, I had set out in my pride and in my strength, nor cast one thought on Him, nor muttered one prayer of thankfulness for all His gifts to me. No : myself, my own pride, my own amusement, filled my thoughts then — and now, faint with hunger, dead-beat, drenched to the skin, chilled to my heart's core, and my very soul cold and dead within me, I dared to ask His grace—dared to call upon Him to save me—to grant me more time to live! Yes. it was the coward's prayer. Yet He heard me—perhaps His will was not to kill me then—may be that blessed Saviour petitioned for a few more years—for a time for repentance, and to live to His honour. Alas ! have I done so?

* * * * *

“*Acabo!*” it is finished! I must have been sinking into insensibility, for when Leon pronounced the magic word, I could not understand him. My mind had wandered back to youth, and home, and those I loved. He pulled the poncho off me, and at last I rose, but so cramped and weak, that I was forced to rest upon my knees before I could rise to my feet. Leon himself could not stand;

poor little Manuel seemed dead. Endeavours to raise the horse warmed me a little, and, at last, with exertions that made me cry, so weak and ill did I feel, I got the half-dead native on the animal's back; Leon guided, and I walked, or rather crawled behind; and, in this way, morning dawned upon us. About noon, or goodness knows when, for I had lost all count of time, and had only mechanically followed the horse, John's round, fat English face, seemed close to mine, and I could not tell how it came there. Then I seemed on a horse, and next in bed.

My sleep lasted fourteen hours, my faithful fellow repeatedly fearing I was dead; when I awoke it was but to crouch under the bed-clothes, to avoid the death my dizzied senses still fancied near. As perception returned Leon's words broke upon me, and awaking, I cried, "We are saved!" For days it haunted me: in the dead, dark nights it pursued me, but the "I am saved!" came with balm, and under John's care, and a regimen of beef, wine, and toast, I recovered. Poor little Manuel was forced to be sent home, and was ill for weeks. Leon, during the rest of our stay, never quitted the hut. He sat gazing at the fire, and bewailing the loss his wife and daughter had so nearly suf-

ferred. When I saw them afterwards their reception of him made me doubt his appreciating their loss at its proper cost. The Friday afternoon saw me well enough to take the field, and I soon replenished our larder with mountain partridges; a grand *chasse* was arranged for Monday, and the interval was spent in recruiting ourselves and the dogs.

Monday saw us afield before the dawn. After a capital breakfast, we left the hut, with only old Leon to guard it, and trudged along with zeal, anxious to complete the half-dozen, as this was to be our last day on the mountains. The road, to my but partially unstiffened limbs, was very tedious. Good fortune, too, seemed to have deserted us; and though we climbed and scrambled, fell and got up again, ran, watched, and manœuvred in every way, all was unavailing. The rarefied air, at heights like these, is said to prevent active exertion by the difficulty of respiration: for myself, I never found it so, and I imputed both my own and my servant's short wind to our being, at the beginning, quite unaccustomed to such strong exercise. We were up to any work, after the first few days: our native attendants never exerted themselves enough for us to test the experiment

on them. We this day wandered further than any of our former excursions had led us, and buoyed up with hope, kept stalking on amid glacier and snow-drift; but the guanaca were as wary as we were persevering. At last, leaving the people to discuss the food we had brought, I crept up among some rocks that rose above the snow, and, as I neared them, a noble guanaca came forward, and stood, like a statue, surveying the depths below.

“From his flanks the snow-drops shook,
Like crested leader, proud and high,
Tossed his beamed frontlet to the sky ;
A moment gazed adown the dale—
A moment snuffed the tainted gale—
A moment listened to the cry
That struck him as the chase drew nigh.”

For a moment he retired, then again appeared, darting at full speed down the snow-drift, which here lay almost perpendicular on the mountain-side—his hind-legs, in the gallop, often striking against the hard-frozen snow, came up between his fore-legs, but keeping vigorously on, he righted immediately only again to flounder on in the same way. He was closely pursued by the dogs, which, in the descent, gained rapidly upon him; but, on the level ground he soon shook them off, and finally got away. I was unable to fire, as hands

and legs were both employed in maintaining my ground on the face of the rock. Annoyed at the ill-timed activity of the dogs, who perhaps were thus revenging themselves for the short allowance of food we gave them, I climbed on, till, all exhausted, I sat on the highest peak, resolved, as I could not get to them, to see if they would come to me.

The view around me was magnificent. Away—north, south, east, mountain beside mountain, heap upon heap, of every size and every shape. Nature here had an arsenal of mountains to arm the world with when she required to blot out a wicked city, or to fill up a useless ocean. The west—the Far West, the land of the setting-sun, the land on whose fertile plains the rays of civilization are only just beginning to shine, and that with but a faint glimmer—the Hesperus of old, the long-wished-for, the dream of many a manly, knightly mind, the treasury of the East, my home for two years, and, save a few dark spots, two happy years—in a few weeks I shall bid thee farewell. Perhaps my eyes may never greet thee again! Well—good fortune shine on thee—happy be thy lot, dear land!

The plain of Santiago looked like a flat brown trough. Yet, what life, what anxieties, what joy,

what woe, what hopes, fears, disappointments, surprises, are passing in that little spot. Perhaps at this instant some are watching, wishing for a relation to die, that they may clutch his gold. There a father awaits in agonized suspense the birth of an heir; there a husband feels his soul die within him, as he listens to the death-gasp of his tender wife; there a wife can scarce tend with patience the last struggle of her hated mate; there the rogue skulks along, consciencestricken; there the honest man is paralysed beneath unmerited neglect! Yet all this seemed to me smaller than the grub struggling by my side.

“Oft has it been my lot to tread
Where safety more than pleasure led;
Thus, many a waste I’ve wandered o’er,
Climbed many a crag, crossed many a moor;
But, by my halidome!
A scene so rude, so wild as this,
Yet so sublime in barrenness,
Ne’er did my wandering footsteps press,
Where’er I happ’d to roam.”

As thus I sat above the world, a condor soared far, far above me. He, too, although now his mighty wings outstrip thought, will fall and die. Ay, and thou, too, old hoary-head—hard as thou art, and unshaken by tempest or storm—thou, too,

shalt be swept away as easily as I, or as the frailest flower! Our dusts may yet mingle, and supply materials for new worlds, for new beings, new objects for love, for hate, for revenge, for adoration! But I came here to shoot, and not to moralize; and if I go on much longer, we shall not get home to-night. Doubtless guanaca there are, but here there are none: the sun writes "good night!" in red letters and glowing tints on the snow, and a vision of a hut and a feed makes me start on my legs and prepare to return. If ascending had hurt my front and torn my knees, the other side of me had nothing to boast of when I reached the bottom and my people.

As we returned along the track we had passed in the morning, we observed that it had been trodden by a puma since we left it. He had trod in our horse's very marks, and from his broad footprints Andres pronounced him a very large one. The hut seemed a palace, as, after changing my wet and torn clothes, I threw myself on the camp-bed to *descansar*. What an expressive word that is! "to untire one's-self," if such a coining is allowable, seems to me the nearest translation of it. In Chilian travel it is apt to become too familiar an expression, as the guides and natives seem to think

it necessary every few minutes. This plan of always resting quietly for some twenty minutes after severe exercise, before eating, I learned from the North American Indians and trappers: it is one I strongly recommend; it dissipates the excitement of fatigue, cools the blood, and prevents that disagreeable feeling of repletion, so common after a full and hurried meal. The evening passed in reading, and in listening to Leon's guitar: it was a mournful strain the old man played; he had not recovered the effects of his late danger. We heard the wind like distant thunder, though near us all was calm and bright. We heard, too, the cry of the puma, but the native dogs dared not hunt him, and by their refusal to follow, seemed aware what foe it was we sought; with my own dog I hunted till nearly dawn, but without success. As Leon predicted fine weather, I resolved to hunt one day more; spite, therefore, of our nocturnal toil we started early, and again went through the fatigues of yesterday. We found a dead, frozen calf; Andres said it had probably been brought there by the puma the night before: the dogs soon finished what he had left.

The roads were now improved, and peon, horses, and dogs, seemed anxious to eclipse on this last,

the feats of all former days. The part of the mountains we were traversing was more rounded even than usual: in fact, they were little more than snow-plains, the snow having filled up the gorges. John, horse and all, disappeared down one drift, and it required all Andres' skill and spurs to lasso and haul him up: he wisely caught the horse, and while the man clung to the bridle, he spurred away, and both soon re-appeared above the earth. Dis-mounting soon after this, I tracked the guanacas, but never approached within a mile of them, as they darted off over the frozen snow, far beyond all reach. In spring, when the lower snows are melting, and they are cumbered with their young, they fall an easy prey. Large parties meet and drive them; they take to the snow, which not being able to bear their pointed toes, sinks under them. They flounder in, then dogs, lassoes, and balas put an end to their career. I saw great numbers of the small blue fox, and flocks of the mountain partridge; and from a gorge I observed, for the first time, the Peak of Tupungato: it is fifteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, and the point I stood on might be from nine to ten thousand.

I passed a beautiful fall, a perfect basin, on the

side of which a crack let down the water: icicles hung like stalactites all around, while its bed below, where it fell warm and sheltered, was clothed with verdure. We saw some men at work on a distant mountain side, and I proposed a walk to see who and what they were: they seemed to be building a hut. Andres objected, saying, "I see eleven, and there may be more; do not go, señor."—"Why?"—"All are not honest in the mountains," he replied.—"But they cannot hurt us; we never injured them."—"That does not signify; they do not like others to see them work." We mounted, and galloped on; the stones dashing from our paths, warned us to take heed to our footsteps. As we rounded the well-known hill, the cheering smoke of our hut wreathed welcomes; the scent of the expected meal almost greeted us: beef and tongue, toast and butter, tea, warmth, comfort, rest, books, pipes, everything. We approached the spot — what! yes: I have rubbed my eyes — it is true. No: no deception! My hut, my all is burnt — burnt to ashes! The object of my pleasant vision lay a glowing, smouldering heap between the four uprights that had supported the hut. Danger, hunger, all were forgotten. I dashed off my horse, and was among the ruins in a second: all, all, gone! The

boy who had replaced Manuel lay on his back, near. With my loading rod I gave him a tremendous cut, and he sprang to his knees to beg for mercy. In my rage I could have killed him, and I flew at him to do my worst; but the dogs yelled, and one of them fixing on my leg, caused me to pause. My fury met a meet reward; the dogs had eaten a plate of toast, and upset the tea-kettle, sole relics of our expected feast. The fellow, while Leon was away with the horses, had got drunk—and this was the result. A few things we rescued from the flames, at the expense of our hands and clothes. Here was a climax! Night coming on, high up beyond the reach of man's help, I stood, destitute of everything—not even a jacket had I. Trowsers and shoes burned, hands singed, with a twelve hours' appetite upon me.

“Well, it is *Kismet*; let me sit and smoke while I arrange some plan.” Lo! my loss is brought home to me in its full force—all my cigars are there amidst that glowing heap. “Well, what time is it? we may reach the plains yet. Alas; my time is burnt out! My watch, too, is there. Hollo, Leon, come quick, saddle El Negro.” A shrug was the answer, as he pointed to the all-devouring fire. “Well, come, put a pillion on him, and give me my

spurs." Another shrug made me jump up. "By Jove! I will not pay you one maravedi if you don't work;" and my temper gave way, as I remembered that all my money was there too. I stood penniless, shiftless (nautical term for change of clothes), all-less, in the world. Consolation in drink was denied me, as that had fed the flames. At last, with a lasso for a bridle, and a bare back for a saddle, El Negro stood caparisoned; and after a diligent search my spurs were raked out, and fixed all hot to my heels. Among the many things I lost, none would have been more regretted than these spurs. They were a gift long ago from my dear friend the author of the "Crescent and the Cross:" one under whose instructions I first learned to admire and remark, whose footsteps I humbly followed in the East, and the recollection of whose friendship and kindness has been a source of pride to me ever since, whose memory I yet bear with me, and whose greeting I yearn for amidst my wishes and hopes of home.

As no better materials for smoking were to be got, my cane loading-rod was cut up, and equitably divided amongst us. Andres and John agreed to await daylight, and then hunt among the embers, which would by that time be cool, for such fragments of my property as remained. Leon, who

seemed to think evil fortune attended me, was impatient to depart; so mounting we bade adieu to the scene of our fun, our dangers, and my loss. The quiet moon soon restored my temper; philosophy came to my aid, and I exclaimed with Epictetus, "Be exempt from grief, not, like irrational creatures, from insensibility, nor, like fools, from inconsiderateness; but like a man of virtue, making reason the remedy for grief." Or, from the same author: "They who are well instructed, like those who are exercised in the palestra, if they happen to fall, quickly and dexterously arise from misfortunes." Again: "We ought to call in reason, like a good physician, to our assistance in misfortunes." In short, endless sayings recurred to me, and were no doubt very true in the abstract, but they would not supply me with breeches and a coat. One of my favourite theories was partially upset; it is, that nothing is lost out of the world. Well, fire after all only changes the form, and perhaps it may be my property in the form of a cloud that now, hovering over me, and keeping off the sun, makes me fancy England such a dark, leaden-skied country. So, really, nothing is lost. If A. loses money at play, B., or somebody better, wins it: one drops his purse in the road, and curses his ill-luck; another picks it up, and

blesses his stars. A man loses a bank-note, his neighbour finds it, or the banker is a dead gainer. The fall that ruins Tom, makes Dick a rich man. Losing one's temper is so foolish — it is better to count ten, and find it again. In such meditations I rattled along, too hungry to pick my road, and a fall more or less seemed little in addition to the day's work. One conviction came home to me most keenly, viz., the cruelty of working a horse till he is low in flesh, and I resolved if my leather lasted till I got home never to do it again. El Negro, with his sharp back-bone, took off my very flesh, as if in revenge. It was late, and Leon had left me for his own home, away to the northward, when I reached a hut, the inmates of which had long retired to rest. My lusty calls, however, aroused a sulky man, and his abusive wife, who animadverted considerably on the fact that honest folk rarely wandered about at that time of night; but I was too hungry to be easily put off. A threat that I would heave the man's saddle on the hearth lighted the fire; and the light displaying my appearance, half-naked, burnt, unshaven, and my face all black from the conflagration, put victuals on the table. The man modestly said, he must be paid; and his daughter said, she was sure such a cavaliero would pay

well: so, as food must be had, I threw half-a-dozen balls on the table, and pronounced them my payment. If this had been a talisman, or my sailor's hat Aladdin's lamp, and my unwilling host the geni, it could not have acted more potently: I ate my meal, drank my fill, and departed. When, subsequently, I returned and paid the reckoning, they were very grateful: indeed, thinking my good clothes and protestations of honesty a feint, they would not at first receive any recompense, fearing another visit, perhaps, and fresh contributions on their larder, in my former character.

It was late the following evening when I entered the city, and slunk to my lodgings, and to bed: what a change! where were all the ornaments of my room, my arms, accoutrements, books. In vain I flung open drawers and boxes in search of clothes—nothing remained for me but bed and patience till the dilatory tradesmen had re-equipped me. For once I appeared in the newest fashions. Assistance was sent to my absent menials, who arrived soon afterwards with a mass of heavy stuff—all that remained of my worldly wealth, journals, maps, books, plate, clothes,—all are in that cloud—if anywhere. A gentleman of the Jewish persuasion purchased the mass, and as he always bowed to

the ground when I met him afterwards, I conclude he did not lose by the bargain.

The morning after I got home, on turning in my bed, the first things that met my eye were a pair of burnt trowsers and fried boots. I should have turned from them in disgust, but remembering they were all I possessed in the world, I put them into a trunk, and resolved to keep them for the inspection of the curious. If ever I rise to fortune they will serve to remind me of my day of utter destitution when they and I stood together alone in the world.

Much of my loquacity was gone on my return into society, and though, like the fox who lost his tail, I maintained it was capital fun, and such sporting! still I felt by no means inclined to enter into particulars. Each day something occurred to remind me of my loss; and it is only now, after time has obliterated the marks, that I can quote my old friend and adviser Epictetus, and say, "As it is pleasant to view the sea from the shore, so it is pleasant to one who has escaped to remember his past labours."—"He is a man of sense who does not grieve for what he hath not, but rejoiceth in what he hath."

CHAPTER XII.

SOCIETY IN SANTIAGO.

INTRODUCTIONS.—THE VISIT.—NEGLECTED EDUCATION.—PROFESSIONS.—MANNERS — LANGUAGE.— THE “SEASON.”— DOMESTIC HABIT.— THE WOMEN.— MARRIAGES.— LARGE FAMILIES.—SERVANTS.—EQUIPAGES.—THE BALL.—THE FAIR PARTNER.— THE LOVERS.— THE DANCES.—COMPLIMENTS.—VISITING.— EARTHQUAKE.— ANOTHER SHOCK.—NAME-DAYS.—SLANDER.—MARKETING.— PETS.— TAME GUANACA.— DIFFICULT TO TRANSPORT.— DISCORD IN THE FAMILY.—RELIGIOUS PROCESSION.—FIRES.—MEMENTOS TO MARTYRS.

“Tus falsas caricias q'en un tiempo crie
 Y as otra las goza ay tuti, ay di mi !
 Tus falsas caricias en un tiempo crie
 Mas desengañado me alego de ti.”

My near connexion with the Consul-General, who had been resident in Chili many years, procured me ready introductions; not, perhaps, that these are difficult to obtain, but with the Chilians, as with other people, much depends on the introducer, —during the first part of the acquaintance, at least. With mine I was at once admitted to the intimacy, and shared the friendships his numerous good and popular qualities had engendered; and I was already *ami de maison* in many families, before I knew half

their names. At first they usually show much formality, and only unbend when the individual is considered worthy. In one instance, having long wished for an introduction to one of the families, who, wedded to their own customs, keep aloof from general society, after much trying I was compelled to have recourse to a man whose introduction was not likely to create a prejudice in my favour. The attraction of a pair of lustrous black eyes, however, induced me to disregard this circumstance; I presented my letter, and was ushered into a large and richly-furnished room, where on a sofa sat a lady who received me with more than Castilian *hauteur*. She welcomed me kindly, notwithstanding, as I pleaded my ignorance of Spanish as an excuse for prolonged compliments or conversation. Her daughters were soon introduced, and they ranged themselves on chairs at right angles to the sofa opposite me. Of course, after I had made my bow, and again taken my seat, my only resource was to rattle on small talk in an unembarrassed style; and yet I felt that my every motion was being observed — trembled lest aught was wrong, and in reality quailed before the flashing artillery. It was serious work, and on my exit I could but pray, that they might not think as meanly of my

first performance as I did myself. When I knew them better, and indeed, all their country people, I found there was little to fear: their good hearts overlooked all errors; their innocence saw no faults in others, their kindness forbore to criticise, when the door had closed behind the guest.

The old Spanish government, I suppose, were anxious to discourage all sorts of learning, for the elderly ladies have had little, if any, education: they are, however, chatty and agreeable. Now, a system of education is pursued much the same as in England, and the rising generation bid fair to rival their sisters of the Old World in talents, as in charms. The early introduction of young ladies into society, nevertheless, renders the completeness of their education very much a matter of option with themselves. In fact, from very girlhood they are out; before they go to school they share the meals, society, and amusements of the rest of the family. Leaving school with their education nominally finished at fourteen, they are then marriageable, and enjoy all the privileges of young ladies of seventeen in other lands: they are, however, generally well informed; or, if not, their grace, liveliness, and sparkling manners, cover all want of more solid knowledge. They generally excel in

music, and sing well. French is spoken by them with much purity, and some even converse in our harsh, unmelodious language.

The boys, of course, are kept more strictly, and remain at college, instead of sharing with their sisters the indulgences of home. Republican youths do not go to school, nor endure flagellation: it often occurred to me, however, that Solomon's proverb was very true, and that less pride and more birch would have produced better results. On quitting college they enter into some profession—all callings are professions here, and if a youth enters as a haberdasher's boy it is said to be his *destino*.

Much prejudice prevails in Chili against what with us are considered the best professions. It is a common remark that the army is no *destino para caballero*. The church seems in no better repute; the law and trade have most votaries. Perhaps the secret is that in professions where interest can promote, and merit is a mere secondary consideration; those who can command interest dash through all grades till snugly seated at the top; while with the rest, it is sadly unrewarded uphill toil.

Male society, I should pronounce, on the whole, bad: their fashionables adopt French dress and

French frivolity, united with much of that *brusquerie* of manner and slang supercilious style which distinguishes our own tigers of fashion. For the women, put every soft epithet and all gentle expressions together, and such is their description. As a people, perhaps they can hardly be called handsome: all have splendid hair and magnificent black eyes, and little beauty besides; but there are glorious exceptions, which lead one to believe Eves could tempt here with as much success as in the Paradise of the old world. The language spoken is hardly a pure Spanish, many Indian words and phrases have gradually crept into it; and a fashion much to be regretted prevails of clipping it, or rather omitting to pronounce it in that clear grandiloquent style so peculiarly Spanish. Much of the pretty lisp has been lost in this its far-off home. To me, a Spaniard always seems to speak in circles; there are no sharp edges in his tones; each word is rounded and finished before the next is uttered. A Chilian, on the contrary, speaks quickly and in a high key. The college at Santiago, following the example of that of Madrid, is reforming the tongue and expunging all words of modern or unclassical coinage: this will reduce it to its former purity.

Of late years, owing to the increased intercourse with Europe, manners have undergone a great change; and most families conform nearly to the customs and usages of European continental nations. Formerly they dressed in full costume to pay a morning visit, and walked or drove out of an evening in satin shoes and diamonds. Now their dress on these occasions is like that of our own fair countrywomen, and, except that they appear in black gowns and mantillas at mass, and, on account of their large heads of hair, never wear bonnets, the eye can detect no difference.

As most of the wealthy families possess fine town houses, they repair to Santiago about April or May: by that time the master of the house has finished his farming for the winter, and so done his business for the season. The country then is no longer pleasant; it has put off its summer dress, and rain, frost, cold, and damp have succeeded to sunshine and warmth. They rise early, and breakfast at ten or eleven: as they have then been up some hours, this is no light meal, but a regular set-to at meats and good things of all sorts. Afterwards they receive visitors, who retire about one, when the family lunch or dine. The meal is solid and soon over, for little wine or spirits are consumed, and all

rise from table together. Some dine later, but none after four. They then ride or walk: the cold of winter, however, frequently causes them to prefer to the fresh air the brasero, which is sadly detrimental to their complexions. The brasero is a circular pan of brass or silver, which fits into a broad wooden frame. The most noxious part of the charcoal is thoroughly removed by burning before it is brought into the room: I am convinced of this, as I slept for some months with one in my bed-room, and no evil consequences resulted. Over the brasero is sometimes placed a large basket, so that, on entering a room, nothing is seen of it till the lady draws back from what she and her gown had completely enveloped. Much artificial warmth is needed, for the temperature during the winter is intense, penetrating cold, and Chilian houses are better adapted for summer than winter residences. The carpenters do not seem to study close fits for windows and doors. A strong prejudice exists against fire-places and chimneys, and though some have them, the fashion is by no means a favourite one. The men, who are unable to sit near the brasero, keep their cloaks on. In the evening all dress, and either visit their neighbours or receive visits. Tea and cakes are brought in

at eleven, and, by retiring early, everybody is enabled to rise betimes on the following morning.

The mothers always act as governesses to their daughters, and for want, as they truly observe, of servants in whom they can confide, prefer to have their children constantly with them. They seem of quiet and sedate natures, quite satisfied to sit still in the presence of visitors, never romping or being troublesome. The women, thus early introduced into society, generally marry very young; though, as education becomes of more importance, early marriage is less frequent, and parents now seldom permit it before the age of fifteen or sixteen. Formerly a girl at fourteen was thought a little *passée*; and eleven was not an uncommon age to assume the serious responsibilities of the married state. The ill effects of such early marriages were apparent: a child herself, the wife became a mother; and a case occurs to me now, of a very old-looking woman, who had numbered but five-and-twenty years, and had borne eleven children. During my stay, however, I never could discover when those enamoured of each other made love. In society the men all stuck together, and the women herded according to their ages or tastes in other parts of the room. At other times the unmarried girls are

much too closely watched to be easily wooed. Like other things, however, which bolts and bars are powerless to resist, I suppose it is done. Most marriages are wisely left to the arrangement of the parents: wisely, I say; for then, at all events, the couple can, if ill-matched, console themselves by the reflection that it was no doing of theirs. Money seems seldom an obstacle, for all can gain it if they will but toil. The young couple are married, and a ball—at which they are forced to attend—concludes the evening. The following morning commonly sees the man at his accustomed employment; and no retirement from the world seems wished for.

I once was present at one of these wedding-balls, and at rather a late hour was preparing to retire, when I was caught and pressed with earnest importunity to remain by the bridegroom, who engaged me to dance with the partner of his choice. On looking at her, as I bowed my acceptance of the proffered honour, I could readily conceive his offers were sincere, and cost him little. The young couple generally continue to live in the family of the bride till death breaks up the household; so that one house often contains several generations. The families are very large, each often including

twenty or thirty children—never less than seven or eight; and the property, save in cases to be described hereafter, is equally divided among them. It is customary to accuse this people of immorality; from my own experience I should deny the justice of the imputation: men spoke of their great success among the fair, how none could resist their charms: for my own part, I saw none of it, and

“ Let us speak of a race as we find them,
And censure alone what we see ;
Should any one blame, let's remind them
That from faults we are none of us free.”

In all societies there are some frail, some bad; but generally, when the husband treated the wife well, he had nothing to complain of; and truly the women seemed most enduring, having to submit to the long absences of their mates, who, immersed in business, seldom lightened the domestic toils, or shared the joys of home. The Englishmen who have married natives, seem rarely to repent the step; and as the wife, from her extreme youthfulness, is easily induced to conform to his habits and manners, their lot seems almost enviable. Living is far from expensive, and though there are many families with rent-rolls of twenty thousand pounds a-year, they live in great splendour, and

seldom spend more than three thousand. Their carriages and equipages are of the latest fashion, and though an old Spanish calash may be seen jogging along, it is looked on by the natives themselves as a curiosity.

The servants seem the worst part of the establishment: the women are dirty and slatternly to a degree, and their employers complain that no trust or reliance can be placed in them. That better class who perform the many and responsible duties of upper servants with us, is unknown. It is usual to make a contract, whereby the major-domo is bound to provide food for a certain number daily, at so much a head. The men seem a degree better than the women-servants, though their notions of republican dignity will by no means allow of their wearing livery: they are, apparently, willing and faithful, entering, when alone with their masters, freely into conversation, giving their opinion, yet never transgressing or becoming annoyingly familiar. Having a taste for antiquities, I used to hire one of the old-fashioned calashes on rainy days: the postilion who drove, on being urged to greater speed, would quietly turn his head, and as he held a large umbrella with one hand, take his cigar from his mouth with the other, saying, "Wait a little, señor,

I shall soon have done." Some families wishing to imitate foreigners, put their servants in livery: this entails much higher wages, as they require to be well paid to induce them to bear such humiliation. Foreigners or ragamuffins are frequently employed, as, having less pride, they are willing to wear a good coat, without extra pay: I well remember a family engaging a seaman, who had deserted from our ship, in the capacity of a coachman, merely on his own assertion, and the legendary idea that all Englishmen could drive. Drive he did, but mistook his road, and lodged them in the river, instead of at the door of the opera. I subsequently spoiled a small matrimonial speculation of this man's, which he was about to enter upon, forgetful of a tender wife and offspring (from their complexion decidedly his) whom he had left in England. He was a negro, English bred. The wages of a good man-servant are about five dollars (one pound) a month, for which he will feed himself.

Santiago is considered healthy, though its climate is very variable. The winter I passed there was a more severe one than had been known for twenty years. It snowed frequently. The vicinity of the snow-covered mountains may be one cause of the cold, as, eighty miles further from them, the climate

is sensibly warmer. During the summer it is oppressively hot, and there is a peculiarly drying-up feeling in the air that is almost insupportable. It was as if sand had been powdered over one, and had suddenly absorbed all the juices of the body. Those huge, unshapely, horrid excrescences, called *goitres*, are very common: they are said to be caused by drinking snow-water: if so, it is a libation whose ill effects man and dog share alike; for many of the poor animals were as grievously afflicted as their masters.

A card of invitation to a party reached me through the civility of a man of whom I had purchased some necessary article or other; the giver belonged to the second-rate set, but being bent on seeing all I could, I willingly accepted it. Besides the card of invitation, there was a second, with a large seal, which, in order to obtain entrance, it was necessary to present at the door. This was to prevent the admission of interlopers, who, considering their society necessary to an evening's amusement, were apt to overlook the neglect of the hostess, and come unasked. After some difficulty I found the house, for as few of the invited came in carriages, there was no rumbling nor noise of wheels to announce the vicinity of the scene of gaiety. The window-

shutters of the reception-rooms were open, and the crowd outside quite equalled the crowd within. The ball was held in several small rooms, opening *en suite*: in the first were men smoking, in the next, ranged in two formidable rows, were seated the female part of the company. He would have been bold indeed who could have broken the line, and ventured to begin a conquest under such disadvantages. My kind friend presently introduced me to a very pretty girl, who expressed her deep sorrow at being engaged, but agreed to dance with me, some such distant dance, that I retired to my corner, and amused myself with looking on. The women were well dressed, pretty, and graceful in their manners, though, except my new acquaintance, none were handsome. I was not long left to my quiet observations: civilities were showered upon me on every side, engagements were postponed in my favour, and with generous kindness all gave way to the stranger guest. The lovely Domatila herself signified her pleasure that I should dance with her, long before the appointed time, and apologized by saying she had not known before that I was a foreigner. Her admirers crowded around us as the quadrille began, and it required gentle admonitions from my shoulders to gain permission to re-

tain my post of honour near the fair one's side. She seemed quite accustomed to this homage, and parried their remarks with infinite *naïveté*. My moustachioed friend, of whom I had bought the gloves I then wore (in whose rotten form there was a rent I longed to show him), said, "Señor, you are indeed happy, you dance with the prettiest girl in Chili."—"You are fortunate in your country-women," I replied; "I have traversed the whole world, and never saw beauty till now." Then addressing my fair partner, "Where did you buy your gloves?"—"At Manuel's," she replied, "and a hard-hearted man he is."—"Why not come to me?"—"Ay, you are very kind now, but as bad as any when on duty."—"What did you give?"—"Five reals." He turned away, so I suppose had courage to abstain from an offer which his calmer reason would condemn.

The supper was a capital one, and as I was seated next to Domatila, all seemed brilliant and beautiful. Her mother, who throughout the evening had watched her with unceasing vigilance, was now deep in some savoury mess. How great was my happiness, when, all at once, it was cut short by the appearance of a very handsome young fellow. It was wrong to listen, but what could I do?

human nature will prevail. "Domatila, you mock my misery," he said, with a look of real anguish, which evidently she responded to. "You know, Andres, what I told you at mass: my mother forbids our meeting; go away." He went, and she turned to me again; but I felt that all my gold lace and uniform could not efface the parting-look of him who loved her. Soon she was dancing with seeming gaiety the dance the Chilians so exult in, the Spanish country-dance, and in her radiant eye, and look of conscious beauty, no trace of sadness could be seen. Anxious to learn more of her, I entered into conversation with a Frenchman, who seemed a great gun in the party. My curiosity remained unsatisfied; story—if story there was—none knew. My friend was a very amusing fellow: he seemed at home in every language; had visited all countries. At last, as matter of conversation failed, I said, "You know everybody here, do you not?" "Know them? of course: there my shawl," pointing to one worn by a lady near; "there my dress, there my scarf, there my wreath; all over the room my gloves; and there (pointing to our hostess) my head-dress—the only one of the sort from Paris—and that is why I am here."

As the evening grew old, the men became very

much excited; for everywhere, on occasions of gaiety, they seem to depart from their usual abstemiousness: the *revoloso* and *concalu* succeeded quadrilles and polkas; the band contributed the instrumental part, but all the company joined in the song, and beat time with their hands. The dances I have already described; they are the same as those I saw at Valparaiso, but performed with far more grace, and with more elaborate steps.

It was late ere the party broke up; and many put their houses at my disposal, as I bade them adieu. These compliments, as I before observed, of course are without meaning, but still they sound prettily, and if there is no sincerity in the offer, at least the words are harmonious and kind. They extend their generous offers to everything they possess. If on the road you see a horse, and admire it to the rider, with a query, "Is it yours?" "Yes," he replies; "Señor, your horse (alluding to his) is very handsome." When you pay a visit, the house and all it contains is placed at your disposal, and whatever you admire is ever after invariably spoken of as yours.

On the following day, a bouquet I had despatched to Domatila early in the morning, was acknowledged by a visit from her brother. On his

being announced, it must be confessed I glanced uneasily at my pistols, suspecting he might have come to resent my forwardness; but he brought civil messages, and an invitation from his mother to make her house my own. Subsequently I was a frequent, and let me hope not an unwelcome, guest. Of their kindness to me I entertain a lively remembrance, and the image of the fair Domatila is among my most cherished heart-treasures.

Invitations to meals are not common: the usual mode is to drop in of an evening to tea, and retire soon afterwards. The evening is passed in talking or listening to music and singing: if a sufficient number are assembled, they dance; but strict people do not allow their daughters to waltz or dance the polka, thinking that there is too much familiarity in these dances. The ladies always keep at as great a distance from their partners as they possibly can: in fact, in the matter of touch there seems a needless precaution, beyond what the most prudish delicacy requires. No unmarried lady will ever shake hands with a man; and if, when intimate, your importunity prevails, it is always yielded to with a prayer to be forgiven the sin. To touch them, in short, seems a great offence, and luckless the man who attempts to re-

place a shawl or adjust any article of apparel that he sees out of place.

The few who gave dinners, entertained well; the children dined with the family; everything was in abundance — the plate and table equipage unimpeachable.

One of my principal pests in Santiago was a blind beggar-girl, who established herself on the stairs at my inn, and, when I passed, seized me firmly by the legs, and there secured me till I gave her alms. She bestowed these favours equally on all passers-by; so that I could not complain.

Several earthquakes were felt while I was at Santiago. On one occasion, a friend, long resident in Chili, was, for want of other accommodation, sleeping on the sofa in my room. About three in the morning, the house seemed suddenly and violently shaken, as if some mighty power were passing huge rollers under it: the glasses rattled—the pictures trembled on the walls—and as, uncertain what to do, I lay still, my friend exclaimed — “What a dreadful earthquake!” As the undulating motion subsided, I said, “I suppose it is all over now?” “Oh, no!” he answered, turning lazily over; “the worst is to come.” So I lay in a cold sweat for some time, afraid to stay in the house,

yet unwilling to show more fear than my friend. Nor could I compose myself to sleep until the voices of some gay fellows in the street below seemed to promise security. In the morning it was found that no damage had been done; not even the large stone vases on the parapet of our hotel moved.

Some time after, when I had become more accustomed to the earthquakes, another severe shock was felt as I was entering my room late at night. The snow lay on the ground, and observing from my window the family opposite making their escape towards the Cañada, in great dishabille, I threw on my cloak to follow them. A companion, who was lodging at the same hotel, and who had already retired to rest, sprang out of bed, and with no other covering than his poncho thrown hastily over his night-clothes, joined me in the street. When the first alarm was over, I gave my cloak to my pretty neighbour, who had left her house singularly short of raiment, and I now called upon my friend to offer the like civility to her mother. But he vigorously resisted all my efforts first to prevail upon him to tender the cloak himself, and next to snatch it away from him; he only wrapped it the more pertinaciously round his person, pre-

ferring the cross names he received to the awkwardness of appearing before our fair neighbours in an improper costume.

None of the earthquakes, during my stay, did any damage: the small shocks—which are barely perceptible—are of weekly occurrence. It is said that the longer a person is resident in the country, the more he is sensible of them, and the greater is his nervousness. Animals are very much terrified; and my dog always seemed to have a pre-science of them, and became restless and noisy if kept in the house.

It is customary here, as in all Roman Catholic countries, to pay visits, and leave cards, on the festival of the saints, which are the name-days of your friends: they do not keep the birth-day. If your acquaintance is large, Carmen will be a day of no small toil to you, as certainly one-fourth of the ladies bear that name. One morning there was a rumour that an unfortunate young girl had been seduced from her home, and had fled to the country with her paramour. The commiseration she received was truly angelic: the unfortunate affair was hardly mentioned in society, or, if alluded to, it was with a softness and regret that did infinite credit to their kind hearts, and showed a fine Chris-

tian feeling. Her fall was lamented as that of a sister, and each, as she sighed over it, breathed a prayer for her pardon from God, and her return from her erring way. The men of her family submitted to it with a resignation that spoke more for their philosophy than their courage. This circumstance brought out what always struck me as one of the most amiable traits in the characters of these women. There seemed no triumphing over the poor fallen one; no springing upon her reputation to tear it to pieces; no innuendos or ill-natured remarks, as if their own good fame could blaze more brightly by the contrast. Nor was the subject of scandal, too often the only one men can talk upon, considered at all amusing; to breathe away a woman's fair fame by a lying report, born in their own foul imagination, would not here establish the reputation of a man as so clever—so agreeable! There is one spot, I am glad to say, where honesty and uprightness of character are more appreciated than scandal and doubtful stories.

Saturday night is the grand marketing time among the lower classes at Santiago, who flock in on horseback from all the adjacent parts of the country. Sometimes the woman is seated behind her husband, on her praying-rug; sometimes on a

pillion, with a horse to herself; always neatly dressed, with a gay shawl and massive ear-rings, the long black hair hanging in two plaits down her back, a black beaver hat on her head, and a merry, happy face beneath it. As evening comes on, they repair to the Grand Plaza to make their purchases; and as every vendor carries a lanthorn, the scene is a very pretty and animated one. Furniture and shoes seem to be the articles in greatest abundance. As it grows later the song and the guitar resound from all quarters.

It is not many years that homicide has been a capital offence. Until 1838, if a man could prove he was drunk when he gave the fatal blow, no punishment was awarded to him. On feast-days there were generally one or more murders in every town; for as each man carried a knife, they were ready to settle their quarrels on the spot. Now the carrying a knife is forbidden by law; yet all do it. On the rejoicings which took place when Pinto was proclaimed President, one hundred and thirty men were butchered in these savage fights in Santiago alone.

Much of my time was spent with a very agreeable Irish merchant, who resided in a comfortable quinta just outside the town; he was un-

married, and led a pleasant, jolly life. On one occasion I arrived very late, or rather early, at his house, in company with his brother Fred., who rode a black horse of mine, and being unable to find any of the servants up, we removed the saddles ourselves, and left our beasts to their will in the garden. Just as my first sleep was over, there was a loud cry that the guest's black horse had fallen into the well ; and my friend from his bed-room window, looking down upon the spot, exclaimed, "Well, if he has, the water is mighty purifying ; or may be it is the effect of fright, for he is as white as a clean shirt." And sure enough there was a poor wretch of a white horse swimming about. He had been attracted by the smell of water, and had trodden on the rotten planking, which gave way under him. The peons, in their efforts to save, killed him.

During my long stay at Santiago, where I was awaiting for six months the arrival of the vessel to which I had been appointed, a very valuable collection of pets had been added to my household. The largest, and the favourite, was a female guanaca, full grown, but as tame as a dog. We used to breakfast together most amicably ; and it would follow me wherever I went. As it trotted after

me in the streets it spat furiously at any strangers who interrupted its march, and would with a kick send off the dogs, of whom it seemed nowise afraid. Its ire was always excited when my way led through the suburbs; for all the old women used to rush at it, and tear a small bit of fur from its coat, which they told me was invaluable for medicinal purposes. I was, in the end, obliged to tie her up at home, so much was her beauty impaired by these thefts. The guanaca is the *Camelus humanacus* of Linnæus, a species of llama. One of the old Spanish authors describes it as having the body of a camel, the legs of a stag, the tail of a horse, and the head and ears of a mule. The description is hardly a just one, as on the whole it is really a graceful animal. It is about the size of a fallow-deer; its body, neck, and head resemble a camel's, save that it has no hump. It has the same carriage of the head, and the same patient look as the camel; but the eye for size and beauty might vie with that of the poet-praised gazelle. The legs are similar to those of the stag; the foot broader, divided in two parts, and soft and spongy. This seems strange, as the animal inhabits principally the high rocky peaks of the Andes. The fur, which is thick, and very valuable, forms the chief article

of dress among the Patagonians. No guanaca has ever yet, I believe, reached England in safety; mine, in spite of every care, died on the passage homeward. I should hardly think, however, that it was for want of the herb which forms the chief sustenance of these animals in their native mountains, and without which, many say, they cannot live; for poor Milli had been caught when quite young, and suckled by a cow, and afterwards kept in a garden in Santiago, till given to me. When attacked, they defend themselves with their fore-legs, at the same time spitting furiously. There seemed, however, no venom in what was emitted: if her mouth was full, she would spirt the contents over her enemies to a great distance. She ate anything. Sugar and tea were her delight; and unripe peaches would tempt her any distance.

I had also a parrot, who must have been hated of all masters, for the servants and boys forgot their errands as they loitered under the window, listening to its discourse. It was the wonder and terror of all little children, from the perfection with which it imitated their crying. Even here, in England, this land of wonders, she has consorted with her fellows, who belong to royalty, and is allowed among them to be surpassing wise. Not foolishly

elated by her high companionship, she cries away as merrily as ever.

Third among my favourites was a dog, one of the beautiful small Peruvian breed, covered with long white hair, glossy and fine as silk; very much like those which are so much prized, and said to be peculiar to Malta. There is another sort, also, one of which is generally found in every house—the pig-dog of Peru, an animal of a peculiarly beautiful form, much resembling the Italian greyhound, and of about the same size; its skin is, however, of a dingy black, and it is totally devoid of hair. They are kept because all firmly believe that if a person is dying of a fever, and one of these dogs is put into the bed with him, the fever enters into the animal, and the human patient recovers. The poor beast must do the best he can, and recover or die, as chance or his own constitution arranges it.

A large owl with ears was subsequently added to my family, to catch the mice, whose taste for literature led them to devour my books. These were obliging little animals; for when the owl was hungry, and tapped at the entrance of their holes, out they came to be caught. One night I was awakened by such a confusion of noises as convinced

me that my subjects had quarrelled among themselves. Having procured a light, I discovered the owl satisfying his hunger on a poor tame rabbit; and the parrot, with fits of hysterical laughter, having bit her way into my hat through the crown, began sobbing and crying at her security.

For many days the image of Saint Peter had been ready dressed in the cathedral for an excursion, and at last, on his festival day, forth he came in full costume, nodding his head most condescendingly on his votaries (it went on wires, so had a curious motion, much at variance with his sacred character); he was borne on men's shoulders on a platform, preceded by priests scattering incense, and accompanied by several detachments of soldiers. In default of other employment, the soldiers perform a prominent part in every procession, or line the streets through which it passes. At the corners of the streets altars had been temporarily erected, before which the figure halted while mass was performed. Small children, chosen for their beauty, and dressed to represent angels, stood on either side of the altar. Wherever the procession passed, all knelt reverently down,* and uncovered; and

* The crowd always insisted on a compliance with this ceremony, but it was done with good-humour and pity for

when the image returned to its quiet niche, mass was again celebrated in the cathedral before a large assemblage of people. Females always bring with them a carpet to kneel upon. These carpets are small and handsome; they are manufactured in the country, and are often of much value.

Much arbitrary authority, spite of all their boasted freedom, is exercised, I find, by those in command. On one occasion there was an awful fire in the plaza, and the troops were marched in, and drove away not only the unconcerned spectators, but those whose houses were actually in flames, who were watching their own property. A gentleman brought up sixty peons from his country-place, about a league off: these set to work in truly savage style. Here a fellow lassoed a burning beam, and spurred off, seemingly quite confident of pulling the house down. Many seized whole rows of books, and, rushing into the streets, dropped them safely in the mud. The contents of a chemist's shop suffered severely from this rough mode of removal.

In some of the by-parts of the suburbs lighted tapers are seen burning in the night, in rows. These are put to mark the spot where heroes have suffered one's ignorance, rather than contempt for one's stiff-necked unbelief.

fered martyrdom; so say the fond and admiring friends who keep up this tribute to their memory. Had Chili a Newgate Calendar you would find these heroes entered high in that peerage—princes, among roguish villains—such different optics do different parties see through!

“The wind, señor,” said a fellow to me, as I passed, “sighs mournfully, as you hear, but it never extinguishes the light that burns over the brave.” “Bravo,” he should have said; perhaps my listless ears did not catch the full sound.

CHAPTER XIII.

PITAMA RODEO.

UNWILLING START.—ENGLISH CHARACTER OF THE SCENERY.—MARKING THE CATTLE.—THE REVUELTA.—REMINISCENCES.—HORSE-BREAKING.—VALPARAISO. ABSENCE OF ROMANCE.—EXCURSION TO QUILLOTA.—THE DESTROYERS OF REST.—TRAVELLING COMPANION.—APPROACH TO QUILLOTA.—FRUIT DIET.—WINE-MAKING.—DOUBLE OFFENCE.—LORD COCHRANE'S ADMIRER.—GOLD-WASHERS.—LAWS OF DISCOVERY.—THE QUILLOTANS.—HOW GOVERNED.—ILL-ASSORTED MARRIAGE.—PRODUCE.—STRANGE ANIMAL.—PROMENADES.—TROOPS.—VALUE OF LAND.—INDIANS.—RETURN TO VALPARAISO.—SAN FELIPPE.—RAIN.—WET JOURNEY.—A MISTAKE.—THE SALTA DE AGUA.—MOUNTAIN SCENERY.—THE PASEO.—THE WELL-DRESSED MAN.—HIS TOILETTE.—THE ARMY.—THE NAVY.—POINTS OF LAW.—MINES.—MANUFACTURES.—VALUE OF LAND.—EDUCATION AT SANTIAGO.—NATIONAL AMUSEMENTS.—ORDERS TO REJOIN THE "COLLINGWOOD."—DÉPARTURE.

Trees, gracious trees ! how rich a gift ye are,
 Crown of the earth ! to human hearts and eyes !
 How doth the thought of home, in lands afar,
 Link'd with your forms and kindly whisperings rise !

MRS. HEMANS.

THERE are few things for which we toil so hard as pleasure: the exertions we constantly make in pursuit of it would, if rightly directed, accomplish almost any end. Yet for mere pleasure, how eagerly we labour, for a useful purpose how languidly ! And even the amusement, when we come seriously to analyse it—is it pleasure ? Often—oh, how often !—no ! Such were, in part, my drowsy reflections, as at

half-past five, on a cold morning, my servant called me. There was no daylight, so at first I felt inclined to dispute the hour; then came wonder how my tongue could ever have expatiated with fluency on this very excursion, and insisted on the necessity of an early start. Had it been but the disappointing of dear expecting friends, the message, "I am unwell, and feel afraid I shall be unable to go," would have been sent, and I should have turned my back to mankind, and sunk into a sleep doubly sweet, because a stolen one. But, unfortunately, it was an admiral, and my own chief, who was expecting me, so there was nothing for it but to get up, and wonder at what hour he rose in his youth, if this was the style of his declining years. After a hurried cup of coffee, we mounted in a fog, so thick that it half resisted the outstretched arm, and then cantered after a figure, which, like a spectre of the mist, rode dimly before us as our guide.

We were staying at Casa Blanca, and were now on our way to a beautiful estate, called Pitama, some twelve miles distant, to see the marking of the young cattle. Much of the landscape was not at first visible, until the sun dispelled the fog, and shining out brightly, we found ourselves riding through beautiful park-like scenery, prettily thrown about in hill and dale, well wooded, and coolly

watered. On the far distant hills swarms, like ants, were converging to one common centre, whither, as straight as the ground would allow, our guide, who now showed out as a fine wild-looking peon, led us. We were on a small plain in the centre of the property, and had a house occupied the site of the large enclosure we were approaching, we might easily have believed ourselves in one of England's prettiest parks. The enclosure was a large *coral*, fenced in, and subdivided into four divisions, one of which occupied nearly half the space. Into this larger division were soon driven all the cattle from the estate. They entered quietly enough, and the active peons, of whom there were a great number, separated those they wanted from the herd with great dexterity. The ceremony of marking them does not deserve description. There was the usual amount of skill shown in the use of the lasso, and it was curious to see the perfect training of the horses. When the lasso was fast, and, extended at full length, kept the bull down by the help of another lasso, in exactly an opposite direction, the horsemen dismounted, leaving the horses with the lassoes attached at the two extremes. The horses never allowed it to slacken, and each effort of the bull to regain his legs was frustrated by their watchfulness. Sometimes an

animal is held by only one lasso, yet the peons have such confidence in their horses, that they fearlessly approach in an opposite direction, the horse keeping the animal from his master whenever he rushes towards him. In fact, the training is admirable, though the poor horses undergo a most cruel novitiate; they are also taught to stand alone, and when the rein is thrown down before them on the ground will remain for hours without straying in the least. Of course many of their feats are owing to the immense power of the huge bit, which admits of no resistance. On one occasion during our stay, a man in the garden of the Conventilia, at Santiago, was performing the *revuelta*, which consists in galloping a horse at full speed against a wall or precipice, without in the least slacking his speed, till within a couple of feet of it, and then he is pivoted round on his hind legs and remains with his back against the wall. On the occasion in question, however, by some mistake, the horse, not being checked, dashed his head to pieces against the wall, not much to the gratification of the ladies, who were spectators of the accident. The feat is often done, however, without injury, and I only mention this to show the perfect reliance of the horse on the guidance of his master.

We saw some English cows, valued very highly by

the owner of the estate, a fine old Scotchman,—who, upon all the high principle and honesty of a Scotchman had, during his long residence in Chili, engrafted the simple manners and kindness of the native.—He had likewise imported Merino sheep, and the value of their rich fleeces already begins to be fully understood. After the young cattle had been duly operated upon, we rode to a beautiful knoll to breakfast. A tablecloth was spread on the ground in the shade, and a sheep that had been roasted whole figured in the centre. The spot was chosen because it was the same which the kind family of the admiral had selected on a former occasion when we were far away. Now they were absent, and we were alone in the bright spot rendered brighter still by the reminiscence of them. For bright as is the far west, and delightful on the whole as our sojourn was, much of our pleasure was derived from their unvarying kindness and familiar goodness. Dear friends, we are now parted, never perhaps to wander together again; but, believe me, my recollections of the West are heightened much by the light your kindness threw upon the picture.

“These records take, and happy should I be,
Were but the gift a meet return to thee,
For kindnesses that never ceased to flow,
And prompt self-sacrifice, from which we owe
Much more than any heart but mine can know.”

The next *funcion* to be seen was the mounting of a horse for the first time. It was a fine young brown gelding, of about four years old, and had never been bitted, hardly even touched before. His neck was lassoed, and each leg soon secured, so there he stood trembling and quivering in every joint: a poncho was put over his eyes, the saddle was placed on his back; and as each portion is put on separately this is a work of some time: he once or twice sank to the ground in pure fright while it was being done. At last, however, all was completed, and the most unpleasant bit he had ever tasted was put into his mouth. A young fellow, with old spurs, was put on his back, and every lasso being shaken off he was left to his own devices. At first he seemed unable, as the Yankees say, to realize his situation; then arching up his back and violently straightening it out, he tried that plan of unseating his rider—finally, sending his heels high up into the air, he went off as hard as he could gallop. We followed at gentler paces, and at last met the rider in a valley at some distance. Never was there such an honest man, for he frankly and at once owned that he had been thrown. The horse, poor fellow, was soon caught again, remounted, and reduced to perfect obedience. The force and meaning of the bit and rein were taught him with

more energy than kindness, and he was ridden home with us as quiet as if he had been trained for months.

The by-road from Pitama to Valparaiso was wild and very pretty, about twenty-five miles in length. Now that it is all retrospect there is much I regret in Valparaiso; its horrible winds, which, go which way one would, were always blowing in one's face, are forgotten: they were desperately disagreeable certainly, and demonstrated that if, all the world over, silver and quicksilver form an amalgam, in Valparaiso dust and wind will do the same. Valparaiso has many counteracting advantages, and the memory dwells with pleasure on the agreeable people into whose houses we might saunter and while away an hour with hearty welcome. The club-room, its tables groaning under papers and periodicals, the opera, the quiet gardens of the Tivoli (when the same dust and its fellow playmate the wind were not there), on the lovely eve rendered yet more lovely by contrast with the oppressive heat of the past day, where under trellised vines you might lounge high up above the town, and without turning your head enjoy an extensive view of hill and town, or, looking seaward, behold the sun sinking in a blaze of crimson glory.—There he goes still West, still West, and he will rise in equal splen-

dour again in our East, where lie our hopes, our island home.

A party was formed to visit Quillota, and I gladly availed myself of their companionship to see this earthly paradise. What Damascus is to the East, Quillota is to the West—at least the Chilians say so. And now would be my time to indulge in pretty rhapsodies—to transfer the praises so lavishly bestowed on the one to the other: but this is no land of romance, these walls have been trod by no cavalier, these rocks have echoed back no cry of chivalry and honour. If zeal and religion led to the East the stern warriors of Europe—the love of gold was the only loadstone here: rapine, cruelty, and oppression marked their path. If chivalry in feeling existed, it must have been in the naked breast of the savage, who fought for his fatherland; not beneath the mailed cuirass of the knightly Spaniard. Courage he had, but that is hardly a virtue; and, if he endured much, great in his estimation was the reward he sought. 'Tis true with one hand he planted the Cross, with his voice proclaimed the mild truth of the meek Saviour, and with one foot trod down the gods of a faith perhaps hardly more idolatrous in its forms than that he taught; but the other hand forgot not to clutch the gold, his countenance forgot not to en-

force the menace, and his foot to trample on all their rights. That gold, the wealth of the native, brought upon him the dread locusts, the Spaniards, who devoured up the land—that gold taken to Spain ruined her, and now she is scarcely ranked as a Power among Europeans. And even now those countries called free, whose people still toil to bring treasures from the bowels of the earth, how little, how very little does it profit them! the ships of far-off England bear it away, the South American toils that our merchants may be princes.

After dancing most furiously at a ball we had given on board to all the rank and fashion of Valparaiso, some officers and myself mounted our horses, and, under a calm, star-filled sky, on a quiet night, that offered a delightful contrast to the gay and noisy scene we had just left, we set off upon our excursion to Quillota. The road even at that hour was life-like with long strings of mules, bringing in copper from the mining districts of Aconcagua and San Felipe; each mule carrying two pigs—about three hundredweight. My single companion—for the rest, spite of much talk, had never appeared—was so much occupied with his own pleasant thoughts that he uttered not a word, except occasionally calling on me for praises of some beauty he had just quitted. I was therefore left

to my ownself, and having no one in particular to think of, I thought of nothing; and so we went silently on, the moon shining, and the stars twinkling, as if they were not at all sleepy, and were quite ready to sit up another night, and be as merry and good-humoured as ever. We were almost sorry to leave them, they looked so companionable and kind; but the lamp must have oil, and men sleep, so we turned into the inn at Viña del Mar, and into the beds our landlord showed us. But, if we had sat up late, others had waited for us, and now set to with zest to their feast. The slaughter I committed on these vile wretches must have been terrible; for I rolled and kicked till the moon had been relieved by the sun, and the stars been put out. The activity of these insects that live at Viña del Mar never tired, and they trumpeted and triumphed about our poor naked bodies when we washed, as if they had not half done with us. A capital breakfast was set before us, but my appetite had rather suffered; so as we mounted I just lighted a cigar, and began to smoke it, for I had heard that kept insects away.

Viña del Mar is the first of a succession of valleys formed by hills running from the lower ranges of the Cordilleras to the sea. A stream runs

through this valley, and it is very fruitful and pretty. After crossing a ridge of hill another and larger valley opens—that of Concon, and then another, and another, till at last a larger and more beautiful than all appears; this is the *Paradiso de Chili*, the beautiful *Quillota*. It is about fifteen miles across, and runs far inland, watered by a broad fine stream, which fertilises the whole plain. The hills—almost cliffs, in parts they are so steep—are marked at different heights as if at some far distant period the water had filled the valley. As they recede from the sea, however, they assume a tamer shape, and are clothed with rich herbage, and covered with cattle. The whole valley is richly cultivated, and a fine broad road, with double rows of poplars on each side, leads to the town. We passed the river at a ford, which was now even deep enough to make us believe all the ugly stories told about it by a pretty *Cantarina*, who had joined us, with her guitar tied on her back. She was really very handsome,—a virtue by no means common among the peasantry of Chili, at least not after a very early age. Her dress was neat and clean,—two other qualities not often found or considered necessary among the same class, who usually forget to tie their gowns, which they have long

forgotten to wash. They put on a smart China-crape shawl, and think themselves all right. Our present companion, on the contrary, was most coquettishly attired, and her long black hair, neatly plaited in two long braids, hung far down her back: on her head she had a black beaver hat, tied beneath her chin; and her energetic way of kicking and exciting her horse was positively delightful. Certainly her ideas were not under strict control; but, then, it is hard to condemn when flashing eyes and pretty faces are to receive sentence; and consider, what advantages had she received? We parted, with many expressions of courtesy from my companion, from whom the fleas seemed to have sucked all remembrance of his last night's flame.

No view is obtained of the town from the road; it is so buried in verdure that the steeples alone show themselves, and the whole town is composed of houses placed in the midst of orchards and vineyards. This we afterwards allowed to be very delightful; but just now, as we were anxious to get out of the noonday sun, and this arrangement made the streets interminably long, the inn being quite at the other end, we may be pardoned our want of taste.

At last we arrived, and immediately set to eat-

ing cool fruit. To get rid of the subject at once, I may as well own I lived on it while I was here, to the no small profit of the landlord, who had agreed to supply us with food at so much per day. Having grown very lazy, I never shot as my companion did, but got up early and took a stroll to the river to bathe. On my return, some kind person was sure to ask me into his garden; and there my appetite for breakfast went: then I read, lounging under the verandah in a huge Guayaquil hammock. Then there was a fruit-luncheon in some other garden: then, just before dinner, more fruit—and so on. In fact, all the other good things said to abound there were lost on me, and I did not find any ill results from my diet; for the fruit was always very ripe and very good, and I smoked, which kept me quiet and cool.

We took possession of a large empty house, to which the landlord of the inn sent all things necessary. It had a delicious garden—delicious to the eye only, for there was no fruit in it. Never was there such a delightful place for being perfectly idle in. The inhabitants wisely abstained from making noises to disturb us; and as there were no books, I used up all the old odds and ends of thoughts I could find in my head, and was as

idly happy as a man could wish to be. Somebody says — “Idleness is the root of all evil.” I deny it : it is only when its votary, foolishly allured, begins to do something, that he falls. As long as he remains perfectly idle, it must be a very negative mischief indeed which he does.

It was the wine-making season, and, as Quillota is famed for its wine, it was one of the necessary things to see it made. Bullock-skins sewn together, and stretched loosely on a frame, formed a receptacle into which basket after basket of beautiful black grapes were thrown. About a dozen men — stripped beyond, perhaps, what strict decency would have allowed — began to tread it with their feet, their arms folded across their breasts, and their legs performing that step called by soldiers marking time, by which much exercise is produced without any change of locality. Loud and savage shouts accompanied each tread, and all seemed more or less excited. A hose was appended to the lower end of the trough, and as the squeezed juice ran into this, it was caught in buckets, and from thence transferred to enormous earthenware jars. When first fermented, it is much drunk. A wine of the same sort, only made from white grapes, and called *chicha*, is the common beverage all over the coun-

try. It smells something like champagne when new; but there the similitude ceases, for it tastes like cider, which always reminds me of a mothery apple, long resident in the huge pocket of some ancient dame.

These vineyards are a source of great profit: those of Quillota are much esteemed, but the wines of Concepcion, in the south, are most prized. The black wine is called *mosto*, and though it looks good, rich, black stuff, still it must be owned it is as disagreeable to the taste as wine can be.

At dinner I got into a serious scrape, by mistaking a merchant, who was residing at the inn, for the landlord, and had hardly made a neat retreat when the landlord, in the verandah, attacked me for mistaking him for a merchant! "I, who was with Cochrane!" he said. However, a little well-timed flattery appeased him, and we passed a delightful evening together, while he related anecdote after anecdote of his much-loved chief. He had lost all his nationality; every feeling and hope were merged in this one engrossing glory: Cochrane to him was country, cause, and king. This is the feeling that makes the hero—this power of attracting to himself the whole love of his followers—this magic of centralizing in his own renown the hopes and am-

bition of all. This made Napoleon what he was : his empire was in the heart, not in the soil. It is this that in every age has made heroes, and raised up thousands who willingly and cheerfully die to deify them on earth.

Many were the anecdotes Don Manuel related to me : he had served at the cutting out of the Spanish frigate from Callao, and in most of the masterly manœuvres by which Lord Cochrane destroyed the Spanish navy in America. When I congratulated him on the glorious triumph of his cause—"Yes," he said, "the Conde's (Lord's) cause was, indeed, the cause of fame!"

It was late when we parted, and I was hardly in a sound sleep, before my companion awoke me to ask if I would shoot. Fancy me, a philosopher, so outraging all my theory ! He said the morning was lovely, and to my sleepy eyes it seemed so : but the beauty of the night before had entirely prevented all perception of the beauty of the early morning ; so I shut out the daylight. He went to *his* sport, and I sank down to sleep again and enjoyed *mine*. At last, however, having slept enough, I sauntered down to the river in a very decent *habilille*, with a comb in my hair, towels in one hand, and a large bunch of grapes in the other ; and there,

under a shady tree, performed my toilet. There were some gold-washers near; they had a trough of wood and a basket, which seemed the only machinery necessary. Two or three spadeful of the sandy soil were put into the trough, on which a lady, in a short coarse blue petticoat, poured water as the mud was washed down. The minute particles of gold were collected on the tip of the finger, and carefully deposited in a small screw of rag. A livelihood is picked up in this way, and sometimes pieces of several grains in weight are found. When this happens, they spend the proceeds in dancing and amusement, and then again set to work with the bucket and sand for more.

There is not a single stream in the country from which, in this way, gold may not be collected. The quantity varies, and perhaps the gains are precarious. Still numbers live by it; perhaps the chance or gambling nature of the work pleases. There is a law, too, by which no persons can be prevented from washing gold or seeking mines on the property of others. This often leads to much annoyance to the property-owners. In mine-discovering it is the same; the mine is the property of the discoverer, or rather denouncer of it. If, however, he fails to work it within a certain time, it reverts

to the owners of the land. There is a large body of persons who live by mine-hunting; some are paid so much a-day, and their discoveries are the property of their employers. Others, again, hunt on their own account, and sell their findings for what they can get.

A man, during our stay, found in rocks that run near the road between Valparaiso and Santiago, a quantity of pure quicksilver; gathering up samples, he galloped to Valparaiso and boasted of his success. Large sums were offered him for the sample; but, like the man who had the elephant for sale, and bargained till the animal starved; so this fellow held out for more, and disregarded the low voice of a poor muleteer, who had come in and begged his master to forgive him, for he had broken the bottle and lost all the quicksilver it contained.

I received, on my return, a congratulatory visit from a fellow Briton, whose body I had noticed reposing in the passage the evening before. He appeared to be in distress, and alluded to the circumstance as a gay thing.

It is astonishing the little effect drinking seems to have on the natives. While journeying on the road, the lower classes—and others too sometimes—are constantly drunk: yet they are long-lived. The

liquors are aguadiente, very strong and dreadfully nasty. To me, health gushes from ten thousand springs: but the morning after aguadiente must be, to those who indulge in it, no "breezy call." The "horrors" must be their common complaint, I should think. Chicha, the new wine I have described, must also be very unwholesome. My guide, on one occasion, was drunk and sober three times during one day's ride. The last time, towards evening, he was picked up in a river, and his falling forwards instead of backwards alone saved his life.

Another poor countryman, however, proved a most entertaining companion. He was a doctor, and was as great a philosopher, and almost as dirty and destitute, as Diogenes of old. Quillota consists of a succession of houses, in rows, with walled-in gardens: and, though the town contains but seventeen thousand inhabitants, there is a street of three leagues long, and another of two. My philosophical countryman and myself dined together, and then we strolled out for a walk. The evening was beautiful; and, as the people sat at their opened windows, they asked us in, and we stayed and talked with them. The Quillotans are a nice quiet primitive people; they are very loyal,

and were among the firmest adherents to the royal cause at the time of the Revolution. During our stay they were very civil, inviting us to enter their dwellings, and showing us all the kindness in their power. Houses without end were ours, and establishments of all sorts were placed at our disposal.

The invariable grated windows to the houses, common here and all over Spanish countries, reminded me of the story of the kind-hearted sailor, who, walking in a street, saw several ladies standing at a grated window. He handed them a dollar, exclaiming—with that genuine kindness which characterises the hardy tar — “Here you are; I have been in limbo myself, and so I can feel for you!”

The town is under the Intendente of Valparaiso, but is immediately governed by a Governor, who is called Maneo; but whether that is his name, or whether he is only called so because he remains while the others go away, my informant was unable to tell. Five judges are also chosen by suffrages, the same as those for representatives. There is a bad band, which plays in the large Plaza on Sunday evenings. This collects all the rank and fashion of the town.

The governor, I suppose in consideration of the

very *distingué* cut of my shooting-coat, offered me a chair in his balcony, and pointed out the principal people of the place. He showed me a pale and interesting-looking girl, whose disordered dress spoke utter recklessness, though its rich materials told of affluence. She was much in love, he said, with a young man ; but, as she had a great deal of money, her friends made her marry her uncle, an infirm old wretch, whom he pointed out to me, and who was paying great attention to another young girl. They looked like January and May. He so old, and his vices hanging still disgustingly about him ; she so young, health in her cheek, and hot, mad blood rushing through her veins. Yet his gold had won her, I fear, for her eyes looked at his : better had she looked away. Well, his poor wife, having no sustaining power, fell away ; her virtue is lost, and she buys the means of oblivion with the proceeds of her dishonour. He cares not ; her gold is in his chest, her land he owns. A bull was obtained from the pope to legalize the marriage. Nor is this a solitary instance. Uncles and nieces frequently marry, to keep money in families. Oh ! is it not a crying sin ? Does not the nation, or rather the religion, deserve to be blotted out ? If anything would justify resistance

to parental rule it would be this ; yet it is never heard of, and a runaway match, or even a remonstrance on the subject, is unknown. My medical informant, B., told me that the clergy of these remote rural districts were very depraved ; removed from the immediate eye of the higher powers, they use the vast influence they possess for little good. Mothers almost sanction their intrigues with their children, and say the offspring is holy, and consecrated to the Church. This is the more credible as the priests are not drawn from a good class of society, and their education is narrow and bigoted ; still it is hard to believe so condemnatory a thing. We can only hope some are good, and use their vast power over the simple people to as good a purpose as their anti-christian Church will allow.

Quillota exports a vast deal of produce—it nearly supplies the Valparaiso market ; corn, wine, flax, vegetables, potatoes, fruit, and chillies. It has a productive copper-mine, and the rides through the neighbouring estates display a rich and well-cultivated country. An Englishman of great wealth and true Anglo-Saxon energy possesses a fine estate here. It is quite perfect, and serves as a model for the whole valley. All the people laughed as

he poured money after money into it; but the result proves that he may join them, and laugh the loudest. His house is a very pretty place, surrounded by fine avenues of poplars, and contains a fine collection of stuffed birds and beasts of the country. A midshipman of our ship nearly added another specimen, which the owner much preferred to have running about in the enjoyment of health and digestive powers. The midshipman was staying at Quillota, and he sallied out one morning, armed with a single-barrel gun and appurtenances, his imagination fired with indistinct visions of the curious animals that might present themselves in these far-off regions. As thus he crept along, fearing lions, hoping for something, he espied an animal the like of which he had never heard of. Certainly it was near a house, nay, actually in a garden; but then in these countries animals were not, perhaps, as at home, fearful of man, or they had not discovered yet that all was not still wilderness. Craftily he crept along, fearful of each footfall, and holding his breath, for fear of alarming this denizen of the unknown. He raised his piece; his heart ticked louder than the gun as he cocked it; but stay, he might miss at such a distance, so he stepped over the mignonette, and took a final stand

behind a rose-bush. Clearing the mist from his view, he raised the unerring weapon, and steadied it with care; his hand grasps the stock, his finger feels the trigger, when a voice in broad English, exclaims, to his amazement, "Come off the flower-beds, will you!" And, sick with excitement, he recovers to find himself the object of suspicion to an English gardener, and all but the executioner of Mr. W——'s tame guanaca, with a silver collar round his neck, and almost as great a curiosity here as he would be in Hyde Park.

The walks about Quillota are very pretty: it has a nice Almeida, where fashionables, on a small scale befitting the place, promenade, and from the hills above, pretty views are obtained of the valley. The beautiful bell of Quillota is about 40' further inland; it receives its name, the Campagna de Quillota, from its bell-shape; the Indian name for it is Manco. There are no regular troops; but the militia of the district, a fine serviceable looking set of fellows, meet and exercise on Sundays; the exercise was short, and then they took advantage of their uniform to swagger about, make love, and get drunk for the rest of the day. There are no fine buildings: one of the church-steeple has had its top shaken down by an earthquake; but the priests or the people

took the accident philosophically, and re-roofed with tiles what remained. This valley takes two turns, and runs up to the very foot of the Cordilleras.

On another morning early I rode over the neighbouring properties, most of which are small. Land is worth from fifteen to sixteen dollars an acre (3*l.* to 3*l.* 10*s.*), and grain produces thirty-five for one on the plain, and about ten on the hills. Grazing is a more profitable species of farming, but water is so abundant, that anything can be produced. We saw the estate about which Miers tells such a sad tale! If it was, as truth owns, a very potter's field, the poor sinner bitterly expiated his offence. He had been dead about a fortnight when I was there, and all said that Quillota had lost her best friend, and the poor their warmest benefactor, in him. For years after he committed the deed, he never slept in a house, but nightly mounted his horse and rode out alone, sleeping in the wild. If he sinned deeply, deep also was his repentance, and though restoration ought to have been made, still let us hope that He who pardoned the dying thief on the cross heard his cry of anguish and forgave. Let us not judge, lest we ourselves be judged. I forbear relating the story, for his descendants were among my kindest friends; and sincerely do I pray that

the sins of the father may not be visited on the gentle head of the daughter.

Leaving my companions to kill partridges, of which there are plenty, I rode on to one of the Pueblos de Los Indios: these are small districts, of which there are several, left free by the Spanish rule, and the natives within them are governed by their own caciques and laws. More wretched hovels I never saw, the people were in no ways different from the other peasantry, save that they seemed lazier, dirtier, and every way inferior. The Indians of Chili may be, and most allow that they have been, brave, but they were certainly the lowest class of savages in South America. They have gradually been absorbed by the conqueror, and save the taint in the blood, and the patois Spanish, not a vestige remains. In the South, where there is a less admixture of Spanish blood, they are a very inferior race. During the War of Independence, a philanthropic landlord begged the government to lend him some of the Spanish prisoners who had been taken, guaranteeing their not escaping: he carried them to his estate in the South, and set them to work. Grateful for their release from prison, they worked well, and many married the Indian girls: from this mixture sprang a handsome race, fair and tall.

They have formed themselves into a regiment of militia, commanded by the son of the kind landlord,—a wretched knock-kneed fashionable, a miserable spectacle and contrast, as he marches at their head. There is one feast only, in fact, one day, one act which has been derived from the aborigines,—it is the Feast of Corpus Christi; but it seems as if got up only to show, by contrast, what a wretched people they were. On my return from the Pueblo, I had a beautiful view of Quillota under my feet. The houses looked like white eggs in a fresh green mossy nest, and behind them grandly towered the Cordilleras and giant Aconcagua. Oh, magnificent mountain! the white wreath on thy lovely brow supplies the cool snow, which, in this hot weather, makes the sherry cobbles so intoxicatingly delicious.

Valparaiso was burnt brown on my arrival, and rain was daily hoped for. I did not care much, I must own, for there was water enough to make tea, and the farms were not mine; the rain soon came, and there could be no dispute about it, for the whole place was a sheet of water; streets were no longer thoroughfares, but navigable streams, and it was not without much difficulty, mud, and staggering, that I emerged from Valparaiso, and took the road to San Felipe.

Passing by Quillota I pressed on as fast as four spare horses could carry me, and reached San Felipe, the capital of the province of Aconcagua on the third day. The intendente sent most civilly and requested my company to a *tertulia* he said he would give in my honour. The invitation found me in bed, taking tea: I had retired there in the vain hope of getting warm. In a bed so short as the one I occupied the attempt to get both ends of my person warm at once was hopeless, so I sat up dressed in a poncho of the landlord's: every available utensil in the room was on duty under the leaks in the ceiling; and I could not help admiring the philosophy of a traveller in the sitting-room, who sat eating his dinner with one hand, and holding his umbrella over himself with the other. It was sad to survey the wardrobe I had with me. However my coat was wrung out, and hung to dry, and at nine, in a very damp state, I went to the party. The only thing I noticed was the lateness of the hour before I was enabled to make my escape and rush to bed again. Very early on the following day a Chilian, who had joined company, and myself, left San Felipe; and all I know of this place, reputed so lovely, is that it was most thoroughly wet through: the very ducks had left off swimming, and seemed to have made up

their minds to the worst. There was little conversation between us, save murmurings at the weather. For a time I tried to keep cherished places dry, but the water first trickled here, then there, till the case became hopeless. It could hardly be expected that I should admire the scenery under such circumstances. At last we drew near our resting-house for the night: really, except for the name of shelter, we might just as well have bivouacked in the road; so I told my companion that I should push on till I could go no more, and then sleep on the ground. All opposition seemed washed out of him (his hair, and beard, and fine curled mustache had assumed a pallid watery look), and on he went. The night jogged on with us, and for some hours we had given up even the appearance of riding together. He had dropped some way behind when little Manuel, the horse-boy, galloped up to me and said, "Patron, patron, turn back, turn back, Don Juan is dying!" I turned and rode back as fast as my wet faculties and tired horse would, and saw my *muy apresiado amigo* sitting in the road with his back against my large leather saddlebags. Vainly trying to speak, his respiration seemed suspended. I was too wet to be excited, so calmly considered what was best to be done. Water would not cure evidently, or he could never have been ill.

I meditated bleeding, but this he violently opposed. At last, after I had put myself into an attitude of commiseration, and supported him, not that I felt humane, only thought he was heavy, and how soon with decency I might escape, he gradually came to himself, and his explanation fully accounted for his illness. There were two large-mouthed pickle-bottles in my bag. The one full of brandy and quinine, the other of essence of anchovy-sauce: by mistake, and in the hurry, he had taken about half the latter. He never robbed my bags again. After a long journey by water we reached Santiago; and I lay in bed about eighteen hours to dry.

Santiago was now full. There was the Philharmonic, where the only bore was the singing: there was the opera—there were *tertulias* every night—in fact, it offered as nice a lazy loungy life as mortal need wish. There funeral obsequies were being performed for Donizetti, rendered attractive by very fine singing; but the church was cold, so the ladies did not appear to advantage. In the intervals between the rains nature looked as green and fresh as only nature can. Santiago has many nice rides. In the retrospect one forgets the mud, girth-deep, and other smaller nuisances, and I repeat there are very nice rides. The Salta di Aqua is among the most curious

—you leave the city and follow the banks of the Maypo, galloping over a level plain: gradually bearing from the river to your left, you arrive at a small monument, called O'Brien's folly — a small stream runs by it: walk ten yards beyond it, and you look down on the city and plain two hundred feet below you. You have mounted no perceptible ascent, yet you are two hundred feet above the level of the city whence you started: behind you stretches away plain, plain for miles—below you, again, lies the plain for leagues and leagues. The place where the stream falls was made by the aborigines to irrigate the land below, and now bears the Spanish name the Salta di Aqua. The spot is prettily wooded. It would fill too many pages to describe all — there is Colina, with its baths, Peña Lo Lin and quintas, full of kind, flower-giving, bright-eyed people, all round.

About three miles off there is a pretty *chackra* (farm-house), inhabited by an Englishman and his family; here, embosomed in sweet flowers, they pass a nice, soft, dozy life, coming up to the city occasionally only to fly back to their pretty retreat with greater zest. The whole mode of life in the city is delightful. No one appeared before four o'clock in the day, so the early hours were passed by me in looking at the lovely mountains from my windows.

It is strange how little the natives appreciate these lovely scenes. "We have them always," they said. For my own part I could never look at them enough. Every fresh gaze discovered fresh beauty—made more calls for admiration; each hour of the day, each change of the sky, showed them ever new, ever beautiful, ever magnificently majestic. There was a deep repose in the masses of snow, an untouchable calm about them, that produced an equal calm on the mind, and led the whole spirit to adore that God to whom the lofty mountains are but footstools. Then there were hours for study, and a hundred ways of passing time pleasantly; so that it was generally a subject of regret when four o'clock came, and dinner was announced. The *tables d'hôte* were very good, and the immense quantity some thin gaunt-looking fellows ate was surprising; but, then, some of them recruited themselves with *segarittos* between the courses, and when last of all the roast fowls came in, they *did* go to work! Where they put it was the wonder; their whole bodies, legs and all, must have been stomachs, I think. Nor were they heavy after it; no,—light, talkative, and merry, as if they had not eaten a morsel. There were some curious characters. One jolly old fellow entertained a high

opinion of English prowess. He had been in the Spanish navy at Trafalgar ; therefore, no wonder. He was a desperate republican, always in opposition, generally in exile ; evidently, by his conversation, meditating a return. Many had grievances against the government, yet they seemed happy, and speak on the faith of obtaining redress. All were bearded, and mustachioed, and grim-looking : but do not be afraid, they are harmless ; their yard-measure is their only weapon, their long bill their sole mode of attack. On Sunday evenings the brave militia-men come in, red-hot from blank-cartridges ; uncomfortable in their uniform ; impudent, if you will let them be so.

After dinner there was the *paseo* ; for this some getting-up was necessary. The large Spanish cloak had to be carefully adjusted, and then a slow, pompous, turfy sort of walk must be assumed. Any hurry would have spoiled the effect. Bonnets are now much the fashion among the ladies, and it is a great pity, for they have no idea of putting them on properly. After this the evening began ; if there was no ball nor opera, I used to saunter into one or other of the houses, sure of my welcome, and there I found the family dressed, and probably huddling over the brasero. As you make

your salutations, incense is thrown upon it, which smokes up with a sweet smell, and dies away with a dismal odour. The conversation is lively, and there is music, often dancing ; then tea, ices, and cakes. Games of forfeits are much in vogue ; cross-questions, and the *contretemps* of the answers, elicited roars of laughter. The dear cigar is now generally banished from the ladies' room ; but all who prefer its soothing companionship may retire to the next room and smoke, and then they generally return inodorous. The fragrant weed, like a modest girl, seems to shrink back afraid before the iron march of false-hearted fashion. She feels her mild influence is more congenial in the solitary hour ; to soothe and quiet the worn spirit is more her province than to shine in light and brilliant company. All retire early, and eleven o'clock generally sees the whole town in bed. One of the young men I knew there was certainly the best, or rather, perhaps, the most elaborately-dressed man I ever met. He would hardly rest in his grave in dishabille, I should think. My tailor's bills are heavy, yet I never can be neat, so I courted him, to find out his secret. Perhaps his servant hung him up on a peg, after he went home, or else he stepped under a glass-case. In an unguarded moment he

told me his direction; but for some days I dared not venture to call, for fear the time might not be propitious. At last, with wide open eyes, I went. My friend was just up; he had a very dirty shirt on, and was dabbing round his face, carefully avoiding hair, whiskers, &c., with a damp towel, recruited from a basin in the window. The furniture of his apartment consisted of the towel in use, fourteen inches by twelve; a bed like an overgrown camp-stool; bed-clothes much soiled; four pegs, on which hung a half-clean shirt, a cloak, hat, and trowsers, the same that I had so much admired; one chair, American exportation style,—back comes off if you lift it; one trunk, key on a handkerchief in it; two large scent-bottles, and that, I saw, was all. Was he not a clever fellow from such causes to produce such effects? No doubt he is an exception. One fair girl's room which I once saw, very strongly reminded me, with its white and pink, of the retreat Peris tired of doing good might choose; but I must hurry on, and only add in conclusion, that the women of Chili are as much superior to the men, in my opinion, as they are everywhere else. Pio Nono's fate was warmly sympathised with, for he was for some years Papal Nuncio there, and won golden opinions by his amenity of manners and strictness of life.

CHILI.

There is a small garrison in Santiago, and their principal duty seemed to be to attend at the religious ceremonies (methinks the worship that requires the bayonet to enforce it, is not much from the heart). The garrison consists of a squadron of cavalry, a brigade of artillery, and a regiment of infantry. The militia, which performs all military duty throughout the provinces (the regular troops being always kept on the southern frontier), amounts to sixty thousand, chiefly infantry, and about forty thousand more not organized, but forming a sort of reserve. The promotion of the officers is entirely in the hands of the President. There is now an excellent military academy in Santiago, much on the French system; really it is a well-regulated college. The government likewise sends, at its own expense, yearly, a certain number of the most promising pupils to be educated in France. The army is gradually becoming a more popular profession. The force of the Republic, as fixed by law, is two thousand in all of regulars; the soldiers are mostly forced into the service, and belong to the lowest and worst classes. As they are nearly all married, the force will probably maintain itself. Officers who have

served in Europe, however, say that they are, when well led, as good troops as any; patient, hardy, and very enduring. The navy is next to nothing; a large sixty-gun frigate was bought at a great cost in France, and her usual employment is landing people to foment disturbances in Peru; for the quiet and prosperity of the one is a deadly blow to the commerce of the other. The whole navy is commanded by an Englishman, under the title of commodore; there is a naval college, and some of their officers have been permitted to serve in our navy to gain knowledge and experience; I hope they have profited by it. The sailors are many of them foreigners. One small vessel is always kept at Port Famine, a settlement the Republic has got in the Straits of Magellan. A settler must be much comforted as he parts from home, and all he loves and holds dear, by the soothing name of the new land he is about to cast his lot in. The land about the capital, from its situation and fertility, is of course more valuable than elsewhere, and sells for twenty to twenty-five years' purchase, returning about six per cent. Foreigners can purchase or transfer property with the same ease as natives, except vessels under the national flag.

By the law in Chili, the property of a wife is not

liable for the debts of the husband; in the event of a husband becoming insolvent, his wife's property cannot be touched without her express consent; even property made over to the wife six months before the bankruptcy of her husband has been declared, is beyond the reach of the creditor. In the event of the death of either party, the whole of the property of the deceased, and half of the property of the remaining parent, goes to the children of the marriage; the rest remains in the survivor's power, or goes to the children of the next marriage. No parent can disinherit his children; if he die intestate, the property is equally divided, the only difference he can make is called *tercio y quinto*, &c.: he can reserve a third of his entire property, then a fifth of that he can leave to whomsoever he likes. This is the only privilege he is allowed. There are thirteen entailed estates in the Republic, which are either original grants made to the conquerors, or grants to favourites of the Spanish government, or in consideration of large sums of money paid for the titles. Since the declaration of independence no new ones can be granted; and, indeed, it has been under agitation to suppress those now existing. The properties and houses are generally much neglected, on the plea that money is better

bestowed in saving for younger children, than in making additions to the income of one already over provided for. Foreigners have a right to claim citizenship after a residence of seven years, or through marriage with a native. Congress grants the charter.

The chief product of the country is wheat, which is exported to Peru and the Argentine Republic, but it is difficult to obtain a market for the vast quantities annually produced. The estates have, many of them, immense numbers of black cattle; some, which are breeding-estates, have from twenty to thirty thousand head.

In the north there are most valuable silver and copper mines, some proprietors deriving as much as from two hundred thousand to six hundred thousand dollars from the former, and from thirty to fifty thousand from the latter, annually; yet these, when worked by the expensive means and complicated machinery of European mining, generally ruin the proprietor. The manufactories are trifling; among these are ponchos, which have never been successfully imitated in Europe; they are made chiefly in the south, by hand, entirely on a frame, and there is a durability in the colours which no European dye can match. There are also manu-

factories of iron-work, spurs, and other horse-gear, but the iron is imported: the work, though rude, is strong, and the temper, from being all hand-work, good.

Land is of various value near the large towns, of course increasing where there are facilities of irrigation: from the extreme north to the river Cachoa-pool about twenty-five leagues south of Santiago, it is about one hundred dollars (4s.) the quadra of four acres and a half: from thence to the Maule, sixty leagues further south, fifty dollars; thence to Concepcion, twenty-five dollars, further south or near the Cordilleras, fine land can be bought at from two to five the quadra. There is no fixed interest; ten per cent. is freely given on good security of land for mortgages on unencumbered property. Capitalists ask and turn fifteen to sixteen.

The press is much trammelled, — in fact, every journal, except the *Mercurio* is virtually sold to the government. Whenever a writer has dared to criticise government men or measures he has been dealt with with summary justice or injustice, and allowed safe lodgings in the mansions of government till his ardour has cooled. Libels are decided by jury, and punished by fines and imprisonment. The old Spanish law, modified to suit circumstances, forms

the basis of the law: for several years a commission has been at work framing a national code, but it is not yet published.

The average exchange on England is forty-four pence the dollar for bills at ninety days' sight: bills on the English government bear a premium. Silver is sold at ten dollars five cents per mark of eight ounces standard of twelve dineros, duty paid. The duty is about five reals per mark. Gold is sold at twenty-five and a half to twenty-six reals per castellano of standard twenty-four quitaes or carats. The average profit at which English goods are sold is twenty per cent.—the average duty twenty per cent. more. Schools are being established all over the country: there is a college in Santiago for the education of masters, who are afterwards sent into the provinces. There is a college in Santiago, and in all the capitals of the provinces. In Valparaiso there are a number of schools directed entirely by foreigners. The cost of the best is about 60*l.* a year: this includes board and instruction.

Nearly all the rivers and mountains still retain their Indian names—the Maypo, the Maypocho, Cachoapool, Maule, Biobio; and most of the provinces, as Atacama, Aconcagua Colchaqua: many of the towns, as Curacavi, Huasca Petorca, Illapel; Curacavi

is said to mean the missing stone. The Indian language is sonorous and majestic, resembling the Spanish very much in the harmonious mixture of vowel and consonant, as seen in the above names.

The great amusement of the peons is *bolas*, a species of billiards, played with large wooden bowls and a scimitar-shaped stick. The table is a levelled square floor with wood sides: they have no other games save feats of horsemanship. They are addicted to gambling, but punished whenever it is discovered, gambling being most strictly prohibited by law among all classes. This the rich find means to evade, but the police do not scruple to fine any, however influential, whom they suspect and detect; so persons are spared the constant sight of gambling and villany which meets the eye and offends the feeling at every turn in Peru and Mexico.

The peons amuse their leisure hours with dancing and music. They have their *cantarinas* and their *improvisadores*, who sing their own songs to the old Spanish airs: and really both melodies and words are often pretty. They accompany themselves on the guitar, and on a species of violin called the *rabet*, from which, notwithstanding its rude appearance, they draw very sweet sounds.

It is a curious fact, that there are no bees in

South America, and it would be a benevolent act to import some from places where they abound. Several attempts have been made, but the sudden resuscitation on the line, and the as sudden cold of the Horn succeeding, has hitherto always destroyed them.

The government possesses the monopoly of tobacco, and all preparations from it, and also of playing cards; therefore sales of these articles can only be made to government, which afterwards resells them at four or five times the original cost. Merchants can deposit goods in the government stores and reship them, but only for internal consumption—they can have no other buyers than the government. The cultivation of tobacco and the manufacture of cards are forbidden.

It was with much regret, that after a residence of months in Santiago, varied by occasional long trips in all directions, my morning dream was broken by orders to return and rejoin my ship. I had recently been appointed to a vessel in the Columbia river, and ordered to await her arrival at Chili, which I had hoped would be deferred for some time; but now I was to rejoin my old friends in the dear old ship the noble *Collingwood*. It took all day to bid good bye, to squeeze hands, and promise to write—

never to forget, and plenty of other things; and it was midnight before, on horseback and alone I was clear of the city with a cigar in my mouth, and a reluctant heart inside my waistcoat. The city, for the first time for fourteen years, was deep in snow, but above, all was splendour; and the atmosphere was clear and frosty: in fact, one's breath smoked so that it was difficult to tell whether the cigar was a-light or not, and at last I found to my sorrow it had gone out. Pressing sharply on, I passed each well remembered spot. There, under that curious tree, like an old broom, sleeps the lovely ——, in that house I first saw ——: well never mind, it is too cold for sentiment, I should have admired the view from the top of the Cuesta, but I wanted something to warm me, and therefore hurried on.

It was just five o'clock as I crossed the Cuesta de Saputa, and the morning air struck an intense chill into me. Three horses had been tired under me, yet still there were forty more miles left. This is the hour at which the Arabs say the angel of death visits the earth, and no one should be out. The whole distance was accomplished with six horses in seven hours and fifty-six minutes; and donning my uniform I was soon on board and the ship under weigh for Peru.

CHAPTER XIV.

JUAN FERNANDEZ.

JUAN FERNANDEZ.—ITS VISITORS.—EARTHQUAKES.—ALEXANDER SELKIRK.—
 DAMPIER'S ACCOUNT.—OTHER ACCOUNTS.—CONJECTURES.—ANSON'S SOJOURN.
 —FATE OF ONE VESSEL.—UNPROMISING ASPECT.—WINDS.—CLIMATE.—PENAL
 SETTLEMENT.—PRODUCTIONS.—DEAD TREES.—GOATS.—HORSES.—WILD ASSES.
 —WILD ANIMALS.—THE CREW ASHORE.—INHABITANTS.—MEANS OF LIVING.
 —BEAUTY OF THE ISLAND.—GOAT-HUNTING.—FISHING.—CRAW-FISH.—A
 LOST COMRADE.—THE SEARCH.—RESCUE.—PIC-NIC.—ENJOYMENT.

“But the sound of the church-going bell
 These valleys and rocks never heard;
 Never sighed at the sound of a knell,
 Or smiled when a Sabbath appear'd.”

THE Island of Juan Fernandez lies about one hundred and fifteen geographical miles from the coast of America, in $33^{\circ} 25'$ south latitude. It was discovered by Juan Fernandez in 1563. He was a Spanish pilot, and wisely judged the passage from Peru to Chili, which was very long when made by beating down the coast against the constantly-prevailing southerly breezes, might be shortened by standing boldly out into the ocean. In the course of his first attempt he discovered the

island which bears his name. The Spaniards, already masters of more territory than they could manage, though not more than their lust of dominion desired, made no use of it till a later period; but, abounding with wood and water, and latterly with food, afforded by animals introduced by the Spaniards, it became the constant and favourite resting-place of the buccaneers. Possessed of an anchorage which is safe during many months of the year, it was the place of their rendezvous; and here they refitted and refreshed, the more effectually to pursue their dishonest practices. In 1703 and 1704 Dampier visited it, and refitted. In 1721 Lord Anson sojourned there four months; having arrived with barely healthy men enough in his squadron to man a boat, he left it efficient enough to sack Payta, and bear home the freight of a galleon. In 1749 the Spaniards formed it into a penal settlement, and placed in it a strong garrison; but, owing to the repeated mutinies and disasters which seemed to happen there, they soon abandoned it. In 1819 Chili took possession of it for the same purpose; but, on account of the mutinies and earthquakes, and from a conviction that it was useless keeping convicts in idleness when they might be so beneficially employed on the main,

they, in 1835, like their predecessors, abandoned it. Since then it has reverted to nature, or to chance customers,—whalers, for wood and water, and other vessels from curiosity.

It is four leagues long, and two wide. Cape Bacaleo is 352 miles E.N.E. of Valparaiso. It bears also the name of Massaheria, or nearer land, to distinguish it from Massafuera, a high rocky island about fifty miles further out at sea. The northern half is high clap and basalt rocks, with rich fertile valleys between; the southern half lower, and more barren. The earthquakes, which are bad enough all over the continent, are felt here with peculiar violence. In May, 1751, the earthquake which destroyed Conception caused such a roller in the bay, that the governor, his family, and thirty-five other persons perished, and nearly the whole of the small settlement was destroyed. In September, 1835, another earthquake, which was felt throughout South America, drew back the waters of Cumberland Bay, leaving it nearly dry, and on their return the waves washed fifteen feet above high-water mark. A column of smoke and fire spouted up in the ocean, a mile from the shore, off Cape Bacaleo, which threw water and ashes in every direction. After it had subsided, no soundings could be obtained over the

spot where previously there had been no great depth.

What, however, has rendered the island famous is, its being the spot where Defoe places the adventures of Robinson Crusoe. The accounts concerning this history vary so much, that it is impossible to discover what part is true, what fiction. I subjoin all I could find out, and leave the reader to judge for himself. Of course, the preface of Alexander Selkirk's work would account for it very satisfactorily; but, from reading the voyages of contemporary travellers, I am very much inclined to think that Selkirk was a Mrs. Harris of former times. The account of himself says, that having had frequent quarrels with Captain Stradling, who commanded the *Cinque Ports* (one of the squadron in which Dampier served), he at last requested to be landed; which the captain complying with, he left the ship for the shore, taking with him all his worldly goods, or, more strictly speaking, all he had on shipboard.

Better pens than mine have told the tale; suffice it to say, that, though at first overcome by the loneliness of his situation, he gradually became accustomed to it; and, consoled by religion, amused by the animals he had tamed, and occupied in a thou-

sand ways, he passed his time very happily till January, 1709, when, two vessels entering the bay, he was, half unwillingly, taken away. These vessels were the *Duke* and the *Duchess*, Captains Woods and Rogers, on board one of which Dampier was acting as pilot.

Selkirk's voluntary exile had been one of benefit to him, and, as his time seems to have passed pleasantly enough, he had been a gainer by his change of situation; for the *Cinque Ports* was in such a rotten, unseaworthy state, that she surrendered to the Spaniards soon after he left her, and the crew pined for many years in a miserable dungeon. Could they have foreseen their fate, the green solitudes and delightful climate of Juan Fernandez would probably have received more visitors.

Dampier's account, I think, is, that he arrived at the island, in company with the *Cinque Ports*, in February, 1704, and quitted it, after a stay of a few days, in pursuit of a vessel which they attacked, but which escaped them. So hurried was their departure, that five men, employed on shore at the moment, were left behind, together with a considerable quantity of stores, which Captain Stradling had landed. After an ineffectual chase the captain resolved to return, and pick up these men and the

stores; but, noticing two vessels near the island, he became fearful of their bearing to the coast the news that their own honest selves and vessels were in the neighbourhood; so they resolved to abandon the men and stores, and return to the main, which they did.

The fate of the *Cinque Ports* we have already traced. Dampier, and the vessel he was in, returned to England by India; nor does he mention his ever again visiting the island. He seems, however, to have made another voyage in 1706, of which I think there is no published account.

Captain Cowley, in the relation he gives of his voyage in 1684, says, "he found on the island a Musquito Indian, who had been there four or five years, having been left by Captain B. Sharpe." Several of the men then with Cowley were with Sharpe when the man was left behind; among others, Edward Cook and William Dampier.

Another account says that Captain Sharpe's ship's company mutinied, and placed a man named Watkins in command; who, seeing two privateers approaching, was forced to sail away, leaving on the island this Indian, who happened to be on shore shooting. Sharpe also mentions that their pilot said a vessel had been wrecked there, from which

but one man escaped, who lived on the island five years. Selkirk—if such a person existed—was said to have been given an appointment as mate at Dampier's recommendation. He reached England late in 1711.

Considering the beauty and fertility of the spot of his exile, it is not extraordinary that—speaking, soon after his return, to Sir R. Steele—he should have said: “I am now worth eight hundred pounds a-year; but I shall never be so happy or so religious as when alone, and not worth a farthing.” De Foe's book first appeared in 1729, and with it a declaration affirming that his account was true, and no copy. Some assert that Lord Oxford, while in the Tower, wrote the first volume of Robinson Crusoe, which he gave to Defoe, who added to it, and published the whole. I always thought the second part totally different in style and interest to the first, and the work, evidently, of a very inferior author. He wanders from the text: it ceases to be Robinson Crusoe, and becomes a bad book of travels. The chief difficulty, in my mind, is to account for Robinson's being alone on the island. The story describes him as asserting that *he only* was left there (that, indeed, constitutes its main interest and charm), otherwise he might have

been one of the five. At all events it is a very beautiful story, and it is a pity to detract from its merit. The author, whoever he was, may rest assured he has given pleasure to millions; and the work is so truthful, it were worse than sceptical to doubt it.

Anson, as I before mentioned, made a lengthy sojourn here, and the account of his arrival will fully satisfy those anxious to know at what a price early navigators bought their laurels. As he was losing his men at the rate of five and six a-day, from that dreadful complaint, the scurvy, he resolved to push for the only port on the coast where he could expect a quiet and peaceable anchorage. This the Spaniards—whom he came to despoil—were not likely to afford him; so he was obliged to fall back on Nature's solitudes in this his dire distress. He gives a piteous account of the state to which his once fine crew was reduced. Three short months before, he had passed the Straits of Le Maire with four hundred and seventy men; now only six foremast men were capable of doing duty, and the efforts of every soul on board were taxed to the utmost to work the vessel into Cumberland Bay. Anson did all that skill and experience could contrive to hasten the recovery of his

ship's company; and as his consorts successively dropt in, the work of curing and healing had to be recommenced on their shattered and voyage-worn crews.

The fortune of one of his vessels was indeed dreadful, and fully exemplified the poet's curse, of seeing heaven and feeling hell. She was baffled about, by contrary winds, calms, and light variable airs, off the Port, for more than a month; often within a league of the harbour that promised to her rest, and to her people health and strength: yet never, during that time, was she able to attain it. The commodore sent her frequent assistance, in men, meat, fish, and vegetables; but for this, all hands must have perished. As it was, four score men died during this month, who, had the wind been fair, might have recovered and lived to their country's honour.

When we were on the island there were no traces of the numerous graves this squadron must have left. Perhaps, in the vigorous vegetation, we saw them flourishing anew, repaying, by their fertilizing dust, the peaceful resting-place that was afforded them.

We were unwillingly torn from the amusements and distractions of Valparaiso to pay a visit to

Juan Fernandez, and were therefore far more inclined to find fault than to admire. With a very Unselkirkian feeling, we preferred the club, the rides, and the society, to bare cliffs, wild goats, and Eveless valleys. In this spirit, the poor barren rock, as it rose out of the horizon, was hailed with abuse, nor, at a distance, could even an optimist have been excited to profuse praise. Yet all must have allowed that it had a fine bold appearance as we slowly sailed in. Slowly, for the harbour is situated on the northern or leeward side, and therefore it is extremely difficult to meet a breeze to carry you in. The rugged peaks showed their clothing of timber and verdure; and, unpromising as was the distant view, our nearer approach revealed many beauties. Between the high cliffs there were verdant valleys stretching up into the island, each possessing its rill of clear sparkling water; and in one, a fall of great height positively made me long to explore. We skirted up the western side, which shows three semicircular craters, whose sides towards the sea are broken down, thus forming bays within their basins. Of these, Cumberland Bay is the centre, and perhaps the only one that deserves the name of harbour; and even this, the best, is not deemed safe from May to Sep-

tember, the winter months, when the northers blow with hurricane fury on this coast. During the other months, the breeze is generally off the land; therefore the only danger is of your anchor slipping off the banks, and the vessel being driven out to sea. Nor when the strength of the southern breezes is known, does it seem at all improbable. It happened to Anson and his poor sick crew. The northers, as on the coast, seldom blow home, but create a disagreeable swell. The water is deep to the very shore, and a line-of-battle ship might graze the cliffs, with no fear of grounding. We lay in thirty-one fathoms, and still were close in to the beach. The climate is said to be healthy and equable; slight frosts occur in June and July, and, owing to the height of its cliffs, much rain falls during the rainy months. Even during our stay, which was in the middle of summer, the island was visited by frequent and heavy showers.

The view from our anchorage was very pretty; the crater or basin in which we lay was at the end of a fine valley, sloping gradually to the high land, which, about two miles inland, sprang up, almost perpendicularly, to the height of one thousand seven hundred feet, clothed, save a few bare spots, with timber. This, the highest peak in the island, has

a flat table-top, and in the time of the penal settlement, liberty was offered to any convict who could gain its summit. The cliffs fall away in height towards the sea, till, by the water, they are not above seven or eight hundred feet high. The flat valley between them had been the site of the penal settlements, but, save two or three huts, inhabited by a poor Chilian family, and some broken, grass-covered walls, not a vestige remains. In the face of some low sand-hills near us, were several caves, where the convicts had been kept, and the marks on the rock, of the places where the bars and bolts that confined them had been, still remained. The higher ridges are sharp and precipitous, as if newly torn by some convulsion of nature; but the verdure round their bases proves that they have borne the tempest and the breeze for centuries. Each valley, as I before mentioned, has its stream; and that of this valley, the largest and readiest for watering, was claimed, without reason and without result, by the settlers, who demanded a high price for its use, in the true

“I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute”

style. The timber, which abounds, is said to be useless for building: perhaps the rocks amidst which

it grows, refuse the sustenance necessary to make it tough and strong, and only permit it to flourish, and look pretty, as a warm clothing for themselves against the wind and rain. Even the largest trees seemed to have no hold on the soil, and in climbing, huge branches, to which you clung for support and assistance, came away in your very grasp. Myrtles here attain the size of forest trees, but their scent is not in proportion to their stature. Of cabbage-palms nature has supplied an abundant store,—perhaps out of kindness to the poor mariner who comes here to refresh: it is an excellent and wholesome vegetable. Cherry-trees are abundant everywhere. They were introduced by Commodore Anson, who, grateful for the restored health of his men, left this legacy to the island. Peaches there were also, of the sort denominated Kill Johns: in this case their name was a libel, but, may be, they were not meant to be Kill Jacks. The vega, which stretched away to our right, was crowded with wild oats, radishes, and nasturtiums, which jostled each other in wanton fruitfulness. Many of the banks produced strawberries, and the little dells even contributed their quota of vegetation in Cape gooseberries and gigantic thistles. In the foreground were some fine figs and poplars, perhaps the only

remnants of the Chilian garrison. Rhubarb is plentiful, but it grows so luxuriantly that it is too coarse to be good. Thyme and mint, in masses, perfumed the air; the jungle also abounded with flowers,—here a large blue pendant blossom, very beautiful—there a tree, which bore white, pearl-like flowers on very wreathy branches. The trees seemed to be very tenacious of life, for many that appeared green and flourishing, powdered into dust beneath the hand that grasped the trunk. Previous to my trip here, my avarice had been excited by tales of sandal-wood being found on the island, and a large log had been shown me, said to have come from hence. My experience, and I looked pretty sharply about, told me it might have come from Juan Fernandez, but that as certainly it had gone to Juan Fernandez, in much the same form. Perhaps some poor wretches had been wrecked there, and that cargo which they had lost their lives to obtain, had been saved, while they and their names perished, unknown, unsought.

For such a small spot, Juan Fernandez has many animals; goats were plentiful, and as we came in, flocks of from four to twenty were seen grazing on every height. They raised their heads as we passed, then went on eating, seemingly conscious that we

boded them no immediate harm. The small island of Santa Clara, or Goat's Island, is very full of them, and there they are more easily approached. If the party that hunts them is numerous they may be taken alive, a practice much in vogue among the whalers who visit the island; for though not affording very delicate meat, still, as the trouble of catching them is the only outlay of capital, to say the least of it they are cheap. Mint can also be procured in abundance, and with this for sauce they may be eaten as lamb,—a little artifice we often used during our stay, to make them more palatable. They were originally brought here by Juan Fernandez himself, who, it appears, grew tired of a pilot's life, and settled here with his wife and family, soon after his discovery of the island. Subsequently, on the conquest of Chili by Valdivia, he removed there, and his goats remained and increased.

The chaplain of Lord Anson's vessel, the *Centurion*—you see they prayed and plundered, were religious and rapacious, these same English, like the Spaniards, who enforced the cross with the sword, who robbed with one hand, while they crossed themselves with the other, ordering a conversion and an execution in the same breath,—well, this same chaplain, who wrote an account of his voyage with the

Commodore, says, that Selkirk, during his sojourn on the island, frequently caught more goats than he could eat; these he let go again, first slitting their ears. The first goat shot by Lord Anson's people was a venerable old Billy with a magnificent beard, and had his ears slit exactly in the way Selkirk described. If so, as thirty years had elapsed since the mark was made, the length of days attributed by naturalists to the goat has been underrated. Several others with the same mark were afterwards shot by Lord Anson's people. I am sorry to say *we* did not see any.

The chaplain seems to have had an eye to the main chance in his rambles about the island. He surmised that the mountains in many parts, from their formation, and likeness to some in Chili, might produce gold. Many horses were seen in our rambles: they were formerly much prized on the Main for their size, powers of endurance, and goat-like activity; but none have been caught of late years. Several that were in use among the settlers, had been brought from Valparaiso; one or two which still looked fresh and did work, were the remains of those left in 1835. There are also herds of asses, which here attain the size of mules; they were said, by the settlers, to be very fierce and wild, even at-

tacking men when hard pressed. The Spaniards hoping to destroy the goats, and thus deprive the Buccaneers of their main support on the island, landed numerous large dogs. Anson says in his time they had killed down the goats to a great extent, and driven the rest to the precipices. We never saw any of them, but the settlers said they were still numerous and troublesome. Cats of a very large size lived among the rocks. Dampier says these also had been introduced by the Spaniards to kill the goats: they seem now to prefer catching and living upon fish, and allow rats to overrun the colony and whole island with impunity. The birds seemed by no means numerous; a humming-bird of beautiful plumage, a thrush, and some large white birds, were all we saw; but fish abounded beyond all powers of calculation. The water swarmed with every sort, and craw-fish came for the calling. Formerly there were many seals, but the hunting of them, as elsewhere, has driven them to spots beyond the haunts of men. Anson's people killed numbers of sea-lions, and ultimately preferred their flesh to that of goats. Some are yet to be found on the further side of the island, amidst the wild, wave-washed caves and rocks that skirt its iron shore.

The duties of the ship were no sooner ended, than several of us, well-provisioned, went on shore for a ramble; others, piscatorially inclined, prepared hooks and lines. Our men were allowed leave, and soon all the near peaks re-echoed their cries: some gorged themselves with strawberries, while the prudent ones washed their clothes in the clear rills: the great ambition of all seemed to be, to mount the highest hills, and there yell and make fires. The present settlement consists of two or three miserable ranchos, occupied by an old man and his wife; their eldest daughter married to a man who lived in the adjoining hut (a fine specimen of the Chilian peasant), and a marriageable daughter, very cross and ugly, who lived with the old people; there were also two younger sons, and some small fry. Besides these, there was an American sailor, left by some ship for reasons probably not creditable enough to be related truly. I tried to persuade him to marry the maiden of the island, but he seemed not willing to take my advice. He expressed himself contented with his lot, and said he made money by selling fire-wood and goat's flesh to the whalers and guiding them on their shooting excursions.

The Chilian family, it appears, having been unprosperous on the Main, had been persuaded by the

son-in-law, after his marriage with their daughter, to emigrate to Juan Fernandez, where he had been born and bred. His trip to the Main, in which he met and won his bride, was produced by one of those cases of outrage, so common on the outposts of civilization. His family, consisting of his father and mother, himself, and three sisters, had resided on the island many years, and earned there a tolerable livelihood. Two of the daughters married Chilians, who joined the family party, and all were happy and united till a merchant-vessel arrived, and set on shore three seamen of bad morals, and mutinous character. The settlers, pitying their forlorn condition, lent them every aid in their power, and invited them to live with them. This they for a time did, but soon, tired of peace and quietness, they agreed, as the women could not be seduced by fair means, to murder all the men, and appropriate their goods, wives, and daughters. By some means the conspiracy became known; so, to prevent mishaps, the Chilians shot the man who remained at home, and, having caught the other two, after a hasty trial, shot them also. On the report of this summary, but surely excusable act, the whole family were carried to Chili, and after undergoing a long trial, were acquitted on con-

dition of not returning to the island. The man who related the story to me was a boy at the time he witnessed the executions of the seamen; he told me the tale as we sat on the mound, in a small bay, where the events had taken place.

The settlers have plenty of fowls and ducks, and some tame goats; wild ones, they said, were easily procured. They live much on fish. When I asked why they did not cultivate the ground, they said the rats destroyed all their seed; and after some acquaintance with them, I came to the conclusion that the rat indeed was too strong for them, and that it was of the same breed that desolates many lands, and ruins many families—idleness.

As goat-hunting was one of the things necessary to be done on the island, I inquired the proper manner of proceeding—"With guns?" "No; we have no powder, but"—whistling for their dogs, forth came some animals of a very extraordinary make. Certainly if these were active enough to catch goats, length of legs, and elasticity of shape cannot be infallible tests of merit. Not having profited much by their information, I resolved to go out, and trust to my own luck. My wanderings about this place introduced me to scenery of the wildest beauty—to vegetation of the most vigorous growth. Here you

rambled in the cool shade, a stream of purest water by your side—there banks of the sweetest thyme invited to repose, while vistas, glen, and peak, seemed placed but to be admired. Flowers clustered round you, and the humming-bird, darting from bush to bush, his varied plumage sparkling in the sun, enlivened the whole. Our noble ship in the bay spoke highly for the ingenuity of man, but the eye turned with delight to the freshness and beauty of nature. The streams seemed not to come each from its spring, but to be collections and contributions from all sides: their cool trickling, and light sparkling, as they flashed past, under the rays of sun that pierced the foliage here and there, seemed to dispel the sense of solitude that otherwise would have overcome me as I wandered alone. Water is such a luxury to sailors, and, in hot climates, so refreshing! to me it ever seems a kind spirit—a good Kühleborn. The woods were mostly free from underwood, so a ready passage was made through them, and full leisure afforded to enjoy and observe. The spot of Lord Anson's encampment, though no vestige of it remains, may be traced from the descriptions; a small lawn-like patch, whence, through the trees, a view could be obtained of the bay; at the back a mass of myrtle, shedding perfumes

around; behind all, the high mountains, a fitting back-ground. Purling streams ran on either side, and, in his time, walks had been cut in every direction: these are all now overgrown, but all else, probably, remains much as it was then.

The goat-hunting was tedious work; and the active beasts seemed amused with our slow and toilsome pursuit. However, the rich scenery, and the healthiness of the exercise, made ample amends for the emptiness of the game-bag. Many who, perhaps, toiled harder, were more successful, and supplied our table for us. Some succeeded, by pulling along the shore at daybreak or at sunset, and shooting them as they wound along the perpendicular sides of the cliffs. The eye followed them, in their marches, with pain, fearing each step would bring them down, poor beasts! smashed and mangled: but no; they jumped and skipped as if it was all smooth ground, and there were no such things as tumbles in Juan Fernandez.

The fishing afforded the best return for labour; and a boat might be filled in four hours with hook and line only. Fish swarmed, of every size and colour, and seemingly of every variety of appetite, for they took any bait. The bottom was literally lined with crawfish of a large size; some must have

weighed five pounds at least. These needed no hook; a piece of anything let down on a string to the bottom was enough: they saw it, grasped it, and kept their hold, till you had seized them by their long feelers and hove them into the boat, where they crawled about and extended their feelers, as if in search of more bait. The conger-eels, which were almost as numerous as the crawfish, were great enemies to us; for they took up time in the catching, and their execution, which followed immediately, was a work of some skill,—Gordian knots, twists, and all manner of wriggles being used to evade the knife raised to slay them; and frequently their powerful teeth enabled them to bite through the wire, and escape with hook, bait, and line. Catching crawfish was one of the favourite amusements of the seamen: one man held a pole, on which was fastened a bait, thrown into the water near the beach; one or two others stood ready, and when the crawfish, allured by the bait, had approached within attainable distance, these dogs of war pounced upon him, and he was high and dry upon the beach before he had even meditated a retreat. The boat-keepers in the boats alongside used to let down pieces of net spread on the hoop of a cask, with a piece of bait inside it:

in a few minutes this was hauled up, and one of our simple friends generally appeared seated on it, greatly enjoying the travelling; sometimes two or three came up, struggling for standing-room. But enough of crawfish: I will only add, that we thoroughly enjoyed both the catching and the eating. We had crawfish for breakfast, crawfish for dinner, crawfish for supper, and crawfish for any accidental meal we could cram in between. The last I saw of my friends was, with their long feelers wreathing about, as they were borne about Valparaiso as presents on our return.

One evening, a report that one of our midshipmen had fallen down a precipice and been lost, induced several others and myself to volunteer going in search of him. We started about dusk, provided with ropes and lines to get at him, with refreshments, and all other requisites, and escorted by the companion who had been with him when the accident occurred, and whose torn clothes bore witness to rough scrambling through bush and bramble.

The evening wore dismally away in our endeavours to gain the spot whence he had fallen, and, at last, the excessive darkness of the night so prevented our further progress, that we were fain to halt on the

crest of a hill. The seamen, with the aid of my bowie-knife and some cigar-lighters, soon made a blazing fire, and the provisions were served equally out, reserving a due portion for the refreshment of our poor friend when we should find him. Most anxiously did we hope that the morning would see him well and able to profit by it.

With stupid want of foresight, we had made our bivouac on the top of a hill; so no water could be obtained, and the sides being so precipitous, descent in the darkness would have been dangerous: besides, we had no vessel to contain it if brought. So we gave the pure brandy we had brought with us to the seamen, to whom the want of water was no insurmountable objection.

It was very dreary as I laid awake, watching the figures in the embers, to think how this poor boy might be suffering,—wounded, perhaps mangled, seeing our fire, hearing the shouts which we raised from time to time to announce that he was not deserted, and yet unable to reach us or let us know where to find him. The night-birds shrieked, and often I started up, fancying it was his death-cry; perhaps they were hovering over him, voracious for their prey. It was late in the night, before creeping under my huge poncho, which was shared by two

small boys fast wrapped in sleep, I resigned the task of listening and watching the fire to my two companions.

The earliest dawn saw us awake, and dispersing some to the spot where he disappeared, others below it, we shouted long and loudly to attract his attention, or to catch his anxiously listening ear. After a weary, fruitless search, during which we every moment dreaded to find his mangled, shattered corpse, our worst fears were relieved by hearing an answering cry. At first we thought it might only be one of our own party, but soon conviction grew, and he was saved.

He was a fine fellow, and, no doubt, will yet do his country good service. We pointed out which side of the cliff seemed safest to scale, hoping that confidence would be safety to him: but we were not without anxiety, for the cliff, from whence his voice proceeded, rose perpendicularly from the spot where we stood six or eight hundred feet, and his voice appeared to issue from the middle of it. To ascend or descend seemed equally difficult; but happily he discovered a path, and, to our great joy, was soon among us and safely borne on board, none the worse for his fall except a few bruises. It appeared that while searching for a path by which to

descend to the valley, the slippery green had betrayed his footsteps, and he fell into a niche beneath; scrambling about till dark, he made a bed of moss and grass, and slept till our shouts aroused him. The seamen, in the morning, with ready alacrity had come on shore, and when we reached the ship every nook on the island was being searched.

Our pleasure-excursions were numerous while we remained on the island: we made parties for fishing, goat-hunting, eating, drinking, idling, and bathing; each glen, each dale, was peopled for the time, and all seemed merry and happy. Sometimes it rained, but parties went out *al fresco* just the same; the weather was so hot, it seemed only a cooler and pleasanter way of enjoying oneself.

The Admiral and his family gave a delightful picnic in the West Bay: people had been sent on before to cook and mess all ready for our arrival. Our very reverend parson acted *chef* in honour of the occasion, and except a slight burning the Irish-stew got while he was tasting the punch, his cooking was nearly as good as his sermons. Tents were spread some half-mile inland, and there we dined among the myrtles and flowering trees. The meal ended, we sauntered through the grove, some climbing, some singing, some paddling in the cool stream,

but all happy. In our wanderings we had realized the poet's dream,—what could we wish for more?

“ And when in other climes we meet,
Some vale or isle enchanting,
And all is flowery, wild, and sweet,
And really love's not wanting,

“ We think how great had been our bliss
Had heaven but assigned us
To live and die in scenes like this,
With some we've left behind us.”

Here, among the sweet groves, we listened to the newest songs, poured forth by England's own fair daughters, and lolling on soft couches of nature's own providing,—he would be a wretch indeed who could have desired more. The fragrant weed we smoked reminded us of Raleigh and the hardy adventurers in whose steps of distant travel we were humble followers; the toils and hardships past were remembered with satisfaction in our present case; and when evening closed in, and we returned on board, it was with light hearts and energies fresh strung that we resumed the labours of our profession.

After a delightful stay we went back to comparatively civilized places, townships, traffics, and all the paraphernalia of this money-making world. I must not forget to mention, to the credit of the

moderns, that one of our number petitioned our chief for leave to remain on the island: emulous of Selkirk, or wishing to verify Defoe's account of Robinson Crusoe, he seriously begged to be left behind. It is needless to say his request was not granted.

CHAPTER XV.

GUAYAQUIL.

EXCURSION TO THE ECUADOR.—ASCENT OF THE GULF.—PUNA.—THE BRITISH CONSUL-GENERAL.—NIGHT ASCENT OF THE RIVER.—SHIPBOARD.—MIDNIGHT RECREATIONS.—SUMMARY PUNISHMENT.—THE REAL THIEF.—GUAYAQUIL: DESCRIPTION OF IT.—HOUSES.—NUMEROUS OCCUPANTS.—OYSTERS.—RAVAGES OF THE PLAGUE.—PROLONGED MOURNING.—VISITING.—THE HAMMOCK.—BEAUTY.—CLAIM TO PURE DESCENT.—HISTORY.—SURPRISE.—REBELLION SUPPRESSED.—FLORES.—ESTIMATION OF THE ENGLISH.—ADVANTAGES.—THE ESTERO.—EXPORTS.—IMPORTS.—COCOA-RAFTS.—PECULIAR ARCHITECTURE.—GUAYAQUIL SCENERY.—COCOA PLANTATIONS.—ALLIGATORS.—THE COCOA PLANT.—MONKEYS.—RIDE TO BODEGAS.—INUNDATIONS.—SOIRÉE.—THE WAY LOST.—WEARY RIDE.—FEASTING.—BALL.—SEPARATION.—ROUTE TO QUITO.—CHEAPNESS OF PROVISIONS.—CHIMBORAZO.—QUITO.—THE RAINY SEASON.—PUNTA ESPAGNOLA.—COTTON-TREE.—RETURN TO THE SHIP.

Now on Atlantic waves he rides afar,
 Where Andes, giant of the western star,
 With meteor standard to the winds unfurled,
 Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world.

CAMPBELL'S *Pleasures of Hope*.

THE reader will not regret, I feel sure, that my rambles did not extend to Guayaquil; for one infinitely better able to describe has lent me his notes of an excursion there. I insert them without alteration, for pen of mine would be but a destroying quill

here. We are now parted, my dear, dear friend ; but the remembrance of your many good qualities and sterling merit is warm within me : you possess every ingredient for a great man, and most heartily do I say, " God speed you ! "

Another messmate visited Guayaquil at the same period, and on his return added this piece of information ; that the families at Guayaquil had cabbages in pots in their balconies, instead of shrub-flowers. Let the intelligent reader judge why : it is beyond me. Perhaps from a curious taste in smells, or from the actual rarity of the plant.

" Many men have many opinions ;
Some like apples, some like onions ;
Some are gentle, some are savages ;
Some like roses, others cabbages."

" The tremulous motion of one of her Majesty's steamers assured me that I was away for the bright shores of Ecuador, and every mile of water we passed over made me feel proportionably lighter in spirits, and relieved the lethargy which months of Peruvian heat and mist had engendered. I hardly cast a look at the Zahara-like shores : we steered along barren sandy hills, and barren sandy plains, until Cape Blanco shone in the evening light ; beyond it lay the *Land of Rain*, and I rejoiced to think of

seeing a good wholesome shower, and green grass, and beautiful trees. Before it was dark I saw we had passed the treeless shores of Peru, and we anchored for the night near to where the light-house of Guayaquil river ought to be, but its absence gave cause of uneasiness to our worthy navigators. I slept and passed the whole night in violent imaginary exercise amongst the forests of Guayaquil. As the morning fog cleared off, the Island of Santa Clara, at the entrance of the river, was exactly where we expected to find it—its light-house evidently not having been lighted during the night, the worthy Don in charge, having either forgot, or run short of oil, both usual occurrences in a foreign pharos. St. Clara is more commonly called the Amortagado, or Shrouded Corpse, which it strongly resembles in outline, especially when bearing north; it is steep and well-wooded, rising three or four hundred feet above the sea; a ten-knot speed soon took us from St. Clara to abreast of Puna—an extensive island dividing the Guayaquil stream into two large branches, of which the southern one is the most frequented. On our left hand low alluvial land reached back to hills which formed the backbone of Puna; and on our right, low alluvial land ran back to a perpendicular wall of mountain

which encloses the elevated valleys of Cuenca, &c. On our starboard-quarter, a break in the low shores was the entrance to Tumbez river—the landing-place of the conqueror of Peru—once a fine Indian city, now a collection of mud hovels, with the ruins of its once wealthy temple. Steering close round Punta Mundinga of Puna, we hauled in for the picturesque village of Puna, and anchored to await tide and pilot.



PUNA.

The different construction of the houses, pointed out at once how much, in a seventy hours' voyage, we had altered the climate. The flat roof and mud hut were changed for the long sloped roof of

thatch and palm-leave walls, elevated on piles considerably above the ground, to avoid its swampiness during the rains, and at the same time to afford shelter underneath to the poor cattle. The general appearance of the village reminded me much of those I had seen in Malaya, a resemblance carried out by the Indian appearance of its inhabitants.

From the neighbourhood of this village the British Consul-General soon made his appearance: a gentleman, whose slight and wiry form eighty years had touched with a sparing hand, although twenty of them had been spent on the Equator, and spent to some purpose—for, of all men I fell in with, beyond Cape Horn, he struck me as the one best informed on all subjects connected with the people and country he had lived amongst. Still active in mind and body, his conversation was a treat I often look back to with regret: and a pity is it that such a man should let his long experience and mass of information drop with himself into the grave. Of his personal worth it would be disrespect for me to speak; for old and young, rich and poor, looked up to him as the generous and upright “Consul Inglese.” His name was on every tongue; and long may he be spared to do what

he did (to meet the vessel in which I was fortunate enough to be), namely—*ride* three hundred miles, from Quito, through a tiresome and difficult country, at four score years of age.

At sunset the thermometer stood fifteen degrees higher than in Lima, but by no means so sultry; and the mists for a few minutes kindly drew aside, and gave us a slight glimpse of the mighty scenery they shrouded from our view. Chimborazo's Horn showed for a minute and was gone, and two-thirds of our horizon was bounded by a sheer wall of mountains—for so they looked—rising from a plain barely above the level of waters, and I longed to ascend them and explore their wonders.

Don Gregorio Menes, the pilot, having lighted his thousandth cigarito, expressed a determination to take the vessel up at eleven o'clock in the night; and to all anxious inquiries on the part of the *responsible* officers (for, of course, Man-o'-War fashion, everybody else was indifferent), whether the said Gregorio was fully confident, he simply answered—" *Si, ce pueda!*" (Yes, we can!) and, accordingly, one hour before midnight, the five hundred horses of Sir J. J. Rennie went to work, and Don Gregorio, putting out his pipe, we slashed up the stream at full speed; and one felt exhilarated

by the excitement arising from the boldness of piloting up a shoal river at night-time, in a vessel of fourteen-hundred tons, at a speed over the ground of twelve or thirteen knots. No sooner did a light on the bank appear, than it was past. The fire-flies started by; the breaking of the agitated water against the trees, showed their tiny lanterns as if to lighten us on. The dogs in the various plantations yelped melodiously; the solitary pelican and crane, started by such an unusual turmoil, flapped lazily across our wake, uttering a sleepy cry; whilst the shrill pipings of nocturnal birds showed that we were, indeed, within the tropics. But at night there is a sameness in any scenery, especially when it is low, and the night mists hang heavy, consequently I laid down to nap until we reached the city—having only had four hours sleep the night before. However, instead of sleeping, I was kept laughing by a naval freak which I had never before witnessed—arising as follows:—

Two of the officers in the midshipmen's berth had like myself been enjoying the novelty of our night's ascent of the river, and instead of retiring like my lazy self to a hammock, had arranged to have a sumptuous supper at one A.M. off a cold tongue and a bottle of brandy. The unfortunate berth-boy

(for all midshipmen's boys are unfortunate) turned out of his bed sleepy and careless, borrowed the sentry's lanthorn, spread the supper, nodded his head, and slept as he leant against the cupboard. My worthy shipmates ate a little, and drank more: descanted in glowing terms on the pleasures of the trip; and whilst deep in their argument, which I was inwardly cursing, the purser's cat stole into the berth, and, favoured by the glimmering light of his master's lanthorn, jumped on the table and abstracted the remaining portion of the tongue. Suddenly the argument ceased, and one proposed to go on deck and fetch "old somebody" down to have some supper; which having been done, a scene somewhat as follows commenced:—

Why, what infernal nonsense! why have you hid the tongue? Come, out with it.

Oh! That won't do, my friend! I thought I heard you humbugging the dish about. I'm shot if you shall not pay for the supper.

I take the tongue? the devil a bit! I've not touched it.

Well, then, somebody must. I'm shot, if we do not find the thief out!

The door of the lanthorn was then opened, and its solitary pencil of rays, as Dr. —— would call

it, sent shimmering about the steerage and berth—when, lo and behold, the unlucky boy was found leaning against the cupboard! Ah! you d—d young thief, so you steal tongue, eh? cried one. No answer beyond a snore. Oh! he is asleep, replied the other, it could not be him. Well, then, said the first speaker, he ought to have seen that no one else robbed us—a piece of reasoning that allowed of no argument, and accordingly it was decided that summary punishment was to be inflicted on the unconscious culprit. Whereon with that fertility of conception for which young naval officers are so remarkable, the hair was quietly removed from the crown of the boy's head, and his face carefully blackened: which being done the light was thrown into his eyes, and, with mock gravity, one said. Well! you ungrateful young scoundrel, so after living all day on the fat of the land you must steal tongue at night, eh? But Providence has punished you sir: all the hair has fallen off the top of your head, and you will be a negro for the rest of your days! Oh! Lord, sir! blubbered the boy, putting one hand to the crown of his head, and squinting at his nose which shone of lamp-black. “Oh! I never stole never no tongue, sir! somebody else tuked it. Perhaps it was that cat, sir! I gets all her thrashings!” A

hunt at once commenced for the pilfering Tommy, who was soon found, still purring over the remnants—caught and condemned to be converted into a lion. This novel process was executed by shearing and shaving the hair from the underneath part of the neck, and from the shoulders within three inches of the tip of the tail. Puss was tied securely down, and, amid much mewling, biting, and roars of laughter from a numerous audience (who not being able to sleep joined in the midnight prank) and the sentry's "not so much noise, if you please, gentlemen," the operation was successfully performed, and puss liberated to fly about quite frantic with fear, whilst I almost cried with laughter at his appearance, so totally was it changed—even the lady cat did not recognise her better half, and in astonishment at the transmutation, curled up her tail, spat, and grinned in a very unmatrimonial manner. The robber finding himself the subject of general contempt flew up the ladder and bolted into the coal bounters to conceal his shame. Old Gregory, the quartermaster, assured me, with a very demure face, that no doubt Tommy would commit suicide, "for he is a werry high-minded cat, sir, and never disgraced himself before!"

Hands bring ship to an anchor! and I found we

were ascending the last reach with a long row of excellent lights shining brightly along the quay in front of Guayaquil, and this at three A.M. Thought I, come this looks respectable at any rate; and I retired again to sleep for a short hour, and then commenced

“TEN DAYS’ PLEASURE AT GUAYAQUIL,”

and in my humble description of it I feel naturally diffident in having been preceded by Basil Hall. The whirl of excitement and novelty I there led enabled me only to make rough notes, and journalising was out of all possibility: the result of those notes I here give.

The good town of Guayaquil, the seaport of the republic of the “Ecuador,” is situated on the left bank of a river of the same name: originally, no doubt, it must have been founded on the slope of a range of hills rising out of the swampy island on which the city now stands. This island is formed by the freshwater river running on the one side and a long arm of the sea, called an *estero*, on the other: they formerly communicated with one another, but time and the mud of the river has barred up the channel for the space of some hundred yards; and at the present day the better part of the town is

built on the accumulated rubbish of centuries, heaped into an embankment on what would otherwise in the rainy season be an inundated swamp. Few cities in the world have the advantages for cleanliness that Guayaquil has; for in its front runs the rapid current of the river, whilst three or four hundred yards in their rear the clear salt-water of the estero lies convenient, and this at a distance of ninety miles from the sea. Cleanliness and health one would suppose the natural consequents of such a situation; the former good quality the town really possesses, when compared with other South American ones; and the latter would also follow, were it not for the close manner in which its population of twenty-two thousand souls are packed. The ground-plan of the city consists of three or four long parallels of houses running along the bank of the river with intersecting streets. The frontage is good, the height of the houses giving an appearance of respectability to the town; whilst the peculiar structure of the town-hall and palace, combined with the endless balconies and lattice-work, give a character to the view. The quay, or *balcon* as it is called, is a great credit to Guayaquil; it is at least a mile and a half in length, faced with stone, and respectably paved. Cast-iron lamps at convenient distances lighten this fashionable

lounge on those nights when the moon does not answer the purpose, and convenient seats are placed to *descansarse un poco*, literally, untire a little.

A Guayaquil house is the greatest curiosity in the place—built generally of three, occasionally four stories high; the foundation a series of immense spars, sunk well into the earth, and on this the superstructure is placed, consisting almost entirely of wood and mud, which, from experience, they have learnt to fashion cunningly, so as to resemble more substantial materials; indeed, the interior of one of their houses when the frame is visible, resembles more the timbers, knees, and braces of a line-of-battle ship's hull than anything else, each floor becomes a separate deck, being caulked and pitched as on board a ship: this answers the double purpose of being able to withstand the violent motion of their earthquakes, which are frequent, and, at the same time, to keep out the rain, which for months pours down on these plains. The lower story of a Guayaquil house is generally occupied by shopkeepers and their shops; the middle story divided into an endless number of badly-ventilated rooms, is occupied by the poor of all classes—mantua-makers, washerwomen, porters, &c., whilst above all is the top and fashionable story, owned by the re-

spectable and wealthy portion of the community. All have one common entrance-door and staircase: many of these Noah's arks contain one hundred souls, and the majority far more; and I have often seen on the same staircase, the senator, slave, half-pay officer, water-carrier, and donna, each claiming a portion of the domicile. How order should exist in such Babels seems odd; but it is so, and beyond the natural curiosity of the poorer inmates to see who or what was going up and down to their rich house-mates, I never saw the least discomfort. It spoke volumes for the good behaviour of the poor, and for that general courtesy and consideration towards the humble which seems to exist everywhere but in our own country. I need hardly say that the laxity of morals arising from such a system of herding is very great; moreover, that when once a fever or contagious disease breaks out in one of these houses its ravages are frightful, often destroying every soul. Of course there are houses in Guayaquil entirely private, but they are few and far between,—the exception, not the rule. All the rooms I entered were large and well ventilated; windows opening into balconies, which were fitted occasionally with lattice-work, more generally speaking with curtains; not with the selfish view of hiding

the fair inmates, but merely to keep out the sun, that ruthless destroyer of the much-valued fairness of the fair Guayaquilanian.

Odd as it may appear, the whole town stands on little else but *oyster-shells*, the fish of which is the continued and never-failing food of the inhabitants, rich and poor, young and old. Oysters in every shape and of the finest quality are on every table, and form a portion of every meal : oyster-soup, oyster-pie, oyster-pudding, oysters in everything and everywhere. They are brought from large banks which abound near Puna, at a distance of from seventy to eighty miles, and sold for a mere song; the shells being thrown by the vendors in any spot the municipality may direct. For instance, whilst I was there the authorities wished to construct a battery below the town to resist General Flores, the expected bugbear of American republics; consequently every morning a crowd of people were to be seen opening oysters and throwing the shells in the appointed spot, the daily increase of the battery giving promise of being sooner completed than the generality of public works in Spanish America. The balcon, with the exception of the facing and pavement, is constructed of nothing else, and, no doubt, to the facility with which the heavy

rains of the summer are enabled to drain through so porous a foundation, is Guayaquil principally indebted for its exemption from anything like local fevers. The yellow fever occasionally makes a sweep through the city, so favourable to its influence, but it has always been imported from Panama; and speaking of the general sanity of this much-abused land, a French apothecary assured me that, except during the "*Peste*," which he evidently looked back to as his golden age, he was in the habit of making more money in one week in Lima than he made here in a month.

About ten years ago the yellow fever raged with frightful violence, carrying off the majority of the inhabitants, especially young men and women; and although so long a period had elapsed, yet the visitation was spoken of as a yesterday's occurrence, for every family had felt its effects, and many were bowed down with affliction beyond even the reach even of that balm for all sorrows—healing time.

It was touching to be introduced to a solitary lady in deep mourning, and to be told that, before the plague, she kept the gayest house in Guayaquil, and had around her many clever sons and handsome daughters, not one of whom

had been spared. There were many in this situation, and distressing as such cases were, there was one which struck me more, that of a lady, once the belle of Guayaquil—a position not easily won, where there had been so many competitors. She had been engaged to some handsome cavaliero, who, after finishing his education by a trip through England and Europe, returned, poor fellow, to marry her, just as the plague broke out, and, pitiable to say, he died before the ceremony was performed, and, eleven years afterwards, I saw the poor girl in deep mourning, secluded from society, and treasuring the memory of her betrothed, as if he had but left her yesterday. Indeed, such is the warmth of feeling amongst the Guayaguilianians, that there seemed to be no limit to the years of mourning for departed friends; and I feel myself quite within bounds when I say, that one-third of the better families were still in mourning for deaths that had occurred over a space of the last *five years*. But let it not be supposed that society is dull in consequence, or that the Guayaquilanian lives in fear of the “*Panteon*.” No. I have seldom seen people who enjoy a more care-discarding life than the good souls there.

The houses and rooms are not of course, in so

hot a climate, lumbered with more furniture than is really necessary, yet they have quite enough for comfort and luxury, which latter term, let me add, is only to be understood by those who have swung in a grass Spanish hammock, a number of which are found in every room, hung up in the doorways and windows, in order that the slightest draught may be enjoyed. The worst thing Captain B. Hall ever did was to quiz these said hammocks. His story of the fear he laboured under, and the intricacy of the navigation whilst crossing a room in which a number of ladies were swinging, has, (combined with a mania to be fashionable, the curse of every land,) induced many families to banish the dear hammock, and adopt stiff-backed chairs and fusty sofas. For my part I thought the hammock most characteristic of the people and climate, independent of its fun.

On going into a room to call—for no lacquey bores you in this city—it was nothing unusual to find it well lighted (the visiting hour being nine o'clock P.M.), three or four hammocks vibrating gently in different corners, a quiet conversation going on between unseen persons, and the smoke of paper cigarettes perceptible; otherwise, beyond a foot or hand appearing here and there, not a soul to be

seen. This was the drawing-room, and the family ready to receive visitors. Whilst crossing the room, the señora would lift herself up, and in those kind phrases which Spanish was only made to express, welcome you most warmly, and drawing a chair near her hammock, you entered into conversation as if your acquaintance had been of twenty years. Meanwhile every hammock shows a pretty occupant, or a jolly old mammita; for with due reverence I say, that mammas are *not* "jolly old mammitas" in every country. The cigars are smoked again; the hammocks swing away, except that all are sitting up, and the dear little souls very unwillingly are showing Spanish feet and well-turned ankles, in giving the necessary impetus to their seats. Then may be you ask for the pretty child who gave you the scented lime the previous night. "Aqui esta," replies the mother, who, like a hen, has her brood about her, and, diving down into her hammock, she produces the blushing little Josophina, and many another cherub besides; for in this young Republic the more children the more honour, and the number of olive branches add materially to a man's honours and but little to his cares, the reverse of our own favoured land. And great was the admiration lavished on an old

and gallant naval officer of our service, when the ladies were informed that the ages of his children extended over a space of twenty-eight years. *Ha que Hombre!* Ah! what a man! the mammas would exclaim, while the dons looked as if the comparisons that might arise would be disagreeable in the extreme. Ten in the evening is the correct hour for fashionable riding or walking, the balcon being the resort; and he must have a heart of steel, and a soul of lead, who could stand the witchery of the night, and the lovely girls around him; but dancing was in fashion at the time of our visit, it being the cool season, and dance they did, with all their hearts and souls, for dancing, music, swinging in a hammock, and eating dulces, constitutes the life of a fair Guayaquilanian. Fair they really are, in a double sense of the word, and bear the palm for beauty on the shores of the Pacific, both with us who admire the dark eye and silky lash of Andalusia, and with the Spaniards who takes for the standard of beauty, light eyes, and brown hair.

Here also, for the first time, I met South American men of education and general information. They had been educated in England, Germany, or France, and appeared to have profited thereby,

and were looked up to by their more ignorant friends ; for the advantages of European education are very generally acknowledged, the boast of Ecuador Señor Rocafuerte, having had all his ideas formed in England, and he, by general consent, is said to have been the most clever man South America has as yet produced.

The good families in the Ecuador claim a far more pure and aristocratic descent from the blood of old Spain, than the Peruvians or Chilians of the present day—no doubt with some reason—for, of course, the poorest and most needy adventurers wandered farthest from the mother-country in the days of conquering Spain. The Mexicans may and do stand first for nobility of blood, many of the best families of Spain having namesakes in the land of the Aytees.

To a casual observer, like myself, the intermixture of the Indian with the Spaniard perceptibly increases as one proceeds southward on the western side of America, yet in Chili, where the Indian predominates, the national character stands higher than among their brother cross-breeds. This most likely arises from the amalgamation having taken place with the Araucanians, whose abilities rank them vastly above the general standard of natives

south of the Gulf of Mexico, and from physical causes, created by a temperate climate.

When I was at Guayaquil in 1847, society was in a very disordered state from political differences — the Florists, Rocafuertists, and Rocists, forming different circles, hating and backbiting one another most cordially ; a brief summary of a few years of Ecuadorian history will show the anarchy of these miserable governments. Early in 1822 Guayaquil sent in its adhesion to the cause of liberty for which Bolivar was struggling on the banks of the Orinoco. On May 22nd, 1822, the Battle of Pichincha was fought — the Republicans were victorious, and Quito, the capital, fell into the hands of General Lucie — forming from that day a portion of the great Columbian Republic, a disjointed mass kept together by the talent and *prestige* attached to Bolivar. At his death revolutions and counter-revolutions again became fashionable, until General Flores, a man who had risen from a common trooper, associated himself with Rocafuerte, a person of first-rate talents and liberal education ; the one adapted for the field, the other for the council — conjointly they contrived to get the governments into their hands, and erected a Republic called the Ecuador, of which Quito again

became the capital—at first the two held joint-power, however, Flores as residing at Quito commenced intriguing.. Rocafuerte did the same in Guayaquil—two parties arose, the Quitonians and Guayaquilanians, and hostilities ensued. Rocafuerte seized the naval force, consisting of a heavy fifty-gun frigate, called the *Columbia*. Flores, by great activity, descended from the Table Land, and in a short time gained possession of Guayaquil and the adjacent country. Rocafuerte then retired to the Island of Puna, and, by means of his frigate, entirely blockaded the river and city. Flores, however, was not a man to be easily foiled; he gained information of Rocafuerte being so far confident of his security as to be in the habit of landing on Puna unguarded—a plot was laid, and successfully carried out. Rocafuerte was surprised, made prisoner, and carried to Guayaquil. The frigate threatened to bombard the city, Flores checked them by the assurance that the first shot would sign his death-warrant. Meanwhile, after prison-discipline had well reduced Rocafuerte's health and spirit, his fortunate rival had an interview with him, and after pointing out the folly of their opposing one another, and the necessity of uniting to advance their country's interest, the two left

the prison friends : there can be no doubt, whatever may have been Flores' motive in thus leniently treating an enemy, that it was generous, and showed anything but the general cruelty of political rivalry.

To get possession of the redoubtable frigate *Columbia* was the next object to be attained, and was quickly done by declaring her a pirate, on which a Yankee corvette summoned her to surrender ; she politely complied, and to prevent a re-occurrence of any more naval freaks in the Ecuador, Flores wisely broke her up. This rebellion being finished, a calm ensued. Flores succeeded, by dint of intrigue and force, in being reelected President, and then commenced taking measures to be confirmed in authority for life. Rocafuerte, whose talents and patriotism were beyond all doubt, disgusted with the abuse of that liberty which he once hoped to see his country enjoy, and devoid of the requisite energy to combat an oppressor, retired to Lima a disappointed man. Flores now had the field to himself. The Presidentship for life was passed through the senate as a law, and at once opened the eyes of all parties to his ambition, which pointed to a dictatorship. Six years passed on, and the Guayaquilanians revolted,

aided and abetted by Rocafuerte, who expected to be elected President. Flores was this time unlucky and driven forth a beggar, and Rocca, a man of colour, by good management obtained the envied Presidentship, and still holds it; thus quite check-mating Rocafuerte, who died in 1847, at Lima. Flores has since been begging from one European Court to another, ready to sacrifice everything, provided he is assisted to regain his position in the Ecuador. Isabella of Spain seemed to have at last given him hopes, and some mercantile house undertook the affair as a spec: the conquest of Ecuador, and the monopoly of the cocoa-trade being their motives. How the Quixotic expedition failed everyone knows, by Lord Palmerston squashing the legion, and seizing the transports—and very fortunately so, for the selfishness of these trans-Andean conquerors, was undoubted, and I heard an *employé* of General Flores, when asked what they would do with the Irish legionaries after the war, supposing them to have been successful, reply—"Oh! quarter them one wet season, in the marshes, they would want no half-pay or pensions after it."

However, Flores has a strong party in the country, and may yet, if patient, regain his place; he is said to be a brave unscrupulous man, active,

intelligent, but not talented, small in person, and particularly engaging in his manner and conversation; his party has been considerably strengthened by Rocafuerte's death, and no doubt he may sing—

“There's a good time coming, boys.”

Of course, as Rocca was in power during our stay, it was with his party we were principally mixed up. The Roccists though the wealthiest, were by no means the most aristocratic, for republics are always more jealous on this score than monarchies; and the taint of black blood was always spoken of by the Florists as something too horrible to be tolerated. Nevertheless, all were kind to us, and both in public and private, vied in civility to “los Ingleses,” who, I am happy to say, stand high in Guayaquil estimation; England having lost no credit with either party by her conduct to General Flores; and I could not but regret that some ruler should not be found to reconcile parties—govern like an honest man, and unfold the capabilities of a country which has been shamefully neglected.

The river Guayaquil forms an excellent high road to a State of three hundred and twenty-five thousand square miles in extent, and containing a population of six hundred thousand souls. It washes

the base of the mountains dividing the elevated table-lands, with their European climate, from the plains, in which the palm and banana revel in an equatorial sun; indeed, two-thirds of this Republic consist of elevated mountain regions, producing bread stuffs, fruits, and vegetables of the temperate zone; the other third a rich alluvial soil, where sugar, maize, and cocoa-trees grow wild; and forests yielding wood for every purpose man requires; and this country, with such rare natural advantages, lies on the frontier of a barren woodless land, called Peru, extending many thousand miles, of which they ought to be the sole supplies, if not also of Chili with sugar, and Mexico with corn. The navigation of the river is easy as far as Guayaquil for vessels of eighteen and twenty feet draught, and to Puna fleets might come. The mouth of the river being less impeded by shoals than that of any similar stream with which I am acquainted, either in the Old or New World, and its dangers only exist in the fevered intellect of some grog-drinking skipper, or the wooden heads of some of her majesty's masters. At Guayaquil docks might be constructed with the greatest facility, and the bank forms a natural inclination for a patent slip. Excellent wood for spars, knees, and planks, is to be had in abundance.

Labour is dear; but let a steady demand for carpenters and shipwrights arise, and they will soon swarm.

Such are the facilities this river affords for dockyard repairs, that damaged vessels from Valparaiso come here; the comparative cheapness of labour in Chili being more than counterbalanced by the expensiveness of good wood, which Chili is obliged to import. I felt much curiosity to explore the estero at the back of Guayaquil, but was not able to do so. The depth of water, however, was considerably greater than that of the river off the city, and led me to conjecture that no bar existed at its mouth as is the case with the river off Mondragon Island; and that vessels were not allowed to ascend it for the two following reasons, I heard freely asserted. In the first place, the pilotage of the river put money into the hands of the customs, and by keeping the other route closed, a weak point might be concealed from the bullying Chilians, or other enemies—who otherwise could, by the estero, take them in rear — thus a blind-sighted policy obliged the lading and unlading of vessels to be carried on on a swift river, where boating is attended with considerable risk, whilst a millpond lies *perdu*.

The commercial establishments in Guayaquil are principally confined to houses of agency for larger firms at Lima and Valparaiso; but, if I might judge by the large and multifarious display of goods in all the stores, the imports must be considerable; indeed, everything was there to be found which could minister to one's comfort or suit the taste. German goods abounded, especially cutlery from Hamburgh, marked with English brands; but, to an Englishman's eye, the cloven hoof showed through the disguise. The exports to Europe are, for the major part, carried on in Hamburgh vessels, though the trade is in English hands, and consists of cocoa, sugar (badly granulated), hides, dye-woods, and, lastly, straw hats, the importance of which, as an article of native manufacture, is very great. twenty thousand straw hats being a common shipment; their use is most extensive, both in South America, and even in Spain and Portugal.

The cocoa is brought down from the estates (generally situated many miles up the river), in vessels of most primitive construction, consisting of three or four tiers of trees placed across one another, and lashed with rattan. A house is then built thereon of bamboo-sticks and cocoa-nut leaves, in this the cocoa-nuts are piled up on mats and

carefully covered over. Some slaves of the estate are then embarked with wives and babes, a quantity of earth laid on one end of the raft for a garden, into which vegetables are transplanted. A stock of garlic and onions laid in for the voyage, and the raft pushes off to drift down with the stream. The captain and crew having merely to see that the raft keeps in the channel, by no means a difficult operation where the shoals are not numerous.

On reaching Guayaquil if the cocoa has been properly cleansed on the estate, the raft is lashed alongside of the vessel destined to export it. A cocoa clerk goes off, and superintends the transshipment, when the raft is cleared it is pulled to pieces; the wood shipped for the Peruvian and Chilian markets, or otherwise sold on shore for house-building purposes. The fruits of the Low Country and pure water (for at certain seasons the stream is brackish) are all brought down in the same manner. The country people embarking with all their goods and chattels to attend the market, and walking along the balcon. It is a curious sight to see the floating shops and population which line it. There is a small steamer which makes a weekly trip up and down the river at least from Bodegas, the place of rendezvous for travellers to or from the capital.

She is, of course, vastly superior to canoe-travelling, though by no means a flyer. The good citizens are very proud of her, she being then the only steam-boat owned by any Republic on the Pacific.

One little peculiarity of Guayaquil must not be passed over, as it will strike every visitor, namely the pagoda-like fashion of many of their lofty buildings, the town-hall, cathedral, &c., arising from the following cause. As I before said the walls are for the most part merely lath covered with tempered clay, made to resemble stone or brick: this composition would never stand, if exposed to the weather, the months of drenching rain to which Guayaquil is subject; and to shield it, when of any height, a roof of preposterous dimensions would be necessary, to obviate which all towers and steeples have a series of roofs at every twenty feet, with considerable slope and curve; but the houses, although high, require but one roof, in consequence of each story having a balcony, and the basement a wooden or stone colonnade. No doubt, from similar causes, the Chinese were forced in the early ages to adopt this method, and continue it now in stone and brick houses, merely from always doing as their forefathers did before them. I will close my notes on Guayaquil by noticing that independent of the many good qualities

this city possesses, it has also the necessary one of being picturesquely situated: in its neighbourhood the river loses much of its swampy mangrove margin—dense jungle changes for open forest and rich plantation. The monotony attached to alluvial land is considerably relieved by isolated hills and short ranges of mountains. The banks of the river are clothed with lotus plants now rich with flowers. The various hues of green which the neighbouring woods reflect under a noonday sun, are pleasingly relieved by masses of brilliant-coloured flowers of red and gold hanging pendant from enormous creepers, which in many places appear to chain down the tall bullies of the forest, and where the muddy banks of the river show, the tropical character of the scenery is fully preserved by the strutting crane and elegant Paddy-bird, or the basking alligators who swarm in this river. As a framework to the prospect whenever the mists of the day clear away, there stand in sharp relief against a rosy sky the tall Andes one hundred miles distant, their snow-clad peaks temptingly spread before your thirsty sight, whilst one horn-shaped pinnacle far o'ertops the rest like some lone sentinel. On its head rests one solitary cloud of gold, the only one visible in the heavens. I need hardly say that that mountain is Chimbarazo, and that the

observer gazes at it in awe-struck astonishment until the envious mists again shut the panorama from the view.

After a night's dancing at a jolly ball, where I saw more pretty faces and graceful forms than amongst any similar collection of women elsewhere, I formed one of a party to visit the cocoa-plantations near Bodegas, and I cannot say that I started altogether willingly on the said excursion, being sadly haunted by the large eyes and Hebe-like form of one of my partners; however, six hours' pull in a heavy gig, along one continuous bank, whose features only varied between forest and plantation, nearly cured me, and I was not sorry to disembark at half-past nine o'clock at the house of a Señor don Norval; his hospitality, however, consisted in allowing us to boil a kettle of water with his wood, and showing us a few freshly mud-plastered apartments as places of rest: the rogue was much to be envied, as a pretty waxen-faced young lady we were told was his bride, and that he was then enjoying his honeymoon. A cup of tea, a glass of sherry, &c., and some cold beef were much relished, and in a state of peace with all the world we retired to sleep: fools that we were, for in charity to a youngster, I had to spread my mattress on the

floor to make a sort of joint-stock bed, and, ye gods! how I repented it; my very flesh creeps at the memory of that night. Fleas and musquitos, sandflies and bugs, they bit, sucked, and revelled on us, fresh and full-blooded delicacies that we were—how I scratched and groaned! then laid patiently down, hoping they would feed and be still. No, the devils seemed determined to make “a night of it,”—a perfect *soirée*,—dancing and refreshment, till daylight, when perfectly exhausted, I slept a feverish sleep for an hour. At six we breakfasted, and re-embarked, pulling up a creek called Rio Baba, leading to a village of the same name, situated in the midst of the cocoa-plantations.

The morning air was cool and refreshing, our spirits rising under its influence and the excitement of shooting at the alligators and iguānas that abounded. The former were indeed thick as peas, of all sizes, from babies of three feet long to grand-papas of thirteen and fourteen. Six were shot dead by some of the old hands in the party, who soon found out their tender spot, which lies, as with all animals, in the heart; to hit this, the plan was to wait until the fore-paw was well in sight, then by aiming at the hind part of the shoulder instantaneous death ensued. The head we found

invulnerable, even with a rifle-ball at twenty yards: for instance, whilst extricating the boat from some sunken trees in which she was entangled, I observed a large alligator among the branches, the serrated edge of his impregnable back and two yellow eyes only showing, at less than thirty feet distance: I fired deliberately into his eye and hit fairly, for his convulsions were tremendous; the water was a perfect whirlpool, but my prey did not turn up. At Baba an excellent breakfast, provided by the hospitality of an English merchant (a virtue not common west of Cape Horn in the English community), enabled us to set forth rejoicing to the plantations.

The "Penny Magazine" will enlighten those most curious about how and what the cacao-plant is, but I will take the liberty to remind them that the fruit which contains the seed from which our chocolate is prepared grows from the bark, and not from a spray or twig. It resembles a tumour or excrescence, and on removing it the bark only is injured, for it has no fibrous connection with the stem. The fruit consists of a thick, soft rind, about seven inches long, somewhat more elongated than a lemon in shape. They are first of a purple colour, then green, and when ripe, of a golden hue: in the latter

state, it is either plucked by hand or cut down by means of knives fastened to long handles, then laid in heaps, and when mellowed by exposure to the sun, the fruit is split across and the nuts shaken out. At first they are found surrounded by a luscious pulp, grateful to the taste, but purgative if eaten in any quantity: this pulp is removed by the nuts being exposed to heat in a slow oven, and then spread to dry in the air, carefully winnowed to remove all husks and dirt, which done it is fit for the market. Some of the plantations are in pretty good condition, but the majority are sadly neglected: indeed, the country is capable of producing far more than enough for both home and foreign consumption. The general complaint is the want of a market for the cocoa, and England, though considered a good customer, only takes two shiploads annually.

The plantations, I was told, suffered greatly from the depredations committed by monkeys, they being excessively fond of the pulp that surrounds the nut, and, to keep them off, "watch and ward" are kept whenever the fruit ripens. The monkeys are, however odd it may appear, the only planters of cocoa in the Ecuador; for they drop the seed of the pillaged fruit in all directions, and it soon takes

root and comes to perfection in this luxuriant soil: the owner of the estate then clears away the small jungle, leaving the big trees as shelter, and, with a little transplantation, soon forms what is called a regular plantation. Thus even poor, abused Jacko is occasionally of use.

From Baba we started on horseback to Bodegas, leaving the boats to return and meet us at Señor Norval's next day. The road was easy, and the country varied and interesting: everything was new to us,—flowers, trees, grass, and animals: it was one continued cry of Look here! Look there! What beautiful flies! and so forth. The amusement afforded by saddling and unsaddling our horses to swim the various streams which intersect the land was very great; and it was an odd sight to see the black guide stripped and urging the animals across the stream, women *en chemise* bathing, and a number of alligators basking, all within a space of a hundred yards. It is fifteen miles from Baba to Bodegas, and at sunset we trotted up, hungry as sailors, to the residence of a don who was governor, corregidor, and commander-in-chief of the forces. His politeness was excessive, in consequence of the dignitaries who formed the party, and at six o'clock we sat down to an excellent dinner, in which onions and oil formed a

prominent feature; but a nine hours' fast gives a good appetite, and we did credit to the cheer, the respectable host himself waiting on us. Directly dinner was over some of the older members of the party retired to rest; but as I feared to undress, lest any of the Bodegas fashionables should step in at the visiting hour of nine P.M. and find me in dishabille, I strolled through the "Village of Stores," for such its name implies it to be, referring to its being the spot for transshipment to and from the capital. In the winter, or rainy season, the whole town is inundated; all the lower stories are deserted, and communication is carried on by boats only, the embarkation taking place from the top landing of the staircases, unless visitors are within hearing of one another, when a roaring conversation from the balconies is substituted.

In summer season the river runs between two steep banks, resembling more artificial cuttings than natural ones; but during the rains it rises above this boundary, and flows over the land for miles and miles. I was astonished to learn that from this point the trifling sum of 3*l.* (one *onza*), would pay the travelling expenses to Quito—much more than which I would, if circumstances could have allowed time, have given to reach it; for the Sierra

de las Angas looked temptingly cold, and the ice which lay in all the shops, so deliciously displayed, seemed to lure one to Chimborazo; but it could not be; so I returned to the residence of the corregidor, and, on going into the dining-room, found several heavily got up ladies of various ages and plain looks, seated on most uneasy looking chairs. I saw by the corregidor's face that something was amiss, and I guessed at once that he had invited these fair Bodeginians to see his distinguished guests, who unconsciously were snoring merrily in the adjoining rooms. I was formally introduced, and sat down like a martyr to sacrifice my rest for the public good. Whilst puzzling my brain what to say next, I observed a very uneasy motion of one of the Spanish hammocks, and at the same time a head popped up for a minute, with a variegated three-and-sixpenny tied round it for a night-cap, and I recognised the face of a worthy captain making imploring signs. Quite at a loss to understand the pantomime, I approached the hammock, and, as its occupant informed me, saw that he had denuded himself of all his outer garments, and had retired to sleep in peace, when, through the open work of the hammock, he was shocked to see a number of lady visitors walk into the room, fresh lights brought,

and every symptom of a *soirée*. I could only condole with my respected superior, and advise him to be perfectly quiet, which he was to a remarkable degree, although, every now and then, I detected the coloured night-cap and a pair of eyes looking at us anxiously.

Next morning I felt much refreshed with my sleep, free from musquitoes, in a grass hammock. Seven was our starting hour, but the lazy peons evidently thought us extremely punctual in getting away by eight, with a big grinning negro of impossible-to-be-shaken good-humour as a guide. We had not ridden a couple of miles when I saw that our guide was ignorant of the short cut we were to make, and, being of a patient temperament, I quietly remarked to him that he was a picaroon, his reply was a grin, and a wink at the senior member of the party, as much as to say—do not tell him!—and then away we went—now scraping under big trees, tearing through thorny underwood, galloping through glades of mallows and convolvuli. At last the squall broke, for, on our getting into an immense circular clearance of jungle-grass, above which our heads were alone visible (and from the motion communicated to us by our horses, we all looked as if *treading water* in a sea of grass), the

patience of the leader of the party disappeared, and in pretty round English, freely interlarded with Spanish, he called the Sambo everything but a black gentleman; who excused himself by grinning from ear to ear, and saying, "*Via pues hombre!* if they change the road every rain, and I have not been here for ten years, is it extraordinary that I should have to seek it?" I thought I should have died from the effects of suppressed laughter, though our leader looked very angry, and in disjointed sentences gave vent to his opinion on Ecuadorians in general, and our guide in particular. Meanwhile on we went, through swamp, jungle, and grass, our horses giving out, and I was anticipating having some experience of life in a forest on the equator, when a hut was found, the people at which informed us we had hit the river two miles below the spot we wished to reach. Our guide was quite delighted with his performance, and seemed to think us very unreasonable not to be satisfied likewise.

As we turned the corner of Señor Norval's bower of bliss we were astonished to see a steamer with a powerful band on top of the wooden canopy which screened her deck, giving vent to music more powerful than pleasing, we were all dirty and shaken after a thirty-six mile ride, and her Majesty's repre-

sentative was astounded to find a guard of honour, band, steamer, and unlimited feeding placed at his disposal. All the authorities of Guayaquil were there to do honour to our chief,—from the governor to the clerks of the petty sessions. In my heart I rejoiced at the prospect of a speedy return to Guayaquil, and the certainty of a feed in the bargain. A towel and razor, with a little blue and gold from portmanteaus, made us all *officials Inglese* again.

I will not relate the particulars of the Lord Mayor's feast which took place, suffice it that I have seldom seen more astonishing performances in the shape of eating and drinking, which only ceased with our arrival at Guayaquil three hours afterwards. Another ball on board the steamer closed one of the most pleasant excursions that I ever made, and I found myself at four in the morning standing with the prettiest girl in Guayaquil on my arm, and weighing in my mind whether love and contentment in a bower amidst the forests of Guayaquil would not be preferable to returning to holystoning decks, and crossing top-gallant yards in a man-of-war. A little voice whispered do not make a fool of yourself, they will send the master-at-arms after you as ruthlessly as you tore the fascinating bandsman yesterday from the arms of his broken-hearted Dulcinea; so like a

wise man I returned to the unfeeling steamer, whose smoking funnel showed that the hour of departure had struck.

At eight o'clock we started, and the long faces and riveted gaze, on steady pointing of telescopes to particular balconies as long as they could be seen, told a tale—one might justly conclude that the separation from something was giving a great deal of pain to most of the officers,—whether it was the ladies, the oysters, or Guayaquil in general, I shall leave people to guess: at any rate when the next point of land shut it from our sight there was a general exclamation amongst the bachelors. “I’ve promised to come back, and hang me if I will not, some day or the other.” Whether they have done so I cannot say: one I know to be at present in the Bights of Benin.

Whilst steaming down the stream I’ll describe what has to be done, and what is seen on the road to Quito, the capital of Ecuador, which I need hardly remind the reader lies on the equator, and is the most elevated city in the world. Leaving Guayaquil with a flood tide the traveller proceeds to Bodegas in a canoe, disembarking from which he ought to pack his traps into the smallest possible compass, provide himself with bedding, and, if possible, imagine himself a trunk, so as to bear patiently

the many joltings and tedious travelling of a mule journey.

From Bodegas the land for some distance continues a tropical plain, afterwards there is a steep incline in which he quickly passes through all the gradations consequent on the change of climate that is taking place at every stride of his beast; but the most arduous part of the journey is the sheer ascent of the Cerro de las Angas, which rises from the low country with an altitude of six thousand feet. The paths by which it is surmounted are just in the same state as described by Ulloa two hundred years ago. The trifling repairs of the summer are washed away with the first rains, and for half the year it is owing more to the sagacity of the poor mule than anything else that the road is passable. These patient brutes tread with the greatest care in the footsteps of those that have preceded them, until a series of deep holes are formed, which, although affording sure footing, make the journey wearisome indeed. On scaling this Cerro, the district of Guaranda is entered, and the traveller may there stand under the shade of the apple-tree, and look down on the plain at his feet; where the feathery cocoa-nut and palm-tree are waving before him lies a land resembling richly cultivated portions of his own English home—its corn,

fruits, and vegetables are pouring around him, and a numerous population, are happy in a spot where labour and food are so cheap that sixpence a day is handsome wages, and where as a landlord assured me it was not unusual to throw open private granaries, and let the people help themselves to the barley of the past year in order to make room for the coming harvest. This, of course, arises from the same cause as the cheapness of mutton in the Highlands; and for discovering which Dr. Johnson seems to be considered marvellously knowing, and, moreover, from the distance which the produce has to be carried to reach a market. I myself have seen potatoes selling in the market of Guayaquil at a dollar a sack after having been brought six days' journey on mules, and one day in a canoe!

The table-land of Guaranda rises gradually towards Chimborazo; the road leads close round the base of that mountain, and is so elevated and exposed that, from noon to sunset, no traveller can pass for an incessant hurricane which then rages. Several attempts to pass during those forbidden hours have been attended with most fatal effects, the unhappy rider and animal being hurled with irresistible force into some of the many ravines which exist, and dashed to pieces. Every one I met

agreed on a point which I can easily understand—namely, the apparent insignificance of Chimborazo seen from the road at its base—for the eye is overpowered and unable to grasp scenery on so grand a scale. The ravines are so immense and deep, the precipices so stupendous, the valleys so large, and the plains of such vast extent, that the snow-crowned dome, which only rises ten thousand feet above your own level, is only in proportion to the mighty objects which surround it, although it actually soars twenty-three thousand feet above the sea. Looking eastward from a point somewhat further on, the land, on a clear day, is seen slowly and steadily dipping to the Atlantic, with numerous hillocks, as they appear, but really mountains of some magnitude, and numerous streams wending their way to the Marañon, one of the leaders of which great highway to the east is crossed before entering Quito: and no doubt, in some future day, when this rich agricultural country shall be in the hands of those who will not let God's blessings waste in idleness and sloth—many a goodly cargo of wheat and barley will descend this stream for barter with the lands lying north of the Brazils. Quito at first sight resembles a large ecclesiastical establishment. So numerous are the spires of the various

religious houses and churches, once so rich, now so poor—raised by the zeal and ambition of a bigoted priesthood, who have been the bane of Spain and her colonies, the real cause of her and their decay, and the source of all the ignorance, misery, and turmoil, which reign through this American continent, which heaven has endowed so richly and man has so much abused.

The neighbourhood of Quito, like the Guaranda, is a corn and potato country, entirely dependent on the city for a market, the supply far exceeding the demand. Potatoes often selling at sixpence for three hundred weight—hear that, oh Irishmen ! Living in such a country is, of course, dirt cheap ; a man of a thousand per annum being able to feast *en prince*. It makes me bilious to think that I was not able to visit this city, and therefore I shall change my theme, and advise every one to get the account of the country by the “Ulloas,” which, if done, my object will be gained, for I am confident they will be interested in the Ecuador, and ten to one be on the road there by the next West Indian packet. But stop ! do not go to Guayaquil, I implore you, between the months of November and April, or I fear that I shall be sadly abused during that season, for some crime committed in

days gone by. Nature seems to lavish her wrath on the plains of Ecuador. A vertical sun, without sunshine or wind, renders it a sultry oven, whilst the leaden heavens pour down, ceaselessly, a deluge of rain ; the very birds and beasts of the forests, worried to madness with the torments of mosquitoes and sand-flies, fly to better climes, or tamed with suffering approach the haunts of man — whilst he seated in a Spanish hammock, in any draught he can find, fans, smokes, and scratches, and hopes “*Por Dios que no viene el vomito esta temporada,*” that the pest may not come this season — and, as a fair Guayaquilanian described that period of the year to me,—Ah ! between the heat, mosquitoes, rain, and fleas, life is insufferable.

The steamers anchored off the residence of the consul-general at a place called Punta Espagnola, one of the headlands of Puna. On landing, I was surprised to find that much of what appeared flat country from the vessel was undulated ground, broken into a series of knolls, none more than a hundred feet high, the ground a good friable soil and dry, many of the bluffs exhibiting sandstone. Water is easily procurable by means of wells, the substratum of blue clay under which it lies being at a very small depth in many places. Some few

years ago the consul-general attempted to cultivate cotton on the island: he sowed forty thousand trees and cleared many miles of ground, at an outlay of twenty thousand dollars. The plants flourished, but he found, as many others have done who invest capital in South America, that much as Nature might favour them, man frustrated all by his excessive laziness, labour not being to be had for love or money: he had consequently allowed all to go to wreck and weeds. Puna would be a treat to a botanist, for it is rich in the vegetable kingdom, twelve different woods, applicable to house or ship-building purpose, being indigenous; among others, *lignum vitæ*, oak! and a handsome cabinet-wood called *coquito*. Oranges, melons, and cherymoyas abound; vegetables in profusion; beef good, and mountain-mutton from the highlands of Cuenca; oysters, crabs, and cockles swarm in the river; and, to add to the other advantages of Punta Espagnola, it is cool and healthy in the rainy season, being open to the cold winds off the ranges of mountains which lie south of it.

After an excellent breakfast at our worthy friend's on shore, we strolled through the woods, admiring the various novelties of the animal and vegetable world. The number of humming-birds was really

beyond credence, and their hues as varied as their number was great. I was particularly struck with the luxuriant growth of the cotton-tree and its peculiar appearance: the bright green coppery colour of the bark, the extraordinary buttresses



COTTON-TREE.

which, springing from the roots and uniting in thin sections at the stem, form the fruit of the tree, and appear like a number of cattle-stalls formed into a circle. It bears a large fruit containing a silky-like cotton, and a quantity of seeds covered with a watery pulp of which cows are extremely fond: when ripe, the fruit falls and sheds the cotton. It is remarkably fine, but too short for useful purposes. This tree is a treasure to

the poor natives, who, when their stock of water is exhausted in a journey through the jungle, find, by piercing the base of the buttresses, a never-failing supply of juice.

The blue-peter at the fore and the report of a gun, told me I had not much more to see of this interesting country; so with regret at the hurried man-of-war visit I was obliged to make, I embarked and retired to my bed to try and steady my ideas, and break myself into shipboard propriety, after ten days of wonderful excitement and pleasure.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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